IBRIDGE, MASS. OCTOBER, 1905

THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

CONTENTS

Mr. Frederick H. Rindge

The Superintendent of Schools

The New Faculty at the Latin School

The Art of Fence

School Notes

Athletics

Latin School Catalogue

Number 1

Edgar L. Smith 1900

Volume XX

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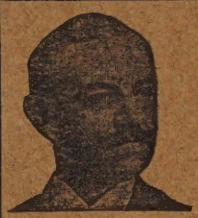

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CONTENTS.

torials ..... 3—5
mmunications ..... 5—6
hanges 6
Frederick H. Rindge 7
Superintendent of Schools 8
New Faculty of the Latin School 9
Art of Fence .....10—12
Longest Tunnel in the World .. 12
mni Notes 13
Back Yard .....14—15
A Charade 15
Announcements 16
Fun 17
The Captain's Punch Bowl .....18—19
A Geometric Dream 19
Latin School Notes .....20—22
Training School Notes .....23—24
High School Notes .....25—26
Athletics .....27—29
Latin School Catalogue .....30—36

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THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

Vol. XX **No. 1**

Representing the Latin, High and Rindge Manual Training Schools

Cambridge, Massachusetts, October, 1905

EDITORIALS.

The Review extends a hearty welcome to the members of the entering classes. We think they will find, whether they are in the Latin School, the High School, or the Training School, that they might be in a far worse place; we feel sure that when the time comes for them to leave their school, they will realize that, in spite of work and worry, of reports and censures, the pleasures and good times have far outweighed the unpleasant things, and that along with the Greek and Latin, the chemistry and the shopwork, has come something which is not included in the regular course, which is not taught by any special instructor, but which binds them closely to the school with a tie which even Time cannot break.

We have discovered at least one important thing in connection with the Review: the paper can exist only with the constant and loyal support of the three schools. And this support should not end with subscribing to the paper; that is expected of everyone; but unfortunately, subscription blanks cannot be used to fill up space; we must have articles of all kinds that will be of interest to the readers. Good stories, bright poems, descriptions of travel, and short sketches on almost any subject are all most desirable, and will receive careful attention. The technical articles written last year by the Training School pupils, were the cause of much favorable comment in our exchanges; it is our hope that they will continue, this year, to add to the attractiveness of the Review.

We were severely handicapped in preparing this issue by lack of material. That this may not happen again, we offer two prizes: one of three dollars for the best story written by anyone in the three schools; the other of two dollars for the best story by a member of the freshman classes. To be considered, all stories must be written on paper the size of ordinary theme paper, and on one side of the paper only. They must be handed in, on or before Monday, October 30th — the sooner, the better.

We know that in these three schools, containing over fifteen hundred scholars, there is talent enough to keep the paper supplied with a good stock of stories; it is only a question of a little time and energy given to what is surely a good cause. So let everyone who has ever written for the Review, make up his mind that he will write again; let everyone who has never written, realize that there is no time like the present. Don't think that next week or the week after will be more convenient, do it *now;* then, having written

it, hand it to the editor or one of his associates. You may be assured, that whether it comes from senior or freshman, from Latin, High, or Training School, it will be carefully considered by a fair and impartial judge.

We should like to call attention to Mr. Corcoran's article on the Debating Society. It is unfortunate that the Society is not better appreciated. A few years ago, it was one of the most popular organizations in the school; every meeting brought out a full attendance, the discussions were lively and interesting. Why its popularity should have decreased, is hard to say. Let us hope that it is merely a temporary back-sliding, soon to be followed by a return to the old conditions; for certain it is, that few things will be of more value and actual help than an active membership in the Debating Society.

In 1900, the Preparatory League was formed, with the understanding that it should last for five years. At the end of that time, as Hopkinson and Boston Latin both desired to withdraw from the league, the agreement was not renewed.

Brookline High was very anxious to come to some permanent agreement with Newton. Our relations with Newton, and indeed, with Brookline also, had always been most friendly; so it was felt that if the three schools could be brought together in a new league, it would be for the advantage of all concerned. Accordingly, last spring, the masters of the three schools met, a league was formed, and a constitution was drafted, but has not yet been adopted.

In general, the new constitution is practically the same as the old; in a few important details, it differs. Probably most important is the eligibility rule. In the old league, the only requirement was that a player should be under twenty-one years of age, and a member of the school which he represented. In the new, the principal of the school must certify that the player "is under twenty-one, and pursuing a regular course of study in a manner to satisfy the requirements for promotion." In addition to this, the player must certify that he intends to be a member of the school he represents, for the whole school year.

We consider this rule to be a great improvement over the old one. It does not place the athlete in a specially favored class by himself, where he can let his studies slide along as best they may so long as he is playing good ball, nor does it make him maintain any higher standing than his fellows, simply because he is engaged in athletics. It places him on an equal plane with everyone else. If a fellow gives two or three hours every afternoon to athletics, and then fails to obtain an average of sixty per cent. in his studies, it does not seem unfair nor arbitrary to compel him to give up playing on a team, in order that he may spend on his lessons the time so obviously needed.

In addition to base-ball and foot-ball, the constitution provides for a yearly track meeting, to take place out of doors, some time before June 10th. Hockey will, as formerly, be under the control of the New England Association.

The executive committee is to be composed of one graduate and one undergraduate from each school, together with the captains of the Harvard foot-ball, base-ball, and track teams. This seems to us an excellent idea, for it is from the preparatory schools in the vicinity of Boston that Harvard obtains many of her best athletes. If you look back over the last five years, you will be surprised to see how many of the men prominent in Harvard athletics played at some time on teams of the Preparatory League. Clarkson, Carr, and Murphy, from Cambridge; Marshall and Dexter, from Brookline; Stephenson and Leonard, from Newton; Hanley and McCarty, from Boston Latin. Of these, it is somewhat interesting to note that Clarkson was twice elected captain of the 'varsity base-ball team, Carr was chosen once, and

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Stephenson is the present captain, while Murphy was last year head-coach; and that Marshall played on one of the few elevens that have succeeded in defeating Yale, and was, in his senior year, captain of the 'varsity foot-ball team. Is it strange that Harvard men should take an active interest in our affairs?

To us, the new arrangement seems almost ideal. The three schools, bound together by five years of association in the old league, should work in harmony and friendship, proving conclusively that a three-school league can be a success, and that an athlete may also be a scholar.

Mr. H. C. Durrell, '01, is preparing a short history of the Latin School Athletic Teams during the past five years. We hope to be able to present the first instalment next month. It will consist of a short résumé of each of the foot-ball teams, accompanied by a cut of each team. Articles on the hockey and base-ball teams and the crew will follow later.

To the Pupils of the Latin School:—

The outlook for a championship foot-ball team is the most encouraging in years. Ten of last year's regular team and a fairly large squad of new men have been out since September 20th. Those of last year's team are Crowley, Boyer, Grant, Harris, Pearson, Keliher, Stiles, and three substitutes: Marvin, Crandon and Graustein. This year the conditions under which the foot-ball team will play will be more severe than in any former season for two reasons; namely, that each player will be obliged to obtain in his studies, each month, the standard required for promotion, in order to be allowed to play in a league game, and again, a hard schedule has been arranged. Therefore, a large squad will be necessary. Every fellow in school should try, then, to come out and either make a position on the team, or help the coach and captain to develop it.

The school, if it desires a strong foot-ball team, must support it in every possible way. Those pupils who are unable to come out for the team should be very willing to help in the Fall subscriptions and in attendance at the games. The senior class should set a good example by coming to the games and cheering enthusiastically. 1907 should send every member to the games, and let 1908, 1909, and 1910, follow the seniors and juniors, making the attendance the largest in years.

PHILIP L. PONCE,

C. L. S. DEBATING SOCIETY.

One of the Societies connected with the Latin School which few scholars recognize as the most useful, is the Debating Society. This Society was founded many years ago by the pupils of the Latin and High Schools. Eventually, the High School drifted away and to-day the members are all Latin School students. The object of the Society is to teach self-possession, confidence, ability to speak extemporaneously, and to discuss public questions. In this way it gives a valuable training for after-life.

It is a Society which ought to be supported by the whole school. The dues are very low, only thirty-five cents a year, and the meetings are held once every two weeks. Surely everyone can afford to devote that time and money to it. The meetings are held on Friday nights, and for that reason they do not interfere with one's studies. During the coming school-year an interesting and beneficial programme will be carried out. It is planned to have joint debates with other high schools around Boston, and to give mock trials as side issues to the regular routine of work. The members are divided into two camps, governed by a captain who chooses the speakers for his side in the regular debates. The decision in a debate is given to the side which makes the most points. At the end of the year these points are counted and the camp having the largest total of points has the pos-

session of a valuable prize cup for the ensuing year. About the last of October the interclass debates are held. A team of three members from each of the five classes debate, one against the other, and the winning class has its numerals placed on a banner which hangs in the library.

The boys of the entering class are especially requested to join and swell the membership. The Society needs all the new members that it can obtain. During the last two years the Society has dwindled considerably in numbers, especially from the two upper classes. This is very strange and ought to be remedied by the pupils of those two classes. They should support the Society by becoming active members and doing all in their power to make the meetings interesting and instructive. They have only a short time left to spend in the Latin School, and before they graduate, they should consider it their duty to leave the Society in a flourishing condition. As for the lower classes, they have better chances to create interest in the Society because they have more spare time and their studies are comparatively easy.

Therefore, one and all, the boys of the C. L. S. should make united and successful effort toward stimulating the interest and membership in the Society. It is hoped that the boys of the school will respond to this appeal by coming to the meetings and joining the C. L. S. Debating Society.

M. Corcoran, 1907.

To the Latin School Girls:

The basket-ball season has arrived once more, and any girl who plays in school hours can practice in the afternoon, either with her class or school team, or with both. The class teams, as a rule, do not begin their practice for championship games until rather late, so it is hoped that a good number will come out for the 'varsity. The time of practice has not yet been decided upon, but each girl will be informed later. A second team is needed, as well as a first, so we ask you to come out and do your best. We must have a winning team.

Marion A. Mason,
Captain.

EXCHANGES.

For the benefit of the freshmen and those who are new at the schools, we desire to say that the exchanges are kept on file on the tables in the three school libraries. Here, on a rainy day or whenever anyone feels sufficiently well prepared in the lessons for the next hour not to need the time for study, he or she may profitably spend recess in the perusal of the exchanges.

We notice in the *Westerly, R. I., Senior* that certain merchants of that town banded together in opposition to advertising in a "certain class of papers" in which some put *The Senior*. In spite of this, *The Senior* is to be congratulated on the number and excellence of its "ads."

This brings up the old subject of patronizing the advertisers. Merchants cannot be expected to insert ads. in school papers, when they receive no return for their money. If they do, they are good fellows, but not good business men. Pupils with any school spirit should not only patronize the advertisers, but mention their school papers and recommend the advertisers to their friends.

The *Hermonite* is a very clever paper and especially fortunate with advertisers, of whom there is no lack. We will await with interest the next instalment of "The Mysterious Package."

The *Sunday School Times* contains a large amount of very interesting and instructive reading matter.

"The Mystery of the Haunted House," in *The Senior* will interest lovers of the weird, and "Road Location," in the same paper, those of a practical turn of mind.

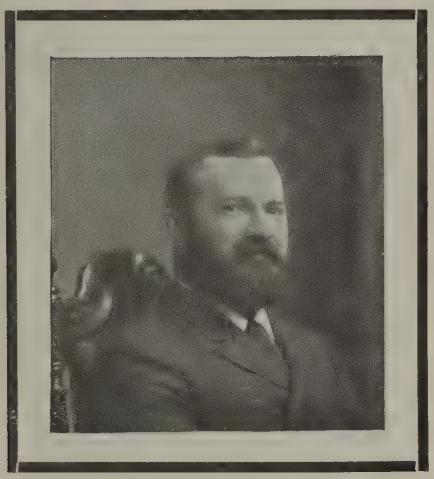
Although we appreciate the difficulty of getting copy for the first number, yet, making allowance for that, the lack of good stories is noticeable in all of our exchanges this month. It is to be hoped that an improvement in this respect, and also in the cover designs, will be made in the next numbers.

Mr. Frederick H. Rindge.

A few weeks before the opening of school, the community was shocked by the news of the death of Frederick H. Rindge, a man known and respected by every resident of Cambridge, and reverenced especially by the boys and girls of our High Schools for his benefactions to those schools.

His liberality to the city of Cambridge is too well known and the results of his generosity are too apparent to require any further mention; to his adopted city in the far west he gave just as freely and as gladly.

a Y. M. C. A. president, as a consistent worker for the development of the city and State, Mr. Rindge made himself so useful, that no other man can readily take his place. He was a very rich man, but he employed his wealth for the greatest good of the greatest number, not in selfish pleasure nor for personal aggrandizement. He was a man of strong religious convictions; but the grace of humility and a broad understanding prevented his religion from degenerating into religiosity. A staunch, steadfast, unassum-



[Cambridge Chronicle.]

The unity of feeling regarding Mr. Rindge, both in his adopted home and in his native city is so well expressed in the following extract from the *Los Angeles Times,* that we reprint it here, entire; but after all, what more can be said than that he lived and died a Christian gentleman?

"It sincerely can be said that the death of Mr. Frederick H. Rindge has left a gap such as is seldom caused by the passing of a citizen to a higher life. Mr. Rindge's activities were so great and so constant, his sympathies were so broad and so practical, his interests were so many and so varied, his philanthrophy reached so far and so wide, that his loss will be keenly felt by very many people and in very many good works.

"As a business man, as a church leader, as ing man, with all his millions, those who differed from him in opinion could admire his fidelity to his ideals; and those not blessed with money could be glad that such a great fortune was entrusted to such worthy hands. Men who knew Mr. Rindge best say his first aim was to do right and his next purpose was to be helpful. It is to his credit that he was discriminating in his helpfulness and would not hastily commit himself to unripe projects or untried beneficiaries.

"His was a grand and lofty character, in the best sense of the terms. He helped make the world move and helped make it better. They are mourning for him this morning on the shores of the Atlantic as well as on the Pacific. Christian Civilization will have a well marked niche for him in its memoirs. Progress will lay a wreath on his bier."

The Superintendent of Schools.

At the beginning of the present school year, Mr. Francis Cogswell stepped out of the office of superintendent of schools, which he has filled so long and faithfully, and his place was taken by Mr. William C. Bates, of Fall River.

For over fifty years, Mr. Cogswell has been teaching school; during thirty of these years, his time and energy have been devoted to the service of the city of Cambridge. So much has his work been appreciated, that when he requested the school committee, a year ago, to accept his resignation, they were unanimous in urging him to wait at least another year before retiring, and at last he consented.

Now the year is up, and Mr. Cogswell retires, carrying with him the sincere esteem and regard of everyone who has come into contact with him.

To Mr. Bates, we extend the greetings of the Cambridge High Schools. When he, too, feels that he must hand over his duties to someone else, may he have as many friends and as few enemies, as his predecessor.

We are indebted to the *Cambridge Chronicle* for the following sketch of Mr. Bates, and also for the accompanying cut.

"William C. Bates is essentially an educator, by inheritance, by training and by one of the most varied experiences enjoyed by any school superintendent of Massachusetts.

"Mr. Bates was born in Hingham, Mass., in 1854. He received his early education in the common schools of Hingham, at one time being a pupil of his father. After graduation he prepared at the Derby Academy (1871) and Phillips Exeter (1873). He entered Harvard and graduated in 1877, a classmate of the late Governor William E. Russell and other notable men.

William C. Bates.

"Mr. Bates at the outset of his career became a teacher in his native town of Hingham, first in an ungraded school and shortly afterward in the grammar school of which he was made principal. In 1881, he received the unusual honor of selection for the superintendency of the schools of his native town, at the same time acting as teacher of Latin and mathematics in the Hingham High School. For three years he occupied this

position, when he was called to the superintendency of schools at Canton. After a year in this capacity he was called to a similar position in Leominster, but declined the call. Canton, without reducing his salary, released him from two days' service each week and he accepted for that time the additional supervision of the schools of Walpole. A year later four towns; Canton, Walpole, Easton and Sharon sought his services over the schools as a joint district, but he declined it and took instead charge of the schools of Canton and Easton, occupying that charge for five years.

"In 1891, Mr. Bates received a call to the charge of the schools of Lawrence, Mass., where he remained for three years. In 1894 the school authorities of Fall River invited him to that city, where he has remained ever since, doing excellent work."

THE NEW FACULTY OF THE LATIN SCHOOL.

This coming year finds four of the teachers,— Mr. John I. Phinney, Miss Constance G. Alexander, Miss Rose S. Hardwick, and Miss Helen W. Munroe, away on leave of absence.

Four new instructors,— Miss Nellie E. Fawcett, Miss Margaret J. Griffith, Mr. Cecil T. Derry, and Miss Elizabeth B. Flanders, have been appointed to the places of the absent ones.

The first three of these are graduates of the school and a brief sketch of each appears below.

Cecil Thayer Derry, now teaching Latin and German in the absence of Miss Helen W. Munroe, graduated from the Latin School in 1899. While in the school he took a foremost rank in scholarship, being the valedictorian of his class. He entered Harvard College, from which he graduated in 1903, with the degree of A.B. summa cum laude, and having the honor of election to the Phi Beta Kappa fraternity. He returned to college the following year; took a post-graduate course in education, and received the degree of Master of Arts in 1904. Last year he was instructor of Greek and Latin in Hobart College, Geneva, New York.

Miss Nellie Elizabeth Fawcett, teacher of second class English, graduated from the Latin School in 1898, ranking fifth in her class. She entered Radcliffe College, from which she graduated in 1902 with A.B. cum laude. In 1903 she received her A.M. degree in Latin and Greek, doing five years' work in four years. While in college she was president of the Classical Club, and vice-president of the Semitic Club. In 1902 and 1903 she substituted in Cambridge and Somerville schools; and last year she taught English and History in the Winchendon, Mass., High School.

Miss Margaret Jane Griffith, teacher of fifth class English and fourth class Geometry, graduated from the Latin School in 1899, after a four years' course. She obtained fifth rank. She graduated from Radcliffe in 1902 with the A.B. degree magna cum laude. Since then, she has taught in the grammar, the evening, and the vacation schools of our own city.

Spring: and the flower crept timidly out;
Summer: the blossom made happy the wood;
Fall: and the petals fell softly about;
Winter: and snow where the flower had stood.

Leila Noland, C. L. S.

The Art of Fence.

BERNARD RUTGERS, C. L. S.

For three days the stubby little steamer had poked her nose up through the storm, throbbing her heart out with every thrust of her straining pistons, but at last she was clear, with broken rails and water-swept decks and a varnish of ice, melting slowly in the warm sun.

And now as she chugged merrily along on the calm water, her passengers were all on deck, glad to be once more in the open, to swing their arms and shake loose their joints after their enforced stay in the cramped vitals of the little craft. They stood around, amusing themselves as well as one may on shipboard and getting in the way of the busy crew as often as possible. Essarts and Schwanenhals, two young men who had captivated the captain's heart by saluting the quarterdeck as they came overside, stood aft chatting with him. To this little group sidled up Earl, a big, dark man, loud spoken and disliked.

Essarts spun half way round on his heel with ill-concealed repugnance and stared with deep interest at the North Atlantic. You never know the sea until you have seen it in a flat calm, stretching away in countless miles, undreamed of before, to meet the other infinity of the blank sky in a clear line that is almost a cut. A tiny ripple like the quiver of a hot day stirred the purple water in the ship's shadow. It may have been the ship's cutaway: it was lost from sight too soon to tell. Schwanenhals faced Earl with the tight smile and searching gaze with which one faces an angry man. He was tall and slim, with a transparent olive complexion and fine, expressive features, frozen by a habit beyond his years into an unmoving mask. There was no love lost between the three and Earl. The captain disliked him from a professional point of view as a meddlesome landlubber and the other two from their standpoint as a meddler in lay matters.

"Ah, captain," he began, "is not this ship subsidized?"

"Yes," snapped the other, staring at him coldly.

"Then there are probably some fencing weapons, some —— single-sticks aboard. Then if we might ——"

"Certainly," said the captain, turning on his heel, leaving the little group to split apart.

"Of all the cheek!" said Charley Essarts, indignantly, to his companion, "Imagine a couple of stickers getting in the way on this deck. Ugh!"

Schwanenhals shrugged his shoulders.

"Not at all. Good idea. It will keep that lot of blithering idiots bunched." He waved his hand to apply to all his fellow passengers this uncomplimentary title.

"Will you fight?" said Charley, suddenly, gripping him by the arm.

"You?" said the other, laughing at his earnestness, "Why, Chuck, if it were only to disoblige that man ——"

He left the rest of his sentence to be understood and began to shine his pipe on his nose. Earl came up the gangway with a clatter of wooden-ware and walked forward, his arms full of sticks, masks, and other paraphernalia.

"Come on," said Schwanenhals, pocketing his pipe, "I'll lay you three to ten that he doesn't know a thing about 'em and ten to six that he's a 'hai-gentlemen' with a good opinion of himself."

They strode down the littered deck to where Earl was explaining his projects to a crowd of gaping passengers. Here they clambered, by the help of falls and davits, to a seat in a boat nearby, whence they would have a good view of all that might take place.

Essarts produced some tobacco, improvised a cigarette with a sheet of his notebook, and with this "property" set himself to look as impertinent and as scornful of the matter at hand as possible. He was trim and lithe, gay and debonair, but he had thrust his chin out and wore a bitter little smile as of a man who offers a deadly insult, which ill became him.

The first bout was farcial, for Earl's opponent pointed slowly and winced before the quick cuts which the other was thus enabled to put in. At last he gave up and surrendered his place to another. Now, although Earl had shown that he knew that his sword had an edge, he was still evidently the "hai-gentleman" that Schwanenhals had supposed. Essarts with the diabolical ingenuity of a clever fellow, putting himself out to be disagreeable, made distinctly audible remarks to Schwanenhals — Did he not admire that thrust in quatrevingtcinqieme or did he not think that the lunge in vingt-et-un might be improved by a little more smoothness in the treize of the foible, remarks which made Earl's really excellent pointing seem absurd to anyone with common-sense and a knowledge of French numerals.

Earl's third victim, however, proved a hard nut to crack and even Charley, forgetting his pose, leaned over from his swinging seat on the whaleboat in deep interest. In vain did the big man try to confuse his opponent with a whirlwind rush of cuts; the latter was already on his guard and ready to put an end to such play with a quick return with his point. At last Earl had recourse to the first of sticking tricks and let his leg wander away from under his hanging guard. Like lightning the other lunged. Earl, drawing back to his full height, let his avenging hickory fall along his opponent's back.

"That," cried Schwanenhals, pleased at the neat execution of the old move, "is broadswording!"

Goaded by Essarts' asides, Earl seized on this remark, even though it was of approbation, and wheeled around on the speaker.

"Will you try them?" he asked, with overdrawn politeness.

But Schwanenhals had resumed his josslike stolidity and belied his previous remark with, "I am no swordsman."

"Evidently not," bellowed Earl, "though one might have thought from your name that you had learned to scratch faces at a Fuchscommers. Wohlgemüther Bursch! Heiduida! No swordsman, rather —— by Gad, I say it —— a coward."

Essarts leaped down to the deck, a half-dozen acceptances of the challenge stumbling over one another on his tongue. Schwanenhals uncoiled slowly and picked up a stick from the deck.

"If you insist," he said drily.

Without seeming to hear Charley's almost tearful, "Slam him, Eug," he pulled on mask and glove and, as if Earl's remark had called up old associations, he sang the "Weihelied" softly to himself. "Hört ich sing das Lied der Lieber?" His voice rang louder and as he repeated "Alles schweige, schweige Jeder Neige" it boomed like a bell.

"Prenez garde," said Earl coldly.

Schwanenhals let his point rest on the ground and finished his verse with a fine arrogance. Then blurting out "Gare" he made a military salute and engaged.

Earl lunged from engagement and the bout was on, he fighting with the speed and grace of a foiler, and the skill of malice; Schwanenhals with the ease of a broadswordsman and the strength of anger. Essarts, sprawling on his belly in the whaleboat, his chin over the gunwale, watched with a fixed, greedy stare, and the others who ringed the two were scarcely less attentive. They saw two crouching, almost motionless figures, two flashing white wands. They heard them whistle a moment in the air, then the crash and rattle as they met or perhaps the dull blow when the hickory plant got home. God save Earl were there cold steel in Schwanenhals' hand.

Earl stole ground and started a fierce rally, then fell back before the quick counter blows.

Suddenly Schwanenhals leaped back and swung his hilt to the level of his mouth. One of Earl's thrusts had gone home. But in the quick moment of this acknowledgment, the other stepped up and lunged true at his unfenced breast.

Essarts shouted and two or three other men cried out, but Schwanenhals stepped in quickly and evidently wished no notice to be taken. He was at his best now. Earl's rallies he stopped by thrusting with outstretched arm and he landed a vicious cut every moment. Unable to hold his own Earl tried his trick again and brought his leg from under his guard. Schwanenhals obliged him at once, lunging fiercely, but as the other's stick came over it bounced against his, waiting at the high guard. With his opponent at his mercy, the young man swung down hard. Earl leaped back to avoid the stroke, yet was unable to collect himself as the other followed, cutting blindly and fiercely at either cheek. He gave way fast, and jumping back in a last desperate effort to get on his guard, he lurched against the broken rail.

Schwanenhals dropped his stick and gripped at him as he fell. Essarts, from his station in the boat, saw the man's head bang against the ship's freeboard before he touched the water and drifted to the screws.

* * * * * * *

Schwanenhals cut in two the echo of the knock on the door with a curt "Come in," and waited for one more on the list of banal condolences. Essarts had smoked himself into a state of semi-somnolence but his companion sat erect, his face proud and unashamed. Without even a word of greeting he waited with painful deference for the man who had entered to begin. The latter hesitated, groping for words.

"I wish," he began at last, "that I could blurt this business out, in its entirety in a single word. First of all, I'm not who you think. One name's as good as another —— the point is this, I'm a professional detective."

Essarts straightened up at the word with all his normal keenness. Schwanenhals threw himself back with double insouciance. The man hurried on in a blundering rush of eager words.

"No, no! Only this. Just as soon as Child —er—, Earl left this ship, which is, you know, technically British soil, I was to arrest him —— on two counts —— clear cases —— murder."

He slammed the door behind him.

THE LONGEST TUNNEL IN THE WORLD.

After 6½ years of hard labor, battling with many unexpected obstacles and at a cost of $15,054,000 approximately, the Simplon Tunnel, the longest tunnel in the world, has been drilled through the Alps, connecting Switzerland and Italy. This tunnel consists of two bores, the main one 19 feet wide by 19.3 feet high, with an auxiliary 6.5 feet wide and 10 feet high. It is 12¼ miles long, and its highest point is 2,310 feet above sea level. It will be used at present as a single track railway, and the auxiliary tunnel will be used as a ventilating shaft. In the boring of this tunnel many and unexpected obstacles were encountered. At times the temperature of the rocks was as high as 130° F. Numerous springs were tapped, some of them hot springs discharging 750 gallons per minute, while others were small but troublesome.

The completion of this tunnel not only brings Geneva and southwestern, or French, Switzerland into closer communication with Milan and the Adriatic railways of Italy, but it will shorten the distance from Calais to Milan by about 95 miles.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN SCHOOL.

H. C. DURRELL, '01, EDITOR.

DEATHS.

'60. William Adams Munroe, A.B., A.M. Died at North Woodstock, N. H., August 26, 1905.

'63. Edward Stickney Wood, A.B., A.M., M.D. Died at Pocasset, Mass., July 11, 1905.

'74. Harrison Otis Apthorp, A.B., A.M. Died at Milton, Mass., August 7, 1905.

MARRIAGES.

'96. Harold Taylor Dougherty to Sarah Viles; Sept. 6, 1905.

'01. Ethel Alicia Robinson to Wallace St. Clair Jones; Sept. 23, 1905.

'01. Bertha Etta Williams to Williard S. Kern; Sept. 6, 1905.

'02. Mary Carr Hubbard to John Dick, Sept. 27, 1905.

The following received degrees at Commencement last June:

From Harvard—

A.B.

'00. Henry T. Mason (as of '04).

'01. Philip R. Ammidon.
Romeo G. Carroll.
Philip T. Coolidge.
Bronson Crothers.
Harry L. Foster.
William O. Hubbard.
Reginald S. James.
Arthur W. Locke.
S. Raphael Masstrangialo.
Edgar L. Smith.

'02. A. Ingham Bicknell.
Chester M. Hartwell.
John F. Murray.

S.B.

'99. Parker E. Marean.

A.M.

'01. Harold C. Chapin.

M.D.

'96. William L. Holt.

'97. Jeremiah J. Boyle.

LL.B.

'99. Arthur E. Beane.

From Radcliffe—

A.B.

'01. Lillian M. Barbour.
Harriet L. Boynton.
Edna L. Crowell.
Evangeline R. Hall.
Helen C. Scorgie.
Mary V. Sullivan.
Madeleine Wood.

'02. H. Maude Emery.

From Wellesley.

A.B.

'01. Agnes H. Smith.

The Backyard.

"A chiel's among ye taking notes
And he may preent it."
—*Burns.*

The Editor was writing the announcement column, "the next copy of the 'Review,' etc." The Scribbler was hunting up misprints in old "Reviews;" the Moralist forged engagements on the Editor's calendar and the Uncertainty was clamoring for a game of cards.

"Copy must be in as soon as possible and sooner, if possible," finished the Editor and, looking up, he suggested that the Uncertainty telephone for the Prominent Graduate to come and make up a whist-table.

"He's not home yet," said the Moralist shortly.

"Try the Practical Man," said the Scribbler, "he's come back to the collar, both that of scholastic duties and the linen one."

The Uncertainty went down to the telephone.

The Scribbler had a truly thrilling experience this summer telephoning over the O. V. T. and T. With the urban habit strong upon him, he took down the receiver and called up —as he thought. This is what he heard:

"Well, what do you want me to do — get you a new one?"

"I just want you to come down and have a look at it. It's —."

The Scribbler hung up and after a time tried again.

Dead silence.

Then he remembered that he had to crank the machine. He cranked industriously for a while, and was rewarded by more silence. He remembered another complication, and hung up his receiver and cranked. Still silence. Then he triumphantly held up the receiver, pressed a button and ground all at once and perseverance was rewarded.

He called the central by name, Mrs. W—. (The Scribbler never knew a central in the city by anything more than her Christian name. There was one who used to call up every night to say—.) Well, anyway, after another elaborate delay he was told that the operator at his objective point had gone out to supper. He rang off and sat down. Another attempt found *his* central at supper, and when finally all the connections had dined, no one would answer the call. The Scribbler had to walk a mile to get home on top of all this. There is more to the story but why go on?

C. L. S. VENTILATING SYSTEM.

If they go one step further there
They'll teach us, I believe,
Completely to dispense with air;
And in a vacuum live.

The club has long held that lying is a fine art and it was only confirmed in its belief by the masterly instance which recently came to its attention.

She was a college girl in an advanced course, in which each student was supplied with differently colored thesis paper. Her own work was prepared honestly, but she had handed over her notes to two other girls and so the three colors of paper were found in confusion on three separate desks. It looked like a loss of degrees for all three, when it suddenly occurred to her to say that she was color-blind. She was confined to her room pending an examination in daylight and here is where the matter gets beyond the level of a clumsy lie. A fellow, we think, would have let the thing go as it was, but the woman was wiser. Some friends smuggled books on color-blindness from the college library to her room. Over these she spent hours, learning what colors she should distinguish and what not, and so in the morning went through the

physician's examination as "probably a typical case."

The wisest man in Latin School
Is likely now and then
To have a careless tendency
T'ward mentioning "Aught Ten!"

The Scribbler was reading the rejected manuscripts in the Editor's drawer, when he came across the judge's criticism from last June.

"The prize-stories are a *remarkably poor* set. I mark the best, but consider *none* good."

The Scribbler's congratulations to the prize-winner.

"There's an awful mess over to Training School," said the Moralist.

"What's the trouble?"

"O, everything; the cellar of the old building is all torn up, the lockers can't be got at, and the fellows have to lug their books and other paraphenalia all over school with them. Then the subway between the old building and the new can't be used, for some reason or other, some of the new machinery isn't in place, and things are all messed up, generally."

All this was some time ago, and we presume that conditions have been remedied somewhat. But from what we have seen it will be some time before things are in good running-order, and meanwhile, the club extends its sympathy.

The clubmen scarcely speak, for they
Find conversation hard
When every single word they say
May go in The Back Yard."

THE HOPKINS' PRIZE.

After conference with the Trustees of the Hopkins' Fund the School Committee at their meeting of May 18 adopted the following:

To award a prize of one hundred dollars, to be known as the "Hopkins' Prize," to the boy in the graduating class of the Cambridge Latin School who, in the opinion of the chairman of the Committee on High Schools, the Superintendent of Schools, and the Hopkins Classical Teacher, is most worthy in respect to scholarship, character, and need. This prize is to be awarded annually, at the beginning of June and is to be paid in two equal parts, one early in the following October, provided the prizeman has begun his college course, and the other early in the following March, provided he has successfully passed his mid-year examinations. An alternate may also be selected on the same basis to whom the prize shall be awarded, in case the one first selected fails to meet the conditions named; also, the balance, if any, to be used in the purchase of books for the library of the Latin School for the purpose of improving the means of classical instruction in that school for boys preparing to enter college. These books shall be selected by the Committee on High Schools with the advice of the Hopkins Classical Teacher and they shall be appropriately marked.

A CHARADE.

My first is equivalent to 'used to be,'
And precedes the word it modifies;
In my second, people hang their clothes,
And the lack of closets, it simplifies.

My total is how we send our goods
From station on to station;
And when these things do not arrive,
What we do to our indignation.

HELEN CAMPBELL, C. L. S., '08.

THE
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ARCHIBALD C. GOVE, '06.

The next issue of the REVIEW will appear on Thursday, November 16. All copy *must* be in by Friday, October 27.

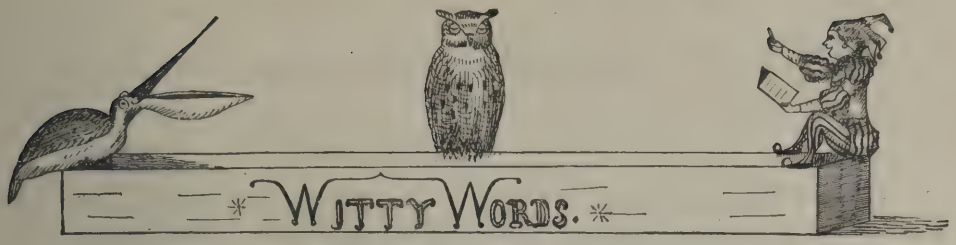
The class editors for the entering classes will be appointed in November.

Since the last issue of the REVIEW, Stiles, '06, has been chosen captain of the Latin School base-ball team; Fogg, '07, has been appointed assistant manager of the foot-ball team, and Crandon, '06, and Lawrence, '06, have been appointed respectively manager and assistant manager of the base-ball team.

At a meeting of the Latin School fellows last week, Crowley, '06, was elected to the Preparatory League committee, Harris, '08, to the Triangular League, and Small, '06, to the Supervisory Committee.

We should like to remind contributors that all articles should be written in INK, on ONE side only of the paper.

The management is anxious to obtain the REVIEW of October, 1901, in order to complete a volume. Anyone desiring to dispose of that number, will kindly see the Business Manager.



Freddy: "Say, Pa, what is a convulsion?"

Fond Parent: "A bad fit, my son."

Freddy: "Say, Pa, what a convulsion your new suit is."

Visitor: "No, I won't come in. If I could see Mr. Jones for two minutes?"

Servant: "What name shall I say, sir?"

Visitor: "Professor Vandersplinkentootleheimer."

Servant: "Oh, you'd better step in and bring it with you, sir."

An individual recently went into a chemist's shop and asked for morphine. The chemist objected to dispensing it without a prescription.

"Why?" asked the customer, "Do I look like a man who would kill himself?"

"I don't know," replied the chemist. "If I looked like you I should be tempted!"

One raw February morning the instructor was calling the roll of the eight o'clock class in English.

"Mr. Robbins," said he. No answer.

"Mr. Robbins," in a slightly louder voice. Still no reply. "Ah," said the instructor with a smile, "come to think of it, it's rather early for robins."

Bobby (at the breakfast-table): "Maud, did Mr. Jones take any of the hats or umbrellas from the hall last night?"

Maud: "Why, of course not, why should he, Bobby?"

Bobby: "That's just what I'd like to know. I thought he did because I heard him say when he was going out, 'I'm going to steal just one.' Why, what's the matter, Maud?"

First Boy: "It's six o'clock, let's go home."

Second Boy: "Nit, if we go home now, we'll get licked for staying so late. If we stay till eight we'll get hugged and kissed for not being drowned."

"Ah, James," said the old friend of the family, "It makes my heart bleed to see you turn out bad."

"It wasn't I, aunty," said the man behind the bars, "It was the money I turned out that was bad."

A minister approached a mischievous urchin who was fishing on the Sabbath, and laying a hand on the boy's shoulder, thus addressed him:

"My son, I believe the devil has got hold of you."

"I believe he has too," was the significant reply of the urchin.

A certain man was noted for the worst crossed eyes in the county. Deciding to kill a calf which belonged to him, he got a negro boy to hold it while he should hit it in the head with an axe.

Suddenly Sambo dropped his hold on the calf and said: "Hol' on dar, Massa Tom, is yer gwine ter hit whar you's lookin'?"

"Yes, right where I'm looking."

"Den for de Lawds sake, Massa Tom, git some one else to hol' dis calf."

Mrs. Waggs (reading): "A well-known physician says that one should never go in the water after a hearty meal."

Waggs: "That's right. It's better to go into a first-class restaurant after it if one happens to have the price."

The Captain's Punch Bowl.

C. M. ROGERS, JR., C. L. S., 1910.

The old, weather-beaten ship, the "Sarah Jane," was seen off the coast of India one hot afternoon, an hour or two before sunset. In its day it had been a fairly good vessel, but now, after so many years of service, it had been sold to a man who had fitted it up and taken command of it, carrying on a small trade among the islands.

This captain was a big, pompous man, with side whiskers and a temper which made all the crew keep as far from him as possible. Perhaps there was nothing he liked so well as —punch. He used always to drink it at meals and just before he turned in, and usually a glass on getting up. When the weather was bad, he took another glass.

Captain Hart, that was his name, kept a large china punch bowl for special occasions and he usually got raging mad if any one dared to meddle with it. So you can perhaps imagine the dismay of the old tars, when it was learned that the punch bowl could not be found anywhere.

"You haven't seen anything of it, have yer, Jack?" said Stevens, the cook, "some old dignified official from the mainland is coming on board, and the cap'n 'll be sure to want that punch bowl of his. He'll blow us up like an Indian Ocean typhoon when he finds it's lost."

"Well, p'r'aps he will, but that ain't going to hurt yer, if he don't go no farther; but blamed if I wanter get into the old man's bad graces anymore'n I can help," replied Jack.

"Hanged if I don't believe that cabin boy, Bob, has something to do about it," said Stevens, "I've heard him more'n once muttering something about getting even with the old man, and I'll bet he's gone and hid it."

"I don't think he's done that, because, even if he does play tricks on us, he wouldn't dare to monkey with the cap'n. But there," he broke off, "there comes Smith with orders from the cap'n, most likely, and now you'll catch it about that bowl."

"Stevens," said Smith, coming through the door, "the cap'n says your to have the punch in his punch bowl to-day."

"I know," responded Stevens, "but I can't find hair nor hide of his old bowl and I don't know what to do."

"Well, I'll tell the cap'n and see what he says."

"Boy, bring me a glass of punch and hurry up," shouted the captain. "Hey Stevens, have you seen anything of the cabin boy?"

"No, sir, haven't seen anything o' him for a long time. I want ter see him myself, 'cause I'll bet he's hid your punch bowl."

"If he has," thundered the captain, "I'll teach him to leave my things alone. Go below and if you find him, send him up to me."

Stevens went below and found Jack and and the cabin boy, a short, fat, red-headed chap, engaged in an argument.

"Hullo, Stevens," said Jack, "just found this kid sound asleep in his bunk. I woke him up and asked him about it, but he didn't seem to know anything; see if you can get anything out o' him."

"All right," said Stevens, "now boy, d'ye know anything about this punch bowl business?"

"What punch bowl?" asked the boy, drowsily.

"Why, the cap'n's punch bowl, of course, it's lost."

"Oh," said the boy, suddenly comprehending the case, "I'll go and tell the cap'n about it," and he waddled off slowly towards Captain Hart.

Going to the captain's cabin, he stuck his red head in the doorway and said drowsily:

"Say is a thing lost when you know where it is?"

"Of course not, you young idiot," roared the captain.

"Well, then your punch bowl's down to the bottom of the sea. It was washed overboard yesterday."

A Geometric Dream.

This subject may sound very pleasant to that fortunate group of people who like geometry and whose marks are always of the highest, but for me the real science itself is a burden, not to mention the misery which comes when I actually spend a whole night in dreaming of it. My dream was so strange that perhaps you would like to hear it.

As my mid-year examination in this subject was to be on Monday, I spent the entire day of the Saturday before in reviewing for it. I studied, and studied twice over everything I had had the first half of the year, and at six o'clock I closed my book with the feeling that my head itself was a triangle.

I retired about nine o'clock and after a few moments went to sleep. Of course I do not know how long I had been in this state, but it seemed to me a very few minutes when I heard a shrill whistle, and looking about, I saw a train coming around the curve of a road. There was nothing very strange about this train excepting its size, for it was smaller than most of those we are accustomed to see, and on the side of the cars were written these words: "The Direct Route to Geometryville." I seemed to be standing in a station and when the train stopped, I seemed glued to the floor and unable to move until I was pushed on by a crowd of boys and girls, and finally found myself seated in the car.

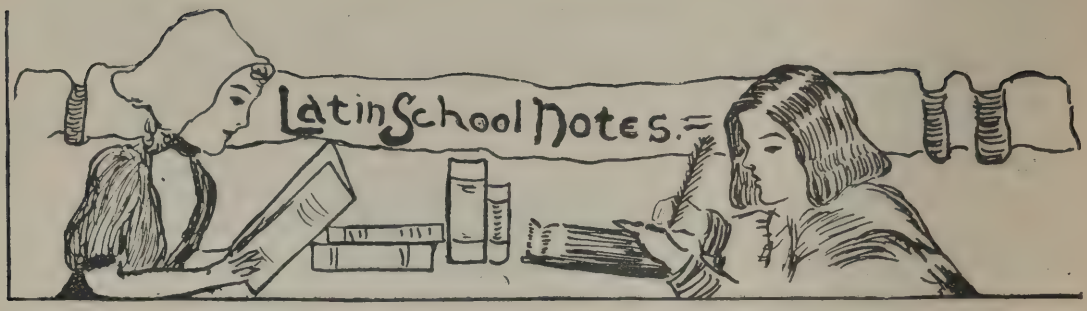
We sped on for some time wondering where we were going, when suddenly the door at our end of the car opened, and a short, wiry fellow called out, "The next station is Triangleville; train stops thirty minutes for tourists to view the city." As we stepped out at the station, we noticed that it was a triangular little building covered with ivy. The many boys and girls who were in our company formed into groups of four or five each, and started in this way to see the city.

My party first visited a grocery store where we found boxes of crackers and canned goods arranged in triangles of all sizes; the vegetables and all the other articles in the store were placed in triangular order. On our way through the streets, we noticed that over each door was written "Theorems I-II-III, etc. Our time being limited, we only called at one or two houses. At these homes we were welcomed by ladies having very triangular eyes, and mouths which took the same shape when their owners laughed. What I noticed most of all were the theorems which were engraved in every home, on the most conspicuous part of the wall, and which seemed to be a sort of family motto, each house having its own theorem which corresponded with the number over the door. As it is the custom in Japan for the guests to bow low before the hostess, it seemed to be the custom in these homes for the visitors to repeat the theorem of the house at least twice during the call, usually as they entered and again when they left the house.

After these calls, we returned to the station, where our train was waiting. A large crowd of the inhabitants of Geometryville had gathered at the station to see us off, and as our train started they shouted, "Success, Success." I wondered all the rest of my journey, why they should shout that word; but as the last whistle of the train blew, I awoke and realized it had been a very profitable night for me.

Although people say that you cannot do two things at once, during that night I certainly had been asleep and also had been through every theorem.

Louise M. Thomas, c. e. h. s., '07.



1906.

Our class officers are:

President: Mr. Chapin.
Vice-President: Miss E. Burrage.
Secretary: Miss Ketchum.
Treasurer: Mr. Eccles.

Social Committee—
Mr. Eccles, chairman, ex-officio.
Mr. Foster. Miss Gragg.
Mr. Small. Miss Woodworth.
Miss Beard.

Drama Committee:
President, ex-officio.
Mr. Small. Miss Mason.
Mr. Lawrence. Miss Gragg.
Mr. Hall. Miss Russell.

Photo Committee—
President, ex-officio.
Mr. Boyer. Miss E. Burrage.
Mr. Eccles. Miss Beard.

Geometry.

Yes it is; No it isn't.

Are all fat men stupid, R-d-n?

Is a labor day parade like a Roman triumph?

Teacher: When are periodic sentences best?
Cr-y: Yes'm.

Why do you make such *novel* translations, V-k-y?

Teacher: What's your name?
V-k-y (inattentive as usual): I don't know.

Masculine=butter.
Feminine=buttress.

It is moved and seconded that V-k-y be chosen class poet.

Achilles, a goddess, was singing the deadly wrath of Peleus, which brought innumerable neuralgia to the Greeks!!!

These he gave as prey to the dogs and all other birds.

Tennis will be the end of '06. It causes the absence of Sargent and Lawrence.

Heard in Greek:—Pay for ma and pa.

Who was Thetis? Mother of Achilles. Who was Achilles? Son of Thetis.

ἐὐκνήμιδες.
ἐὐ = good + κνημίς = boot.
ιδες = patronymic ending.
ἐὐκνήμιδες = son of a good boot.

Does Mr. B. approve of novels?

Girls, come out for basket-ball this year. It's our last chance.

How the spectator would have groaned if he could have heard our themes about him.

Now we are seniors — next year we'll be freshmen again!

1907.

How glad we are to be back again within these classic halls! (?)

"Lest we forget — lest we forget."
—"Cribs."

Have we all augmented our vocabularies by the word, vacillate?

We have heard the freshman class spoken of as "Aught Ten."

Miss W-b-r finds her Latin and German recitations very interesting. We wonder why!

There is a startling amount of dramatic feeling displayed in some of the English divisions. For example, when P-l takes the part of Macbeth.

Spargit jussos dentes.
He scatters the ordered teeth!

We have loaned a few of our good-looking members to 1908, but we hope to have all of them back soon.

Have you tried a "chicklet" yet? If not, apply to F-g.

Morbleu! Hang it!

We were informed in Latin Class, that a man isn't happy until he is dead. Poor man!

We were told that Professor Kittredge is an authority on Shakespeare. We are sorry it is not our Professor Kittredge.

Some of us never knew the meaning of the word *study,* until this year.

The boys think that Macbeth would not have been so bad after all, if it had not been for his wife.

The Class election resulted as follows:— President, Mr. Gray; Vice-President, Miss Howe; Secretary, Miss Brock; Treasurer, Mr. Corcoran. Social Committee: Miss Mandell, Miss Burrage, Miss Clark, Mr. Hubbard, Mr. Fogg.

Juniors!!!

Miss Isabelle Claflin has gone over to High School. We shall miss her very much, and Miss Wilson also.

1908.

Here we are at C. L. S. again, with the addition of several new members.

A new toy — squeaking blocks.

Egypt is in the western part of Europe, and the Atlantic Ocean is east of it.

What is the matter with the Latin and German verbs?

Division IV (a) is not exactly proficient in locating places on the map.

D--w— the Latin lexicon.

"Intonuère poli — the poles thundered."
"Did you ever hear them?"
"Yes'm."
"Which one?"
"Clothes pole."

Wollen Sie meine Frau sein, liebes Mädchen?
Will you be my *mother,* beautiful maiden?

"Husky" is again a candidate for the football team. Let us hope he will be as successful as he was last year.

E. R. Davis, formerly of 1908, is now attending Volkmann's.

Miss B—, "Quelle ignorance!"

"Ja" and "nein" will not be accepted as answers in conversation, so "get wise."

1909.

Back to school again. Let every scholar in the class try to make this year as successful as last year.

We mustn't let 1910 beat us in foot-ball the way we beat 1908 last year.

Miss F. B-a-k is very original in geometry. Her new axiom: Magnitudes respectively equal to each other are equal to themselves.

Div. I is not as lively as it was last year, now that Burke has left.

Div. I. Be more careful not to laugh during the fourth hour.

How much we miss the loss of that first study hour that most of us had last year.

Remember the Debating Society. All the boys ought to join.

You must not fight in school, B-r-l-t and C-l-m-a. Wait until you get out.

We wonder what made Div. VI act so queerly in Geometry when Mr. B. came in? Such brilliant recitations!

"Angles formed by one straight line meeting each other."

We wonder if baby-carriages are high priced this year? They are needed in 1910.

To the lit-tle chil-dren in 1910: You must re-mem-ber that you are fresh-men, and that you must res-pect the soph-o-more class. So when you are in our pres-ence re-move your hats.

1910.

Miss T-e has a long memory.

Div. IV. Galba is a trumpet.

We infants notice that even if the seniors do look down upon us, they are very glad of our music for dancing at recess.

What's the attraction in the seat behind Miss E-l-s?

Greetings from the nursery!

How nice it is for '09 to have some one upon whom they can look down. We notice that most of the compliments(?) found on the black-boards after recess, come from them.

Teacher: "Miss P-tt-r, give the Latin for 'long street.'"
Pupil: "Longa streeta."

Ask Miss N-n-s if she knows how to add a fig and a cow.

L-n-y likes to sharpen pencils — for a certain person.

Whose initials are all over Miss L-w-n-e's block? Anything serious?

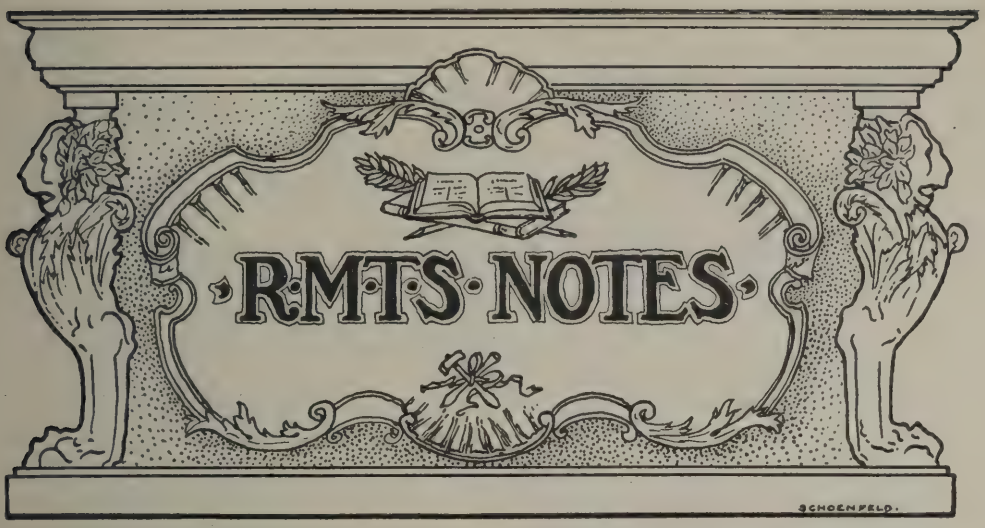
Div. 4. Agricolae est filia.
The daughter has a farmer.

Hygiene isn't exactly a cinch.

Lost — a voice. Finder will be rewarded by returning it to Miss R-w-s.

Come boys, learn to dance. Don't let the girls get ahead of you.

Why is Miss K-l-o-k so fond of the third-class corridor?



1906.

Seniors at last!

For three long and weary years have we labored (?) to attain this title.

Welcome, Freshman.

What's the matter with a Class meeting, fellows? Let's have our last year a successful one.

Miles has a private mirror in Room E, so Mr. H-l claims.

Miss E. (in German translation): "Where have you been? Herr Phe-n."

Phe-n (awakening): "Oh! er — I don't know, I've been down to solid geometry, and—."

L-a-i-t has his own sentiments in regard to Trig.

Is D-n-v-n to have his voice cultured? We hope so.

M-l-s understood Congressman's G-a-t's joke, at last. Better late than never, Pat.

Strawberries, Stan.

Cox claims that he can make a line lay (?) on a plane. Egg-sactly, Cox.

Div. B is sorry to force the idlers on Div. A, but it can't be helped.

Is it impossible, G-i-f-n?

Mr. M-r-h-m (telling about the Johnstown flood): "Those who could went up to the top floor of the building and thus escaped."

D-y-n: "They got a fine view up there didn't they?"

My name is Henley.

Committeemen never make any remarks. Neither does B-ns (?)

1907.

All our aspirants for foot-ball honors have the best wishes of the class.

Many have proven that a fellow can't chip and watch "chips" at the same time. Mr. Markham is experienced.

Many new fellows have entered our midst and by their manifest ambition tend to uplift the class.

"See the point!" Get strong to pull it out.

H. Boyd chews a cud. Mr. Ware has asked him if he would like to supply milk to the dining room. R—olds has also expressed a desire to go into the milk business.

One of Mr. Markham's stories contains, "an empty barrel to make a hencoop for a dog."

Mr. Markham's jokes put the fellows in good humor for the rest of the day and make us forget that work is work.

S-aw was the center of reaction during a session in English. Now, he is the nicest boy in the class. "Little" Q-nn has the same experience.

Mr. Brown's yard-stick no doubt now will be worn with dust.

When there is no policeman in drawing-room some fellows engage in scalping contests with T squares. We wonder if they still read novels.

Shaw with his "Oh, Yar" is from all appearances just from the country.

Now is the time to make those future red remarks feel sick.

We all love our teachers.
Query:— (?)

1908.

Now begins another year of pleasure or misery — which?

Mr. E.: "When are you going to study your History?"
B.: "When it gets interesting."

C. Faulkner is a coming Blacksmith.

K. G. Dean the rubber-neck machinist has built an auto.

One would not think the work on our lockers was being pushed by the way some of the men work.

Mr. Brown is getting very energetic in the English hour, but we have heard of a better way of exercising than the way he does on Abel.

Mr. G. was evidently playing conductor when he said to one of 3a, "Take the next *Carr.*"

Somebody must find lots of amusement in sticking pins into the bicycle tires in the basement.

Davis gives harmonica solos in the Forge shop during recess, Dean Hardy accompanies him on a wash basin.

It is a poor fisherman that cannot get a *bite* in the wood turning shop.

Why did the Latin School girls get a lecture for simply walking by Training School?

We are glad that one of the '08 class had spunk enough to go out for the foot-ball team.

Carman is getting to be quite a Frenchman.

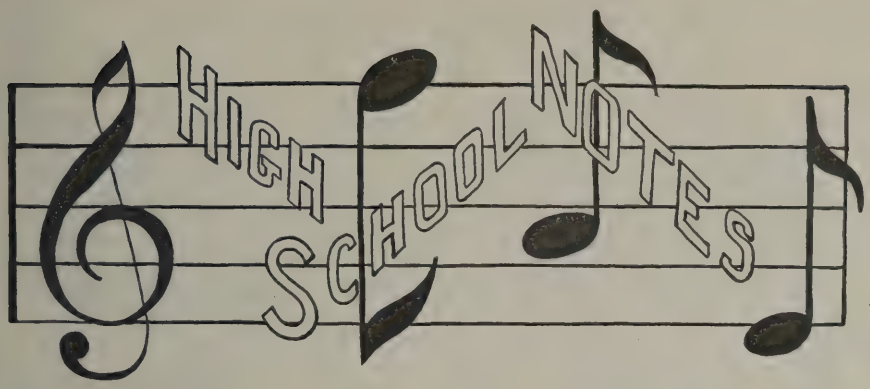
It was on us last year, but we are Soph's now; so here is a chance for some fun with '09.

1909.

Did you see the tan on E. Johnson?

J. Hayes of IV B will be a promising candidate for the track team.

(*Continued on page 26.*)



1906.

The Drama Committee consists of the following members: Miss L. Ivers, Miss Kelso, Miss Perry, Mr. McNamee, Mr. Erickson, Mr. Angus.

Ask Miss M--rs and Miss W--d how they enjoyed those Parisian Patés.

Seniors at last! Most of us have come so far successfully; let us keep on.

We extend a hearty welcome to the class of 1909.

At the class meeting held September 18, the election of officers took place. John McNamee was elected President; Francis Feeney, Treasurer; Miss Leone Ivers, Vice-President; Miss Alice Field, Secretary.

We are sorry to hear that Miss Gertrude Hughes has left school.

Where are all the boys that used to be in the class of 1906?

Miss Kenrick's girls have learned to stew "prunes" in the proper way.

Miss K-l-o still wears her "Derby."

Does this year's social committee intend to follow in the footsteps of last year's committee?

A class meeting was called on Friday, September 22. About a dozen members responded. It would seem from this that we do not take enough interest in class matters. Wake up! 1906.

The Bell(e) of the Review staff did not return this year — olive(s) used to be delicious in the estimation of the class.

How did the "silent six" enjoy the theatre party last Wednesday evening?

1907.

First the great, big Seniors,
Think they are in heaven;
Next the modest Juniors
Nineteen hundred seven.

Sophomores, think it over,
Hardships you have passed;
Never mind, you Freshmen,
You'll get there at last.

Miss G-e-e-s-e-n looks lonesome wandering around the corridors. We wonder why???

Olson: Have you said "yes" to Polly's request?

Ask M-l-y S-ll-v-n to sing the parody on "Tammany" for you?

Juniors! We are gradually moving to the head.

Wake up, Hornsby! We want to have a class meeting before the new year commences.

Don't fall over the microscope, Doh-ty.

Glennon, what is the attraction at the back of the room?

Now it is our turn to give a drama and dance! Let it be a success!

Miss Moore is now attending the Brookline High. We all miss her greatly.

Ask Miss Quinn if she likes to do her studying in the evening?

1908.

Once more to work we all return,
And strive our lessons well to learn;
But like the wind upon the grass,
Such resolutions soon do pass.

How do you like physics, '08?

Lost:—Common Sense. Finder please return to Room III.

Who said that "cueillir" meant "cruller," and "mettre" meant "mattress?"

We all wonder how you enjoy your front seat, Miss M - - p - y?

We extend a hearty welcome to the Freshmen.

Quite a scramble for seats in Room III!

Heard in physics—
Teacher: How does a fixed pulley help a person?
Scholar: He doesn't have to carry the load on his back.

How does it seem to be a Sophomore?

We greatly miss the members of our class who have left us since last year.

Miss Furfey, it isn't a good sign to commence the year with such a happy smile.

1909.

Heard in algebra class—
Teacher: Miss Da-y, $2 \div 5 = ?$
Miss Da-y: $2 \div 5 = 2\frac{1}{2}$.

How Division I does love Algebra!

Was the air from the window too much for you, Miss F-e-s-h-e-?

Class of '09; 200 girls, 9 boys,—we are glad that the Juniors furnish us with a *few* boys.

Girls,—keep away from the Training School.

TRAINING SCHOOL NOTES.

(Continued.)

Grace, the star basket-ball player, will be seen out for the team.

Now will "Pat" hit a Freshman again. He got his.

Johnson is a crack hockey player. Sweeney will have to work hard to keep his place.

When King Alfonso of Spain was riding with President Loubet through the streets of Paris, a bomb was thrown at him.

"Whom are they after?" asked the Spanish monarch.

And the president replied, in his choicest Parisian:

"After you, my dear Alfonso."

FOOT BALL

LATIN SCHOOL.

The fall sees the beginning of another season for the foot-ball team. As usual, for the first few days the work has been light but gradually becomes harder. The new material seems to lack weight, but is speedily rounding into shape and a fast team is anticipated.

Of last year's team, we have seven regulars and three substitutes still with us. The veterans are Captain Crowley, Harris, Boyer, Stiles, Pearson, Grant, Kelleher, Graustein, Crandon, and Marvin.

The new men are Perry, Brigham, Manicle, Ellis, Hickey, Corcoran, Hubbard, Downing, Chapin, E. Graustein, Douglass, Jose, Horgan, Burnham, McLean, and Welch.

Taft, Beardsell, Green, and Church are all lending a hand at coaching, and later Burns is expected to be able to help out with this end. We can be assured of their faithful work to bring about a successful season.

Every man must be willing to do his part if the desired results are to be obtained. Since the material is not all that can be desired as regards weight, the men must work all the harder for greater speed to make up the difference.

And just as the men are urged to give their best efforts to their work, the team is entitled to all the help the school can give by its enthusiasm and interest.

The following schedule has been arranged:

Sept. 30, St. Mark's at Southboro.
Oct. 4, Medford at Medford.
Oct. 10, Boston English High, undecided.
Oct. 14, Somerville at Somerville.
Oct. 17, Waltham at Waltham.
Oct. 21, Pomfret at Pomfret.
Oct. 27, Middlesex School at Concord.
Nov. 3, R. M. T. S., undecided.
Nov. 10, Brookline, undecided.
Nov. 17, Newton at Newton.
Nov. 30, Newton at Newton.

C. L. S. 5. St. Mark's 0.

Cambridge Latin defeated St. Mark's at Southboro, September 30, 5 to 0, in the first game of the season.

In the first half, after regaining the ball on a fumble by St. Mark's, Cambridge carried it down the field by successive line-plunges. A touchdown was made by Crowley and the goal was kicked, but neither was allowed, as it was claimed the play was put in motion after time was called.

In the second half, St. Mark's was unable to hold the rushes and hammering at their line, and at the last of the half, Pearson was forced over the line for a touchdown. The line up:

Cambridge Latin.	St. Mark's.
Graustein, l e / Crandon, l e	r e, Belmont
Ellis, l t	r t, Kane

Beard, l g.....r g, Smith
Boyer, c .....c, Bowers
McLean, r g.....l g, Brooks
Harris, r t..... { l t, Fisk / l t, Cottrell
Crowley, r e .....l e, Hutchinson
Stiles, q b } .....q b, Galatti
Marvin, q b }
Pearson, l h b ..... r h b, Hall
Kelleher, r h b } .....l h b, Whitehouse
Hickey, r h b }
Grant, f b .....f b, Dilworth

R. M. T. S.

Hurrah! Foot-ball again! The spirit of interest in the team as shown by both the members of the school and outsiders during the practice on Divinity Field is excellent. Let us all hope that by the time the games come around everyone will have caught foot-ball spirit enough to support the team in the way it should be supported: by going to every game and cheering the fellows on to victory.

On September 19th the following candidates for the foot-ball team reported to Captain Park: Kaine, Griffin, Thompson, Beunke, Claflin, Hamilton, Girard, Sibley, Leavitt, Wilson, Murphy, Carrington, Houston, Murry, Linehan, Williams, Burns, Cogswell, Stone, Fiske, Dunham, Keays, McDonnald, McCullar, Dayton, Moller, Hogan, Davis, Penniman, McKenzie, Reed, Senott.

Manager F. H. Miles, Jr., has arranged the following schedule:

Sept. 30, Pomfret at Pomfret, Ct.
Oct. 3, Boston College Prep. at Boston.
Oct. 7, Open.
Oct. 10, Medford H. S. at Medford.
Oct. 14, Groton at Groton.
Oct. 17, Lawrence at Lawrence.
Oct. 21, St. Mark's at Southboro.
Oct. 24, Everett at Everett.
Oct. 28, B. E. H. S. (undecided).
Nov. 3, C. L. S. (undecided).
Nov. 11, Dorchester H. S. at Dorchester.
Nov. 18, Malden at Malden.
Nov. 23, Haverhill at Haverhill.
Nov. 30, Somerville at Somerville.

Fletcher and Adams of Brown, Beckett and Brooks of Dartmouth, and Gaw of Tufts will be watched with much interest by the members of the school. These men have played on the school team in the past three years and are now promising candidates for their respective college teams.

Track.

At a meeting of the Track Team, J. B. Kaine, '06, was elected captain, and Lawson Lockart, '07, was chosen manager.

At the trials held at Cambridge Y. M. C. A. Track, September 23d, the following men reported: Capt. Kaine, Park, Beunke, Huirsh, Burns, Thompson, Glidden.

Kaine, Park, Beunke, Thompson, Glidden and Huirsh, subs.; were chosen to represent R. M. T. S. in the Open Relay Race at Brockton.

Pomfret 6. Rindge 0.

Training School lost its first foot-ball game to the Pomfret School Foot-ball Team at Pomfret, September 30th. The game was

REEVES BROS., 1 PUTNAM SQUARE * Prescription Druggists CAMBRIDGE

NELSON'S PRESCRIPTION PHARMACY 551 PUTNAM AVE. CAMBRIDGE OPEN TILL MIDNIGHT

JOHN E. RYAN
DEALER IN HAY, GRAIN, STRAW & MIN. SALTS
16 WESTERN AVENUE 15 RIVER STREET

well contested, and it was not until late in the second half that Pomfret was able to score. This score was made after an admirably executed end run by Moore. Many weaknesses showed up in Training School's play; very poor offensive work was prevalent, while fumbling also was much in evidence. The defensive work was at times very ragged. The play had its bright spots, which give good promise for future development.

The score:

Pomfret.	Rindge.
Hollins, r e	r e, Kaine / r e, McKenzie
Blaine, r t	r t, Leavitt
Scully, r g / Bacon, r g	r g, Girard
Turner, c	c, Hamilton
Dunlap, l g	l g, Sibley
Manly, l t / Brooks, l t	l t, Wilson
Shipper, l e	l e, Murphy / l e, Murry
Swords, q b	q b, Thompson / q b, Kaine
Bourne, r h	r h, Park
Moore, l h	l h, Dunham
Enos, f b	f b, Griffin

Touchdown, Moore, Goal from touchdown, Bourne. Referee, Palmer. Umpire, Gilbert. Linesmen, Pulsifer and Burns. Time, 15 and 10 minute halves.

At a meeting of the Tennis Team, September 28th, T. Lynes, '06, was elected captain and R. Huirsh, '06, was chosen manager.

Why?

Why does the mother heave sighs of relief,
When before she was filled with such worry and grief?

Why does the father seem quite free from care,
When before he was gloomy, or cross as a bear?

Why does he say, "No more windows to pay for,"
While grandmother murmurs, "Not so much now to pray for?"

Why do the worries of big sister cease,
For she's heard to remark, "Now *at last* we'll have peace?"

But why does the small boy go round with a frown,
With his hands in his pockets, his eyes on the ground?

As if in this world there could be no more fun—
Why?— Vacation is over and school has begun!

H. C., '08.

WHY DON'T YOU LEARN SHORTHAND?

Stenography is now so important a factor in business and affords so good a vocation that it will be interesting to note that the average time required last year to finish at Hickox Shorthand School, Copley Square, Boston, was six and a half months. This is a brief time in which to thoroughly learn shorthand at a good school, for, it must be borne in mind, this is the leading shorthand school in the country, and the standard of efficiency is higher there than elsewhere; still the cost is not excessive—$15 a month. In other words, smart young women or men at an outlay of about one hundred dollars can learn in half a year, and learn well, a business by which they can at once be sure of earning a good livelihood. The theory, 12 lessons, can be learned as well by mail as orally, the cost being $1 a lesson.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN SCHOOL.

CATALOGUE, 1904-1905.

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS.

William C. Bates.....City Hall.

HIGH SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

Dr. Sherman R. Lancaster.....5 Pleasant St.
William Taggard Piper.....179 Brattle St.
Rev. Robert Walker.....74 Fourth St.
Mrs. Carolyn P. Chase.....19 Lancaster St.
Joseph E. Sharkey.....259 Elm St.

SECRETARY AND AGENT OF SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

Sanford B. Hubbard.....City Hall

HEAD MASTER.

William F. Bradbury.....369 Harvard St.

MASTERS.

Theodore P. Adams.....Boston.
Max Benshimol.....64 Mt. Vernon St.

PHYSICS AND CHEMISTRY TEACHER.

*John I. Phinney.....Abroad.

TEACHERS.

Helen M. Albee.....48 Lake View Ave.
Jennie S. Spring.....Trowbridge Terrace.
Caroline Drew.....21 Blagden St., Boston.
Mary C. Hardy.....11 Irvington St., Boston.
*Constance G. Alexander.....1 Parker St.
Alice C. Baldwin.....34 Dana St.
*Rose S. Hardwick.....Northampton.
Mary A. Bachelder.....375 Harvard St.
Mabel E. Harris.....17 Gray St.
Lena G. Perrigo.....40 Palmer St., Arlington.
*Helen W. Munroe.....111 Chestnut St.
Isabel S. Burton.....371 Harvard St.
Ethel V. Sampson, 957 Washington St., Newtonville.
Etta L. Davis.....Waverley.
Louisa P. Parker.....19 Trowbridge St.
Alice D. Chamberlain.....20 Ellsworth Ave.
Almira W. Bates.....20 Wendell St.
Margaret S. Bradbury.....369 Harvard St.
Grace E. Davenport, 67 Coolidge Hill Rd., Watertown
Nellie E. Fawcett.....74 Hammond St.
Elizabeth B. Flanders....75 Pinckney St., Boston.
Margaret J. Griffith.....104 Spring St.
Cecil T. Derry.....12 Trowbridge St.

*Leave of absence for the year.

DIRECTOR OF PHYSICAL TRAINING FOR GIRLS.

Bessie W. Howard.....24 Linnæan St.

SECRETARY AND LIBRARIAN.

Annie S. Dodge.....15 Cottage St.

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC.

Frederick E. Chapman.....126 Oxford St.

JANITOR.

Thomas F. Cahir.....1576 Cambridge St.

POST-GRADUATE PUPILS.

Egan, Guy H.....353 Harvard St.
Chapman, Alice E.....7 West St.

Number, 2.

CLASS I—1906.

Beard, Edward L., Jr.....154 Brattle St.
Boyer, Sidney C.....73 Prospect St.
Cahill, Howard F. K.....41 Inman St.
Chapin, Edward R.....97 Lake View Ave.
Crandon, Lowell D.....36 Bowdoin St.
Crowley, Charles F.....109 Fourth St.
Deady, Frank E.....7 Leonard Ave.
Durant, William B., Jr.....9 Lowell St.
Eccles, James A.....111 Hammond St.
Fitzgerald, John J.....108 Holworthy St.

Foster, Francis L.....49 Garfield St.
Gaskill, J. Pierpont.....15½ Shepard St.
Glynn, John G.....27 Cogswell Ave.
Gove, Archibald C.....29 Maple Ave.
Grant, Robert H.....10 Centre St.
Graustein, William C.....19 Arlington St.
Hall, Frederic H.....30 Langdon St.
Jose, Edwin H., Jr.....27 Inman St.
Lawrence, George C.....65 Martin St.
Marvin, Frank W.....13 Essex St.
Mason, Clifford O.....40 Mt. Vernon St.
McAleer, Stephen A.....82 Sixth St.
Mulrey, Fred J.....93 Belmont St.
O'Hara, Francis J.....140 Huron Ave.
Patten, William J.....60 Thorndike St.
Ponce, Philip L.....84 Thorndike St.
Reardon, Edmund J.....195 Erie St.
Royce, Stephen.....103 Irving St.
Small, T. Lambert.....7 Fayette St.
Vickery, Victor D.....Riverbank Ct.
Walton, Philip S.....34 Austin St.
Wheeler, William H.....21 Wendell St.
Whitmore, Roy S.....3½ Dover St.

Number of boys, 33.

Attner, Bernice M.....45 Pearl St.
Beard, Gertrude M.....12 Linnæan St.
Blood, Jennie F.....10 Humboldt St.
Burrage, Alice L.....431 Putnam Ave.
Burrage, Edith M.....17 Trowbridge Pl.
Carter, Ruth N.....28 Blake St.
Chandler, Alice W.....51 Chestnut St.
Coyle, Grace A.....819 Cambridge St.
Crook, Jessie W.....44 Prince St.
Davis, Letty L.....145 Magazine St.
Derry, Evelyn T.....12 Trowbridge St.
Detlefsen, Henrietta A.....244 River St.
Doyle, Alice M.....1501 Cambridge St.
Fawcett, Edith M.....74 Hammond St.
Fletcher, Ruth B.....35 Blake St.
Gragg, Marian F.....26 Maple Ave.
Hildreth, Gladys G.....6 Linnæan St.
Isaac, Millie A.....34 Portsmouth St.
Jones, Helen M.....16 Oxford St.
Ketchum, Irene L.....63 Highland Ave.
Mason, Marion A.....40 Mt. Vernon St.
Moller, Rugna S.....330 Western Ave.
Packer, Grace F.....72 Chestnut St.
Plympton, Alice B.....10 Leonard Ave.
Reed, Martha L.....6 Shepard St.
Russell, Hilda F.....1654 Mass. Ave.
Shepherd, Gertrude.....39 Garfield St.
Smith, Margaret A.....68 Eustis St.
Turner, Bernice R.....430 Broadway.
Ware, Pamela C.....45 Trowbridge St.
Woodworth, Marion C.....15 Buena Vista Pk.
Yeager, Alice M.....32 Putnam Ave.

Number of girls, 32. Number in class, 65.

CLASS II—1907.

Barton, Donald C.....16 Lexington Ave.
Boynton, Herbert F.....130 Oxford St.
Byerly, Francis P.....39 Hammond St.
Chamberlin, Edwin M.....30 Linnæan St.
Chase, Gardner W.....9 Dana St.
Church, Claude H.....305 Pearl St.
Corcoran, Michael.....44 Hudson St.
Dane, William H.....1619 Mass. Ave.
Danehy, James F.....344 Rindge Ave.
Eckert, W. Harold.....146 Magazine St.
Ellis, Edward W.....4 Chauncy St.
Finkelstein, Samuel.....187 Western Ave.
Fitzmaurice, J. Francis.....19 Fairmont St.
Fogg, Harry T.....Hingham.
Gamage, Joseph B. F.....4 St. Paul St.
Gray, Arthur H.....6 Fayette St.
Higgins, George K.....8 Bigelow St.
Hubbard, Francis A.....11 Forest St.
Hubbard, Roger S.....11 Forest St.
Joyce, Maurice F.....9 Howard St.
Kimball, Warren F.....30 Lee St.
Kittredge, Edward H.....46 Cogswell Ave.
Lahee, Arnold W.....44 Langdon St.
Maloney, Charles M.....56 Tannery St.
McArthur, Chester W.....174 Auburn St.
Paul, Willard I.....32 Magazine St.
Peterson, Varro.....42 Kirkland St.
Reeves, Henry E.....25 Sacramento St.
Rideout, Henry G.....314 Pearl St.
Riley, Percy W.....
Kensington Chambers, Magazine St.
Stiles, Harold R.....50 Trowbridge St.
Thomas, Abraham.....266 Rindge Ave.
Thompson, Edward J.....49 Oxford St.
Warren, Herbert H.....70 Dana St.
Welch, John B.....413 Main St.
Wells, Herbert C.....26 Hurlbut St.

Number of boys, 36.

Babson, Maude G.....372A Prospect St.
Barrington, Althea L.....40 Cushing St.
Belcher, Marion G.....148 Allston St.
Blackall, Marian.....16 Chauncy St.
Blaisdell, Avis P.....247 Lake View Ave.
Borthwick, Rozella J.....10 Trowbridge St.
Brannen, E. Lillian.....23 Cushing St.
Brock, Gladys.....136 Lake View Ave.
Burrage, Helen M.....17 Trowbridge Pl.
Claflin, Charlotte I.....40 Irving St.
Clark, M. Louise.....115 Inman St.

Cutler, Dorothea.....71 Magazine St.
Dailey, Anna E.....144½ Spring St.
Davenport, Benita C.....
67 Coolidge Hill Rd., Watertown.
Dickson, Florence G.....149 Austin St.
Doe, Stella H.....463 Putnam Ave.
Eayrs, Ellen K.....47 Wendell St.
Gaskill, Tunis F.....15½ Shepard St.
Grunberg, Goldie.....1520 Cambridge St.
Hicks, Helen N.....431 Putnam Ave.
Howe, Mary E.....7 Exeter Pk.
Hubbard, Elizabeth K.....42 Arlington St.
Huling, Corinne W.....17 Hurlbut St.
Jameson, Gertrude.....45 Mt. Vernon St.
Johnson, Esther M.....237 Norfolk St.
Kimball, Pauline .....49 Austin St.
Lockett, Alice B.....13 Appian Way.
Macullar, May G.....17 Athens St.
Mandell, Esther B.....4 Walnut Ave.
Martin, Gertrude M.....15 Sherman St.
Mason, Marion G.....432 Broadway.
McSweeney, Mary L.....13 Ellsworth Ave.
Murdock, Florence L.....130 Putnam Ave.
Odiorne, Roxie.....42 Garden St.
Parker, Gladys M.....98 Hancock St.
Reynolds, Louise E.....229 Franklin St.
Riley, Mary M.....37 Sargent St.
Sander, Margaret J.....21 Holmes St.
Smith, Edna M.....78 Sixth St.
Smith, Marjorie E.....241 Norfolk St.
Snow, Rachel P.....29 Russell Ave., Watertown.
Stuart, Harriet C.....363 Washington St.
Sullivan, Anastasia L.....34 Mt. Pleasant St.
Techa, Alice J.....72 Lawn St.
Thain, Lillian F.....217 Auburn St.
Ward, Mary C.....120 Cherry St.
Webber, Amanda R.....154 Auburn St.
Willard, Hazel M.....4 Hardwick St.
Williamson, Ethel H.....16 Centre St.
Woodworth, Laura M.....15 Buena Vista Pk.

Number of girls, 50. Number in class, 86.

CLASS III—1908.

Andrew, William G.....22 Third St.
Babson, Richard C.....8 Hurlbut St.
Beard, Hubert K.....150 Upland Rd.
Beard, Ralph F.....150 Upland Rd.
Beech, Laurence R.....881 Mass. Ave.
Bennett, William A. L.....4 Cowperthwaite St.
Blackall, Robert M.....16 Chauncy St.
Burnham, Harry G.....65 Hammond St.
Champagne, Joseph L.....19 Mellen St.
Chase, C. Alden.....9 Dana St.
Close, Frank D.....380 Broadway.
Daly, John A.....51 Martin St.
Dee, Patrick J.....94 Hammond St.
Delaney, Edward J.....151 Mt. Auburn St.
Douglass, George F.....154 Brookline St.
Dow, Frank R.....326 Broadway.
Downing, Lester L.....30 Bowdoin St.
Fitzgerald, George F.....108 Holworthy St.
Graustein, Edward A.....19 Arlington St.
Hale, Harold E.....65 Wendell St.
Harris, Francis S.....32 Rockingham St.
Hawkins, Mingo H.....51 Essex St.
Hildreth, Edward C.....45 Putnam Ave.
Hillery, Joseph M. F.....56 Eustis St.
Huling, Ray Greene, Jr.....17 Hurlbut St.
Kehew, Walter E.....104 Inman St.
Kerr, Fred L.....147 Magazine St.
Kittredge, Henry C.....8 Hilliard St.
Lanman, Thomas H.....9 Farrar St.
Lynch, John F.....1 Cedar Sq.
Manning, Edward W.....235 Upland Rd.
Marean, Endicott.....46 Brewster St.
Mason, Hugh.....9 Bailey Rd., Watertown.
Nightingale, George F....180 Elm St., No. Camb.
Parker, Reginald S.....14 Ash St.
Parry, J. Harold.....2301 Mass. Ave.
Pearson, Oscar W.....547 Main St.
Pihl, Armand C.....992 Cambridge St.
Reagan, John A.....444 Winsor St.
Rice, Clifton L.....202 Auburn St.
Robbins, Morton S....65 Adams Ave., Watertown.
Simpson, Eugene P. A.....61 Dana St.
Simpson, Ronald.....
72 Claremont Ave., Arlington Heights.
Stone, Charles L.....38 Sacramento St.
Stratton, George F.....24 Linnæan St.
Thomas, James H.....265 Prospect St.
Wardwell, Austin K.....465 Broadway.
Wheeler, Francis.....21 Wendell St.

Number of boys, 48.

Atkinson, Leona B.....36 Gray St.
Baker, Harriet E.....21 Wilbur St.
Balmer, Charlotte J.....17 Willard St.
Bates, E. Dorothea.....473 Broadway.
Beardsley, Helena M.....337 Washington St.
Blake, Helen H.....9 Remington St.
Brown, Florence M.....14 Park St.
Bunton, Lillian G.....63 Washington Ave.
Calvert, Anna M. L. W.....17 Lee St.
Campbell, Helen.....28 Hurlbut St.
Carlson, Alice L.....357 Harvard St.
Carroll, Margaret M.....719 Cambridge St.
Carver, Helen G.....16 Kirkland Rd.
Connell, Honora A.....133 Webster Ave.
Copp, Janie H.....179 Columbia St.

Davis, L. Anna.....116 Upland Rd.
Dooley, Madeleine N.....17 Shepard St.
Dougherty, Constance M.....77 Lake View Ave.
Downing, Nettie C.....39 Ash St.
Egan, Beatrice W.....353 Harvard St.
Emerson, Ruth.....395 Broadway.
Estabrook, Maud V.....45 Garfield St.
Fenwick, Margaret H.....8 Centre St.
Ferry, Mabel L.....408 Columbia St.
Fisher, W. Beryl.....18 Sacramento Pl.
FitzGerald, Alice E.....89 Hammond St.
Foster, Lillian.....565 Putnam Ave.
Freedman, Blanche.....11 Buena Vista Pk.
Gardner, Beatrice A.....13 Bigelow St.
Glidden, Mildred W.....1 Allston Ct.
Glynn, Ellen F.....10 Van Norden St.
Glynn, Susie L.....10 Van Norden St.
Graustein, Louise A.....19 Bowdoin St.
Hale, Alice M.....65 Wendell St.
Hawes, Edna F.....19½ Fayette St.
Hill, Rose M.....42 Sacrament St.
Howlett, Marion A.....12 Whittier St.
Hubbard, Edith A.....28 Wendell St.
Jones, Susie F.....343 Mass. Ave.
Kelso, Janet H.....373 Washington St.
Keniston, Ethel D.....2322 Mass. Ave.
Lanman, Faith T.....9 Farrar St.
Lawrence, Katharine F.....65 Martin St.
Leake, Edna M.....25 Warland St.
Lovell, Evelyn W.....2 Arlington St.
Lynch, Genevieve G.....90½ Berkshire St.
Marshall, Dorothy F.....280 Harvard St.
McBride, Anna E.....74 Holworthy St.
McCarthy, Mary R.....30 Mead St.
McFarlane, Christina M.....58 Pleasant St.
McNamara, Elizabeth H.....220 Chestnut St.
Miner, Daisy E.....28 Hadley St.
Mitchell, Alice W.....221 Pearl St.
Myles, Elizabeth K.....55 Hammond St.
Noland, Leila.....972 Mass. Ave.
Osborne, Elizabeth.....42 Shepard St.
Pennell, Nellie E.....29 Blake St.
Penney, Clara L.....375 Harvard St.
Petersen, Inez H.....4 Rockwell St.
Pierce, Edith A.....454 Green St.
Plympton, Ruth H.....10 Leonard Ave.
Regan, Teresa A.....22 Lambert St.
Robinson, Bertha L.....67 Lake View Ave.
Smith, Inez E.....4 Antrim St.
Telford, Irene U.....134 Oxford St.
Walker, Lucille B.....89 Inman St.
White, Helen.....18 Concord Ave.
White, Lucy T.....1590 Cambridge St.
Wood, Marguerite S.....6 Essex St.

Number of girls, 69. Number in class, 117.

CLASS IV—1909.

Amee, Howe C.....172 Hancock St.
Bartlett, C. Norman.....191 Hamilton St.
Booker, Louis H.....59 Grigg St.
Burrage, Charles W.....17 Trowbridge Pl.
Cahir, Walter F.....1576 Cambridge St.
Clark, Wilfred L.....9 Sumner St.
Coleman, David R.....69 Chestnut St.
Cremens, John F.....130 Antrim St.
Croke, Benjamin H.....68 Orchard St.
Davies, William W.....1124 Mass. Ave.
Fawcett, Albert J.....74 Hammond St.
Fowler, Warren J.....401 Broadway.
Goepper, Harold J.....13 Highland Ave.
Goodale, Alfred M., Jr.....16 Coolidge Ave.
Hales, Walter C.....12 Miller Ave.
Hands, George H.....1784 Mass. Ave.
Harlow, Hamilton.....20 Langdon St.
Henry, Thomas H.....86 Kirkland St.
Herlihy, Charles M.....6 Healy St.
Herlihy, William P.....6 Healy St.
Hickey, William F.....44 Ninth St.
Hodges, Lester E.....48 Dana St.
Horgan, M. Joseph.....24 Marion St.
Hursh, Walter C.....186 Upland Rd.
Ireland, J. Earl.....1904 Mass. Ave.
Keegan, Thomas S.....48 Mt. Pleasant St.
Kelleher, Simon B.....94 Tremont St.
Lincoln, Nathan B.....14 Fayette St.
Mabry, Alton W.....268 Broadway.
McGuire, Alfred C.....22 Vineyard St.
Meyer, Edward J.....234 Broadway.
Neptune, Frederick W.....67 Highland Ave.
Noonan, Everett L.....109 Otis St.
O'Connor, Martin F.....135 Rindge Ave.
Olive, George M.....24 Frost St.
Patten, W. Stanley.....52 Concord Ave.
Perry, Osgood.....15 Clinton St.
Rindge, Wellington.....62 Upland Rd.
Shepherd, Edward G.....39 Garfield St.
Smith, Roland E.....1172 Mass. Ave.
Taylor, John H.....1735 Mass. Ave.
White, Francis C.....24 Follen St.
White, Richard F.....Felton Hall.
Whittemore, Robert D.....36 Irving St.
Wright, Richard H.....20 Mellen St.

Number of boys, 45.

Adams, Mildred E.....12 Shepard St.
Arnold, Dorothy.....19 Irving St.
Baldwin, Helen V.....10 Hilliard Pl.
Bates, Helen G.....19 Harris St.
Beane, Esther C.....8 Prescott St.

Bestwick, Lucretia H.....Riverside Ct.
Black, Frances M.....58 Kirkland St.
Black, Margaret M.....58 Kirkland St.
Brant, Marguerite W.....367 Harvard St.
Browning, Natalie A.....19 Trowbridge St.
Bryant, Grace M.....12 Wendell St.
Buck, Lillian G.....10 Sidney St.
Catton, Grace C.....124 Hancock St.
Chase, Margaret.....950 Mass. Ave.
Coburn, Marguerite.....35 Granite St.
Cook, Mary E.....39 Pleasant St.
Cowlishaw, Erdine K.....324 Franklin St.
Crandon, Evelyn H.....36 Bowdoin St.
Crowell, Evelyn S.....55 Ellery St.
Crowley, Clara L.....21 Putnam Ave.
Dallinger, Mildred E.....82 Henry St.
Danehy, Gertrude J.....226 Main St.
Doherty, Ellen C.....83 Hammond St.
Donovan, Annie S.....21 Leonard Ave.
Dunn, Christina A.....19 Perry St.
Dwyer, Margaret F.....878 Mass. Ave.
Edwards, Ruth.....16 Mellen St.
Egan, Bernice M.....353 Harvard St.
Feeley, Elizabeth I.....265 Western Ave.
Fountain, Eleanor M.....170 Chestnut St.
Ganong, Flora I.....48 Orchard St.
Geyer, Nana B.....117½ Hampshire St.
Graustein, Ida S.....19 Bowdoin St.
Hamblen, Helen H.....33 Magazine St.
Hollis, Lena M.....247 Chestnut St.
Holmes, Marion.....124 Walker St.
Hopkins, Elsie C.....93 Otis St.
Hunt, Edith B.....16 Lancaster St.
Jones, Edna A.....248 Putnam Ave.
Jones, Marion M.....303 Harvard St.
Jones, Mildred V.....248 Putnam Ave.
Kelsey, Alice A.....4 Buckingham Pl.
Ketchum, Minnie H.....63 Highland Ave.
La Pierre, Sarah E.....588 Huron Ave.
Lister, Amee C.....30 Shepard St.
Lofton, May E.....27 Jay St.
MacKenzie, Sarah L.....31 Cambridge Terrace.
McCaffrey, Inez.....318 Western Ave.
Mernin, Sallie L.....17 Allen St.
Mosher, Florence O.....4 Rockwell St.
Moynahan, Bertha.....42 Dana St.
Noera, Louise J.....12 Forest St.
Perry, Constance G.....10 Channing Pl.
Pfaff, May S.....325 Franklin St.
Porter, Marguerite.....43 Ellery St.
Raymond, Dorothy.....84 Ellery St.
Redmond, Elizabeth M.....472 Winsor St.
Rice, Barbara G.....375 Broadway.
Roos, Annette I.....24 Sacramento St.
Rounds, Mary G.....351 Pearl St.
Russell, Maude E.....33 Mellen St.
Shaw, Marjorie.....16 Sacramento St.
Sheldon, Mary H.....11 Francis Ave.
Smyth, Evelyn W.....91 Walker St.
Smyth, Gladys W.....91 Walker St.
Spencer, Mildred.....85 Hancock St.
Starratt, Dorothy S.....7 Howland St.
Stiles, Pauline.....50 Trowbridge St.
Swanson, Frances V.....17 Upland Rd.
Tenney, Ruth G.....32 Hawthorne St.
Thelle, Karen E.....23 Fairmont Ave.
True, Lucile.....63 Highland Ave.
True, Marion.....63 Highland Ave.
Tynes, Lillian M.....13 Clarendon Ave.
Walker, Mary C.....56 Wendell St.
Waters, Isabelle A.....3½ Broadway.
Williams, Gladys B.....314 Harvard St.
Woehler, Tosca.....1654 Mass. Ave.
Wood, Marguerite D.....334 Harvard St.
Wood, Marion O.....45½ Mt. Auburn St.
Yerxa, Gertrude H.....8 Otis St., Watertown.

Number of girls, 81. Number in class, 126.

CLASS V—1910.

Baker, Theodore C.....112 Lake View Ave.
Baxter, Clarence P.....100 Oxford Ave.
Bell, George T. W.....50 Dana St.
Bool, Timothy D.....2 Lamson Pl.
Boynton, Alvah R.....130 Oxford St.
Brennan, James P.....49 Cedar St.
Brigham, Herbert M. W.....11 Perry St.
Broughton, Ambrose F.....18 Rockingham St.
Cheyne, Hugh I.....27 Hurlbut St.
Connell, Daniel F.....133 Webster Ave.
Connor, George L.....3½ Wendell St.
Corcoran, Theobald S.....44 Hudson St.
Davis, Chester P.....116 Upland Rd.
Donovan, Francis E.....9 Greenough Ave.
Erickson, Chester L.....77 Brattle St.
Flentje, Ernst L.....1643 Cambridge St.
Ford, A. Stanley.....40 Parker St.
Girard, Leon.....41 Creighton St.
Gozzaldi, Alfred J.....96 Brattle St.
Gozzaldi, Richard S.....96 Brattle St.
Grant, Harold P.....10 Centre St.
Hanlon, John.....1 Walker Ct.
Herbst, Harry L.....14 Warland St.
Hillery, Thomas A.....56 Eustis St.
Horgan, Arthur J.....19 Carlisle St.
Kimball, Ernest L.....30 Lee St.
Lang, Forrest D.....7 Gardner St.
Levy, Maurice.....319 Webster Ave.
Locke, Bradford B.....7 Francis Ave.
Lorrey, Daniel E.....96 Austin St.

Lynch, Daniel F. J.....87 Wendell St.
Lynch, Daniel M.....1 Cedar St.
Lynch, Joseph B.....64 Amory St.
Mahler, Robert E.....5 Austin St.
Maricle, Paul L.....49 Wendell St.
Mariett, George A.....5 Park St.
Marrett, E. Hastings.....20 Avon Hill St.
Marsh, Harold H.....168 Lexington Ave.
Mason, Harry E.....432 Broadway.
McArthur, Arthur W.....174 Auburn St.
McCrehan, William A.....82 Rice St.
McLean, Thomas J.....430 Broadway.
Murphy, Mark E.....17 Day St.
Murphy, William M.....33 Banks St.
O'Brien, Richard H.....127 Huron Ave.
Ormsby, Henry J.....248 Brookline St.
Parry, Robert E.....77 Rice St.
Petterson, Ernest W.....17 Inman St.
Poirier, Francis L.....122 Rindge Ave.
Power, William H.....5 Flagg St.
Robinson, Edward M.....884 Mass. Ave.
Rogers, C. Merrill, Jr.....73 Frost St.
Ryan, George S.....13 Ninth St.
Sandi-monnae, Momolu G.....1556 Cambridge St.
Swett, Blaine.....8 Beech St.
Thomas, John C.....266 Rindge Ave.
Volk, Walter J.....83 Kinnaird St.
Wallace, W. Edwin.....13 Kinnaird St.
White, Joseph F.....1590 Cambridge St.
Wilber, Clarence B.....129 Magazine St.
Wolcott, John G.....331 Broadway.
Zintz, Abraham.....309 Elm St.

Number of boys, 62.

Abell, Eloise O.....891 Mass. Ave.
Adams, Dorothy.....35 Arlington St.
Anderson, Marion J.....2 Walker Pl.
Andrews, Gertrude B.....7 Oak Circle.
Bacon, Lucy A.....122 Hancock St.
Bacon, Mildred F.....76 Dana St.
Barton, Helen M.....16 Lexington Ave.
Boyer, Helen M.....73 Prospect St.
Brooks, Marguerite.....21 Lee St.
Burroughs, Nellice M.....76 Fairmont St.
Casey, Florence L.....168 Lexington Ave.
Caution, Gladys A.....59 Museum St.
Clay, Alice M.....80 Garfield St.
Comerford, Margaret S.....5 Wright St.
Cooke, Myra L.....266 Cambridge St.
Cotter, Ellen E.....7 Norton Pl.
Currie, Ethel M.....357 Western Ave.
Curtis, Ernestine A.....64 Richdale Ave.
Dadmun, Henrietta W.....1696 Mass. Ave.
Danehy, Ruth I.....226 Main St.
Davis, Edith S.....117 Trowbridge St.
Delaney, Mary F.....151 Mt. Auburn St.
Doherty, Agnes C.....168 River St.
Eckles, Annie E.....123 Webster Ave.
Ela, Elizabeth P.....502 Green St.
Elkins, Florence D.....48 Hawthorne St.
Ellis, Olive S.....309 Pearl St.
Emerson, Lorena A.....5 Kinnaird St.
Eveleth, Constance.....18 Martin St.
Feeley, Florence M.....265 Western Ave.
FitzGerald, Mary F.....89 Hammond St.
Fleischner, Caroline.....31 Chescent St.
Follansbee, Maydelle.....68 Wendell St.
Ford, Isabelle H.....8 King Pl.
Foxcroft, Mary G.....25 Hillside Ave.
Geyer, Gladys R.....117½ Hampshire St.
Gilbert, Dura E.....18 Leonard Ave.
Goodwin, Christine May.....51 Norfolk St.
Grainger, Mabel F.....64 Foster St.
Hampton, Anna M.....90 Cherry St.
Harper, Charlotte E.....179 Chestnut St.
Harris, Louise T.....17 Clarendon Ave.
Harris, Marjorie E.....17 Clarendon Ave.
Haskell, Beatrice.....11 Tufts St.
Hawes, Marian A.....19½ Fayette St.
Haworth, Irene M.....26 Sacramento St.
Holt, Anna C.....95 Raymond St.
Kalloch, Inez S.....128 Magazine St.
Kline, Elizabeth M.....199 Portland St.
Knapp, Winifred H.....16 Lee St.
Lanman, Edith H.....9 Farrar St.
Lawrence, Edith M.....407 Broadway.
Linenthal, Julia.....34 Gorham St.
Linnell, Charlotte I.....92 Wendell St.
Lloyd, Constance.....25 Dana St.
Love, Cornelia S.....27 Walker St.
Macdonald, Estelle P.....17 Traymore St.
MacKeen, S. Helen.....14 Charles River Rd.
Martin, Fannie M.....440 Mass. Ave.
McArthur, Lillian M.....10 Magazine Ct.
McKusick, Edna F.....10 Remington St.
M'Coy, Mildred I.....65 Mt. Vernon St.
Mills, Elsie C.....22 Bigelow St.
Moore, Grace E.....14 Mellen St.
Morse, Olive I.....446 Green St.
Mott, Hattie V.....4 Clinton St.
Moulton, Olive L.....212 Allston St.
Nash, Madelyn.....107 Washington Ave.
Neumann, Minette D.....100 Avon Hill St.
Norris, Grace A.....57 Avon Hill St.
Palmer, Mildred T.....98 Raymond St.
Petterson, Julia C.....17 Inman St.
Phelan, Alice M.....20 Saville St.
Phillips, I. Judith.....951 Mass. Ave.
Pierce, Edna A.....23 Lawrence St.
Poitrast, Elvina F.....64 Sacramento St.
Potter, Ina S.....891 Mass. Ave.
Reed, Anna H.....100 Elm St., No. Cambridge.
Rindge, Madeleine.....62 Upland Rd.
Roosa, Alberta H.....54 Mt. Pleasant St.

Rounds, Fanny E.....351 Pearl St.
Shaw, Florence E.....3 West Pl.
Sherman, Hazel L.....22 Ellsworth Ave.
Stockton, Gertrude J.....25 Webster Ave.
Stuart, Edith.....28 Jay St.
Teele, Ruth P.....8 Russell St.
Turner, Lyle W.....430 Broadway.
Wadman, Ruth.....43 Cogswell Ave.
Walker, Louise M.....3 Allston Ct.
Ward, Mabel F.....31 Willard St.
Wentworth, Dorothea.....121 Raymond St.
Whitaker, Claudine.....94 Oxford St.
Whiting, Dorothy C.....62 Kirkland St.
Whyte, Marion C.....60 Kirkland St.
Williamson, Margaret L.....16 Centre St.
Willis, Ruth F.....9 Vincent St.
Wilson, Eleanor.....16 Lee St.
Wilson, Maude C. G.....15 Orchard St.

Number of girls, 98. Number in class, 160.
Total number of boys, 225.
Total number of girls, 331.
Total number, 556.

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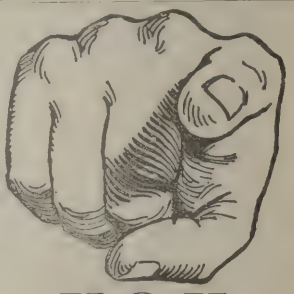

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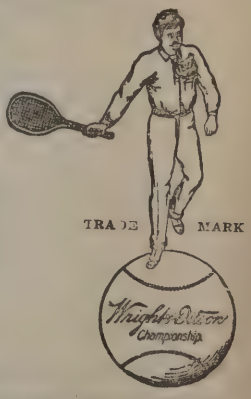

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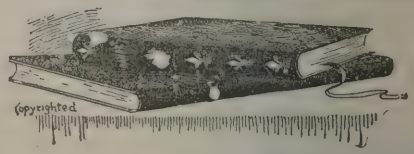

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CONTENTS.

Editorials	3—5
Two Letters From Waltham	5—6
"Mount For Inverary"	7—9
Latin School Notes	10—12
Training School Notes	13—14
High School Notes	15—17
Announcements	16
Exchanges	18
Basket-Ball	18—19
Athletics	19—24
History of Latin School Foot-Ball Teams	25—33
Alumni Notes	33
High School Catalogue	34—40
Training School Catalogue	41—46

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The Cambridge Review

VITA·SINE·LITERIS·MORS·EST

CONTENTS.

Editorials

"Mount for Inverary"

School Notes

Exchanges

Athletics

High School Catalogue

Training School Catalogue

Vol. XX

No 2

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THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

Vol. XX **No. 2**

Representing the Latin, High and Rindge Manual Training Schools

Cambridge, Massachusetts, November, 1905

EDITORIALS.

It is somewhat discouraging to offer a prize to members of the three high schools, and to receive contributions from only one of those schools. It is even more discouraging to offer a prize to the members of the freshman classes, and to receive not one single story. In fact, we are rather discouraged, anyway. We had hoped to find the three schools united and working together in an effort to make the Review the foremost school paper in the country. Instead, we find apparent indifference to the welfare of the paper everywhere but in the Latin School, and even there the interest seems to be limited to a very few.

The freshman prize offer will be continued for another month, and we sincerely hope that we shall receive a large number of contributions. It is not that the members of the schools cannot write, it is simply that they do not write. They are too willing to let matters take their course. They know that the Review is due on a certain day. How it is to appear, or what it is to contain is the editor's business, not theirs. If it does not appear on the specified date, he is to blame, not they.

We ask the fifteen hundred scholars in these three schools to wake up, then. Realize that it is something of a task to get out such a paper as the Review, and be willing to do your share. If you have any suggestions or friendly criticisms, any ideas as to how the paper can be improved, let us know them. We should be only too glad to receive them and give them careful consideration; for it is only in this way that we can know how the Review pleases its readers, and how it can be made to please them still more.

The Review contains, this month, a short history of the foot-ball teams that have represented Latin School since the Preparatory League was formed, five years ago. That too much space might not be taken from other things, the paper is slightly larger than usual. This was made possible through the aid of Mr. Harold C. Durrell, '01, who prepared the sketches of the teams, and who also bore the expense of the extra pages. Mr. Durrell wishes to thank, heartily, Mr. Timothy F. Burns, '02, Mr. Fletcher W. Taft, '03, Mr. Walter C. Feeley, '04, and Mr. Claude H. Church, '06, for their kind assistance in bringing to his attention important facts concerning the various teams, and especially Mr. Max Benshimol, '91, for his careful revision of the proof.

The games that will be played at Newton and Somerville on Thanksgiving Day give promise of being even more closely contested than they were last year. It will be a fitting

end to the season if both Cambridge teams can win; it will be no disgrace if both lose to such worthy foes. Both schools go into their games with the knowledge that the hardest kind of a fight is before them. May both come out after having carried the fight to a successful issue.

So much has been said, recently, both for and against foot-ball, that it seems as though the subject must be pretty thoroughly threshed out. Since it is this discussion, however, that brings out all the good points of the game as well as the bad, we venture to make our little contribution to the subject.

In the first place, foot-ball is a game that must be played to be understood. It seems rough and dangerous to the casual observer, but there must be some good qualities in a game which brings out two or three hundred men, every day, in our larger colleges for the 'Varsity and Freshman teams alone, and which has a place in almost every college and preparatory school in this part of the country. It is a significant fact that the most severe and unrelenting critics of foot-ball are those who have never played the game.

On the other hand, it may be that it is not the game itself that is attractive to the players, but the glamor and glory of playing on a big team. "If," says the *Harvard Crimson*, in commenting upon the lack of interest in the scrub foot-ball games, "the steady decrease in the number of entries for the series, which has continued for the past few years, means that there is not enough fun in the game of foot-ball aside from the features of crowds, newspaper notoriety, insignia, and all the other accompaniments of inter-collegiate contests, to make men care to play, an interesting light is thrown on the game." But a foot-ball team, if only a scrub team, requires daily practice, so that many men, busy with their college work, are unable or unwilling to give their time to systematic training, although they would be glad to play the game informally.

As for the unnecessary roughness and underhanded playing, it is not the fault of the game itself, but of the men who play it and the men who coach it. The man who slugs an opponent in foot-ball is the man who would spike him in base-ball or trip him in hockey; the man who employs unfair methods when an official's back is turned is the man who would deal from the bottom of the pack when playing cards. In foot-ball, the results are a little more obvious and the failure of officials in enforcing the rules has made these irregularities more common; it is the same to a greater or less degree in any other game.

Many critics, just now, are clamoring for more open play. They claim that the present manner of playing the game is unsatisfactory to the spectators, and that a game in which there is more kicking and a greater number of long runs would be much more interesting and exciting. We fail to see the logic of this contention. On November twenty-fifth, forty thousand people will pay a minimum price of two dollars apiece for the privilege of crowding inside the Stadium to witness the annual struggle for supremacy between Harvard and Yale; thousands more will remain outside the gates, unable to obtain tickets at any price, but waiting eagerly for the least bit of news from the field. It is somewhat difficult to imagine what would happen if the game were made much more interesting and exciting.

That it is a somewhat rough and dangerous sport no one will deny. When twenty-two men are lined up against one another, and when, at the snap of the ball, these twenty-two men are massed at one point, bumps and bruises will, of course, result; the really serious injuries are few and far between. Not long ago, we read of a golfer being killed by a blow received from the club of the man with whom he was playing. In the same paper we read also of a man being shot and killed by a hunter in the Maine woods. Accidents, both of them, and accept-

ed as such by everyone; yet when a man is accidently injured in a foot-ball game, immediately the cry goes up that foot-ball is a rough and brutal game which ought to be suppressed.

It is a game that ought to be played only by those who are strong and well; that it is a game only for heavy-weights and giants has been disproved time and again by the manner in which the teams which are greatly out-weighed have got the jump on larger college teams.

So much for the game itself. Aside from its direct good qualities and benefits, however, there are certain indirect and less obvious advantages which pertain more especially to school foot-ball, that are apt to be overlooked.

If a fellow were not playing foot-ball, where would he spend his afternoons? At home studying? We think not. A healthy, vigorous boy, after being shut up for five hours needs out-door air and exercise, and plenty of it. How much better it is for him to be playing a manly, strenuous game, a game which puts every muscle of his body into action and sends the blood coursing through his veins, than it is for him to be walking the streets or standing on corners.

There is a desire in some places to prohibit the formation of school teams; in one or two cases this has already been done. It has always seemed to us that this was the worst possible thing that could be done. At present, school foot-ball is more or less under the control of the school authorities; a list of the players who are to take part in the league games must be submitted to the principals of the schools, and they have the power to prevent a fellow's playing. Forbid the formation of school teams, and what is the result? Instead of having the game played properly, under the guidance of competent coaches and the control of the school authorities, we should have teams playing independently, without discipline or system, and entirely outside the control of the authorities.

We believe that a fellow who goes through a season on a school or college squad who takes care of himself and runs no unnecessary risks is benefited morally, mentally, and physically. He learns to keep his temper, to play a fair and square, but at the same time a hard and fast game, and all the time he is strengthening his muscles and filling his lungs with good, fresh air.

The game is here to stay. It is an American institution and typical of the American spirit. In spite of adverse criticisms, it will endure in our schools and colleges just as long as the American schoolboy retains his present characteristics.

Two Letters from Waltham.

The following letters need little comment. The first is a manly note of congratulation from a defeated team to its successful opponent. The writing of that note was a courteous and graceful act; coming after a hard and clean-fought game, it made our victory all the pleasanter and served to increase our already strong admiration for the Waltham team. The second letter, however, was quite the opposite. Evidently, the defeat was a little more than Waltham could stand, and they were only too ready to give ear to the rumors and stories that are always afloat. That these stories were absolutely without any foundation, goes without saying, but how much better would the feeling between the two schools have been if the street-corner gossip and the newspaper stories had been taken for what they were worth, and an honorable defeat been accepted as such, without attempting to besmirch the fair name of the victor.

Latin School points with pride to her hard-fought and well-earned victories; with scarcely less pride she acknowledges many honorable defeats, always giving due credit where it is deserved, and taking it for granted that school teams are honest organizations.

Mr. Bradbury's reply certainly leaves no doubt as to the standing of the Cambridge team. The team was, in fact, greatly weakened by an injury to Boyer the day before the game, necessitating the playing of a substitute at centre.

The letters follow:

Waltham, Mass., Oct. 17, 1905.

Mr. Philip L. Ponce, Manager C. L. S. Football Team, Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sir:—We congratulate you and your team heartily on your victory over us today. It was earned by good, square foot-ball and was deserved. Of course, it is a bitter pill for us to swallow after our long string of victories, but such is the fortune of all true sport. We think our defeat will not be wholly without its good results. We are glad you found the treatment of your men by our fellows satisfactory.

Wishing you a successful season, and trusting that our teams will meet next fall, I am,

Sincerely yours,

ARTHUR N. BURKE.

Waltham, Mass., Oct. 21, 1905.

To the Principal of the Latin School, Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sir:—I write to solicit your assistance in settling a matter which may be working an injustice to the reputation of the football team of your school among our supporters here. You are doubtless aware that your boys, last Tuesday, broke our long record of victories by beating us. We were apparently fairly and squarely beaten by a team that was clearly our superior, and this was frankly admitted by the spectators and by the local press. Since then, rumors have arisen and refuse to down that some of the fellows who played on your team were not *bona fide* students, but were secured by your team for the express purpose of breaking our record. This I am not inclined to believe, for we have never had occasion to suspect your teams of such tactics, and it seemed to me that the team excelled to such a degree in team work that this could not have been possible. Will you, therefore, kindly inform us whether or not the fellows whose names appeared in the following "line-up" are *bona fide* pupils in your school:—Graustein, Walton, Welch, Small, McLean, Maloney, Harris, Crowley, Stiles, Pearson, Kelleher, Marvin, Grant. These were the names given to our local reporter. Your reply to our inquiry and any other assistance you may be able to give us in clearing up this matter will be greatly appreciated and I assure you that I will give as much publicity to any information which is favorable to your team as I would to any that is favorable to ours.

Thanking you in advance, I am,

Very truly,

ARTHUR N. BURKE,
Sub-master and Manager.

Mr. Arthur N. Burke,

"Dear Sir:—I have investigated the case you refer to fully and find that every player on our team is a full-fledged member of the Cambridge Latin School.

"Please tell your boys that my only regret is that, as often happens in a dual meet, both parties couldn't be whipped.

"WILLIAM F. BRADBURY."

"Mount for Inverary."

A Tale of the Border.

PRIZE STORY.

HELEN CAMPBELL, C. L. S., '08.

The camp on the hillside was astir with a great commotion, for the English earl was returning from a victorious foray across the Scottish border. Troop after troop of heavily armed warriors thundered into camp, and the busy squires rushed to and fro, carrying the clanking armor of their masters, and tending the panting chargers.

In the centre of the camp, where preparations for a great feast were going on, immense fires sent flickering shadows over the scene of confusion, and the great clouds of smoke rolled towards the starry sky.

Presently, up the winding road from the dark valley, came a troop of foot soldiers, carrying in their midst a huge litter. On this were the spoils of battle won from Castle Glencoe, around whose walls the furious battle had raged the previous night. When this troop reached the camp, the celebration of the victory had begun, and a boisterous merriment reigned over all. Hastily, the soldiers carried their burden to the great council tent of the earl, and placing it on the ground in a corner, hurried away to join in the carousal.

As the flickering light from the hanging lanterns fell upon this great pile of spoils, it revealed in among the stacks of armor, plate and banners, the unconscious form of a boy, whose face, in the wavering light, showed ghastly pale. His clothes were torn and battle-stained, but through the blood and grime could be seen the blue and green of the royal Campbell plaid, for this boy was Ian, son of the chieftain of that mighty clan.

* * * * * *

Midnight was approaching. Around a table, in the silken tent of the earl, were gathered the commander and his most trusted warriors, and plans for another border raid were under way.

"We can arrange no farther," the earl was exclaiming with impatience, "until the return of Sir Roger, who rode some nights ago to watch the Scottish movements. He has already overstayed the appointed time for his arrival."

Then a worried expression crossed his face and he added,

"I trust he found the ford, for the river is swollen now, and both man and horse were fully armed."

The councillors answered never a word, and silence reigned.

In a dark corner, consciousness was returning to Ian Campbell. As a cool breeze crept gently in through a loose flap of the tent, the lad drew a deep, reviving breath of the fresh air. Then, slowly his eyes opened and gazed wonderingly at the armor that lay around him; on they traveled, still more wonderingly, along the silken walls of the tent, past the swinging lanterns, and finally rested upon the group of plotters around the table. Presently, he became conscious of the murmur of voices, and with awakening interest, he watched the earl and his barons poring over a diagram.

Suddenly, as he watched, a mud-spattered warrior entered the tent. The boy, aroused by the shout of welcome which greeted the newcomer, and utterly bewildered as to his surroundings, half raised himself and gazed upon the strange scene before him. He heard the voices but faintly, now, for the slight exertion made his head throb painfully.

"What news?" the earl was asking, eagerly, "what reports have you from the North? Is Inverary—"

At that word, like a flash, new life awoke in the boy, and as the quick blood pounded through his veins, the realization of his surroundings burst upon him. Inverary! Ah,

at that name, the great fortress itself seemed to loom up before him—the stronghold of his forefathers, the home of the mighty Campbells of Argyle.

Then, with a rush, came the memories of the great battle between the Campbells and their foes the Macdonalds. He remembered how, on that fatal night, the treacherous men of Glencoe had burst forth from an ambush, when his father was leading the troops towards home. His breath came fast as he seemed to hear again, ringing above the confusion and carnage of that night, the mighty battle-cry of the Campbells, "Mount for Inverary!"

He thought of how he himself, separated from his father, had been captured and carried off by the Macdonalds, fleeing from their victorious foes. Afterwards, came the long, dismal days when he was held as a hostage at Castle Glencoe, until that night when the English raided this very castle. He remembered how he had fought side by side with the Macdonalds against the hated English. He felt again the wave of despair, that swept over him when, after the castle had fallen, a great English warrior had caught him up on his back. Then all was darkness.

But with a sudden bound, his thoughts came back to the group under the light in the tent.

"If all is in readiness here," the messenger was saying, "tomorrow night is the time to ride against Castle Inverary. For tonight, Earl Robert leads the Campbells to the far north, leaving but a handful to guard the fortress. With one blow, then, can we crush this clan and unfurl from Inverary's towers the banner of St. George."

"Tonight to the far north—but a handful to guard the fortress"—each word burned itself into the brain of Ian Campbell, listening from the shadow.

"Unfurl from Inverary's towers, the banner of St. George? Never, never while a Campbell lives," he thought. "The clan must be warned."

With an effort, he brought his wandering thoughts back to the plotters before him.

"Preparations will be made at once," he heard the earl say. "We must march so as to surprise the castle before the moon rises tomorrow night."

"Tomorrow night," muttered the boy. "If I could but warn Inverary before daybreak, a messenger could be despatched to recall the troops."

Quickly, he glanced around for some means of escape. A friendly breeze, playing with a loose flap of the tent, swayed it to and fro. Softly the boy slid from the pile of armor, and forgetting all pain and weakness in the exultation of his mission, crept out into the night.

No one stirred in the great open space around the earl's tent, for all the weary soldiers were sleeping soundly after their mad carousal. Ian drew a deep breath and glanced around him. He knew that he must have a horse, and his heart gave a joyful leap as he saw a steed tied to a stake in front of the tent. He crept softly up to it, and placing his hand on the flank, was overjoyed to feel the quiet, regular breathing, for as the ride was to be long and swift, the horse must be fresh at the start. Without hesitating, and with a firm hand, Ian untied the bridle.

On the outskirts of the camp, one on each side, four sentry fires burned, and the boy knew that until he had passed beyond the range of these, he would be in momentary danger of discovery.

Ian led the horse along on the soft grass of the hillside, which deadened the sound of their footsteps. Tent after tent he passed, breathless with fear lest the sleeping warriors should wake, but at last he gained the outskirts of the camp in safety. He circled around the sentry, still moving noiselessly and as slowly as he dared, until finally he reached the road at a point several hundred yards below the camp. As he swung himself into the saddle, Ian cast a furtive glance be-

hind him, and his heart beat with hope as he saw the camp lying peaceful and still in the moonlight.

At a touch from his spurs, the horse volted forward, and fast as the wind, tore along the road to Scotland. To Scotland! Ian longed to shout forth the mighty slogan of his clan, for he felt that he was plunging into a battle—a battle with Time. "Mount for Inverary!" the whistling winds formed the words. "Mount for Inverary!" echoed the loyal heart of the boy.

On they flew. The trees and rocks flashed by, yet it seemed to the boy that he hardly moved.

"It must be past midnight," he thought. "Can I cross the Border and reach the castle before daybreak?"

Cold fear clutched his heart—not fear of pursuit, or of any danger that lurked in the dark shadows, but a terrible fear that he would be too late—that the mighty stronghold of the Campbells would fall into the hands of the hated English.

Hours passed, but to the boy they seemed like years. They had crossed the Border, and now were heading westward towards Argyleshire. Presently, the stars began to fade, and almost in despair, Ian strained his eyes into the darkness to catch a glimpse of some familiar landmark. The moon went down, and yet the castle was not in sight. Onward he rode, with sinking heart, when suddenly, as the first streaks of dawn reddened the sky, over the crest of the hill loomed the great fortress. An overwhelming wave of thankfulness came over the boy, and the charger, seeming to understand that the goal was almost reached, gathered together all his remaining strength, and galloped on faster than ever towards the castle.

The ride up the long hill was an eternity to the boy, but at last they reached the walls of Inverary. The great, lofty towers were sternly outlined against the purple sky, but with a pang, Ian saw that no sentinels guarded the battlements. As he thundered across the drawbridge, the excitement, which had upheld him until now, gave way, and a terrible weakness almost overcame him. He had scarcely strength enough to pound on the portcullis, and to shout, "Open for Argyle," and only faintly did he hear the answering cry from the watch-tower. When the great gate swung open and he rode into the court-yard, Ian swayed in his saddle, but the sight of the familiar old watchman strengthened him, and leaning forward, he panted,

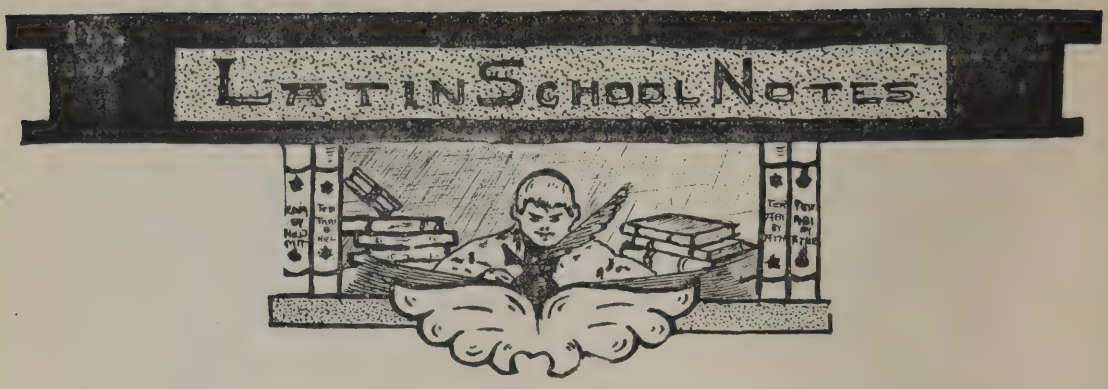
"The English march to attack Inverary before the moon rises tonight. Our troops must be recalled—" Then a great darkness engulfed him and he knew no more.

* * * * * *

Once again, Ian Campbell was regaining consciousness. But this time his mind was clear, and as soon as his eyes opened, although darkness was falling, he recognized his surroundings. He was lying on a fresh, white couch in the well-known watch-room of the tower.

Suddenly, he became conscious of a great commotion outside. Instantly alert, he listened intently, and knew it to be a troop of armed men ascending the hill. With a cry of horror, he staggered to the window, and looked out upon the unguarded battlements. For a moment, he seemed paralyzed with despair. He had been too late! The English had come! Inverary would fall!

But even as these thoughts came to him, Ian heard a cry burst from the approaching host—a cry which told him that his mission had not failed. For, ringing towards the sky, and resounding from the battlements, he heard the mighty slogan of the Campbells, "Mount for Inverary!"



1906.

We are proud of having a Master-Mason in our class. Has he joined the union?

We are sorry to lose Mr. Adams.

We learned one day in History that the Persian fleet avoided the promontory of Mt. Athos by building a canal across the Danube!

Ovatio.
ovus=egg +
—tio=fem. abs. end.
∴ ovatio=a meal of eggs.
E. D.=ovation.

We, the girls of this class, wish to inform the person who requests us to get our class pictures taken as soon as possible, that a class picture is for the special purpose of showing off our graduation dresses.

There is a screw loose somewhere in Room 32.

Why have we none of those visits, this year, of that higher Power which has so sweetened our existence in years gone by?

Some of the teachers have a habit of "popping the question" so quickly as to confuse us.

Two little boys in nineteen six,
Were always up to naughty tricks.
They cherished a belief that they
Could at the game of tennis play.

One day their mammas let them out,
And with a simultaneous shout

They started for to slam the ball
Then Sargent hollered out, "O, Goll,

"I've hit my knee an awful whack!"
And Lawrence loudly hollered back,

"My ankle's been and gone and broke;
You naughty boy, I hope you'll choke!"

These little boys of nineteen six
Have stopped their naughty little tricks.

The editors beg leave to plead not guilty to these elevating verses.

Teacher—"How many find our Greek lessons too long?"
O-h-a raises his hand.
Teacher—"Ah, no one, just as I expected."
O-h-a subsides.

G-a-t expects to issue a pronouncing dictionary of Greek and Roman names.

1907.

Herr Major! Mr. Major!

We are glad to learn that Paul reads the Ladies' Home Journal.

Let all the girls come out for the basket-ball team, as it would become us to win the championship, this year.

Are you all acquainted with the new method of rural free delivery, practiced by some enterprising nineteen-sevenites?

Miss F.—"What is a sinecure position?
H-b-d—"A Cynch."

Someone said a "Porter's Knot" was a "Top-Knot."

What is "ceruse," D-n-e?
Bright Pupil—"Exterior decoration."

We desire to advertise Miss R-l-y as a walking dictionary.

P-t-s-n can give the history of Cleisthenes and his daughter, Agariste, in a very few, brief, but interesting facts.

That honored dignitary, Adherbal, is called by H-l-d, Ad-a-bal.

Dein Micipsa was a man's name, according to Miss Sm-th.

Pauser mes chevaux! To groom my hats!

There is a tendency among the pupils of '07, while in the cars, to gaze rather fixedly at people's feet. What is the object?

Paucis equitibus=with a few cavalry.

The Drama Committee:—Mr. Gray, Chairman, Miss Huling, Miss M. Smith, Miss Blackall, Mr. Wells, Mr. Chase, Mr. Higgins.

1908.

The class extends a hearty welcome to Mr. Parshly.

Apply to L—n for all fine points of syntax.

The officers for 1905-06, have been elected as follows:—President, Mr. Delaney; Vice-President, Miss Lawrence; Treasurer, Mr. Parry; Secretary, Miss Pennell.

The Social Committee consists of Miss Emerson, Miss Marshall, Miss Shaw, Mr. Parry, Mr. Olive, and Mr. Delaney.

Sie hing ihn über den Arm=she hung on his arm.

Avoid danger! Go round corners slowly.

Those Greek names "rattle" us; someone said that Helen was the wife of Mycenæ!

Some persons in '08 are always careful to enquire whether the mark is *on* or *off* when they get papers back.

Aphrodite—goddess of war. Mirabile dictu!

Spem voltu simulat=he put up a bluff.

No antics, please, Miss L—.

Juno filled her eyes with tears!

Un appétit de loup.
An appetite for soup.

One of our 12-year-old wonders is considering the advisability of renting a hall where he can give performances. All seats $ .10.

A future perfect subjunctive has been discovered in Latin by Division IV.

Pupil—"Ich bin ein Hase."
Teacher—"Bist du ein Hase?"
Pupil—"Ja."

"Are there any more mistakes, R—?"

Charles Stone = Karl Stein, our German shark.

We want more 1908 people in the Debating Society.

Pearson and Harris, both of 1908, are playing good foot-ball.

The people of Bœotia led "the simple life."

Teacher—"What river is in Laconia?"
Pupil—"The Euphrates."

1909.

The following class officers have been elected:—President, Mr. Whittemore; Vice-President, Miss Raymond; Secretary, Miss LaPierre; Treasurer, Mr. Burrage.

Social Committee:—Miss Holmes, Miss Bates, Miss M. Black, Mr. Cahir, Mr. Davis, Mr. Hursh.

We wonder when Miss M-y-a-n's new edition comes out.

Such wonderful ball players as we have in Room 2!

S-th, look forward not backward during the exercises in the hall.

Miss B-st-k informs us that the French expression for "the whole class" is "Trout la classe."

"Miss Arnold, you ought to know this. You live up near the colleges."

A very enjoyable social was held at the home of Miss Dallinger on Friday evening, November 2rd. A number of the teachers were present.

Mr. B. (after going through the whole pop-question list)—Well, no wonder the rest don't know it. Even Cremens doesn't know.

The pupils in Divisions I and II enjoyed a concert not long ago. Professor B-rr-e was the soloist.

Miss B's. advice to Division I—"When you come to a railroad track, look out for the engine."

'09 defeated '10 by the score of 10 to 5.

G-ef-r (translating)—"The hen laid excellent legs."

Division I has a band. All the instruments are made from pins and pen-holders.

1910.

Lives of seniors oft remind us,
We must learn our lessons well;
And departing, leave behind us
Room for other heads to swell.

'09 managed to beat '10 with the help of some 'Varsity players.

Miss D-h-ty has such a large knife that the small blade has not been found.

We all know a diamond when we see it, Miss F—d.

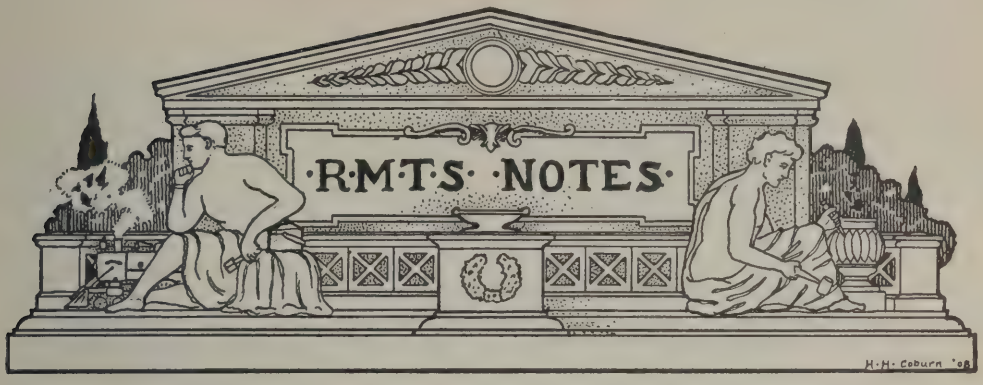
Teacher—"What muscle have you that moves more readily than others in a circular direction?"
Miss M—t—"My tongue."

Position wanted as lady's maid. Apply during the third hour to S-e-t.

P-rr-r has returned—a sadder and a wiser pupil.

What did you flunk in?

(Continued on page 17.)



1906.

At the class meeting on Oct. 23, the following officers were elected: President, Kennedy Park; Vice-President, Lincoln Sibly; Secretay and Treasurer, Frank Hodges. The Drama Committee consists of Peirce Leavitt, Stanley Burns, Frank Hodges, Herbert Welch, Arthur Wiley and Arthur Muldoon.

Contributions for the tuning of the piano will be gratefully received.

Why is the manager of our foot-ball team the tallest fellow in school?

Because he is Miles above the sea.

Mr. W—d—"This pump will have to be made firmer, Leavitt, will you please put one foot on it?"

Who is the Kid?

Stanley, are you incorrigible?

Mr. W—d (in Physics)—"Well, Hursh, how did you do it?"

Hursh—"Oh—er—it came to me, an inspiration, you know."

Miss E-l-s—"Gibson, translate 'Ich weiss es nicht.'"

Gibson, after a pause—"Er—I don't know."

Miss E.—"Correct."

Some of us believe that Mr. W—d has proved at least a partial vacuum.

The speeches have begun again. Dudley was the first victim and explained the "Dust Removing Machine," following him came Hodges on "The Charles River Dam," Henley on "The Swedish-Norwegian Separation," Cox on the "Russian-Jap. Treaty," Bourne on "Henry Irving," and Gould on "The Results of the Rusian-Jap. Treaty."

1907.

Miss Ellis' suggestion can be well applied to the Review—"Neither a borrower nor a lender be."

When Ross buys a pound of sugar, he receives a loaf of bread, a pound of sugar and a yeast cake; and the sugar is measured by the inch. Such is geometry.

Ugleman wore a suspicious 28-in. grin while looking for No. 28 T square. Caution—the policeman and the big club.

John Davis of jews-harp fame leads a double life between 8 and 8.30 P. M. Inquire within.

Again it is asked—"Olson, have you said 'Yes' to Polly's request?"

See the point? Watch it! Don't hurt it!

Henderson, take your feet off and put them on the floor.

"This is the limit."

Ram-y—How far does this scene go?
Mr. Br-n—To the beginning of the next scene.

1908.

Moran says they used to light fires with fire-flies.

Mr. E-ans—What does the Latin prefix "sub." mean?

L-n-s; Roundy McD—ld.

"Les Trois Ours," a affecté le cerveau de Davis.

Ask Davis who pays "Second Fidde" in (His) Glee Club.

Mr. Ely—Translate, "J'ai faim."
K. C.—I don't know it.
Mr. Ely—What do you know?
K. C.—That I'm hungry.

At a class meeting, held on October 26th, the following officers for the next three years, were elected: President, Carl T. Banks; Vice-President, Walter Riley; Secretary, Ernest Thompson; Treasurer, Charles Willis. Pin Committee:—Carl T. Banks, Edmund L. Williams, Reginald Penniman.

The class of 1908 challenges 1909, Latin School, to a game of foot-ball on any convenient date. Address, R. Penniman.

The class extends hearty thanks to Mr. Stratton for the kind assistance rendered at the class meeting.

Mr. Ely says there is only one wise man (Wiseman) in the class.

Clavell must be a Frenchman in disguise by the way he recites the verbs.

Elles likes to draw pictures on the desks.

We have to wait for Berry to get through giggling in Mr. Conlin's room before we can recite.

Christman thinks the plural of his, ought to be hisses.

Carman thinks plus means minus in French.

Mr. E. is going to get some toys for the History class to play with,—after school!

Styles thinks the Irishmen of the 15th century were just the same as they are now.

Allegoroary is Carman's pronunciation of allegory.

Beware, Freshmen, the third class are making billies in the Pattern Shop.

Mr. N. wanted to know what Toleration meant. Ferdinand said it was something to do with navigation.

One would think that the turning shop was a wholesale mallet factory.

We wonder where Mead and Christman go for their walks during recess.

Why are the fellows in such a rush to get out of school the noon period of every Tuesday?

1909.

Who said Training School was easy?

Ask Sm-t-h where the pies go.

(Continued on page 17.)

High School Notes

1906.

The following officers were elected on the Photo Committee:—Miss Kelso, Miss Grace Ivers, Mr. McNamee, Mr. Erickson, Mr. Feeney.

The Social Committee is as follows:—Miss Kelso, Miss Cox, Miss Davidson, Mr. McNamee, Mr. Erickson, Mr. Feeney.

Girls, let us have a winning Basket-Ball Team, this year.

Heard in cooking:—
Teacher—How is gas sold?
Pupil—By the meter.

Ask R-d-o-d who got the corner stand.

You seem to think a great deal of that R. M. T. S. '06 class pin, Miss M-r-hy.

How do you enjoy the dancing in the hall this year, Miss O'B-i-n?

"Olympus sticks into the stars."
Isn't this a queer statement for a "girl from Latin School?"

We congratulate 1907 on their election of class president.

Suggestion: Put the following notice in your desk on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.30:—Beware of the Dog!

Miss W-bb knows how to "catch" oysters.

Are all acquainted with the "Mayor" of Arlington?

Ask "Sammy" about Harvard, 1909.

Mr. Grover tells us interesting things about fish.—Fish Stories.

Murder!!! Spider killed in room 14. Trial will be held in the Civics room. Amendment IX: Every American has a right to protect himself.

Who is the "Fresh Air" kid?

1907.

How about "S. D.," Miss Loud?

Miss Grebenstein, did you say that you wanted to be measured *again?*

Warning to the girls—
Keep to the *right* or you will get damaged instead of damages.

Miss L-ud seems to have had a hard time last week with those little, ignorant Freshmen.

The fudge parties have begun again. Old members are welcome!

H-d-s-y, how do you like being teacher's pet?

What does B. C. stand for, Miss E-m-s?

Misses G-e-e-s-i-n, C-t-l-r, and H-m-l-on do not like potatoe soup!!! If Miss Kenrick lets us make it often they would not have to buy their lunch.

Gl-n-on, what is the attraction in the Botany room, last hour?

1908.

Dreaming, Connelly?

Basket-ball at last!

(Continued on page 17.)

THE
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The next issue of the REVIEW will appear on December 14. All copy *must* be in on November 28.

An endeavor is being made to form a chess club in the Latin School. Although it is a new idea, there are enough boys in the school who play chess to maintain a flourishing club. All who are interested in the game are requested to give their names to R. Parker, '08, R. Gozzaldi, '10, F. Hubbard, '07, or W. Durant, '06.

The prize story contest for members of the entering classes has been extended until November 28. We hope to receive a large number of stories.

The winners of the season tickets offered for the largest number of subscriptions obtained are as follows:—

Latin School—Walter F. Cahir, '09.

High School—Leone N. Ivers, '06.

Training School—Reginald T. Henley, '06.

Purdy has been appointed class photographer by the senior classes of the Latin and High Schools. The seniors at Training School have not yet decided whom they will have.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

(Continued from page 15.)

At the class meeting, held Oct. 10, the following officers were elected:—President, Mr. Monahan; Vice-President, Miss O'Connell; Treasurer, Mr. Connelly; Secretary, Miss E. Elliot.

H. G-ben-i-n seems to be very friendly with the Misses W-n-low and W-b-t-r.

Heard in Latin class:—
G-ben-i-n—"Darius wished to transplant his soldiers into Europe."

French translation:—
Avoir l'air=To have the air.

What is the attraction over at the gym on Tuesdays and Fridays, last hour?

By the looks of some of the desks, the girls as well as the boys, need to begin house-cleaning.

We are all glad to see our class-mate, Miss Glenny, back again.

How do you like your class colors, '08?

Don't some of Kirby's shoes squeak a lot for such little ones?

1909.

Heard in Drawing Class:—
Teacher—What shape is this vase?
Miss H-g-n—Eclipse.

Miss F-st-r and Miss M-b-l S-h-e-i-ger furnish themselves with pencils from a certain desk in Room 15. Don't they, Miss Lo-d.

What does S. H. S. stand for, Miss Mc-C- -t-y?

Did your brush slip during the painting lesson, the other day, Miss F-st-r?

Do you know your history, Miss L-n-h?

We wonder what caused the trouble in learning the French alphabet.

Shall we all be proud to take our cards home? Of course, why shouldn't we! ! !

R. M. T. S. NOTES.

(Continued from page 14.)

Where did all the books go when left in the library?

When princess Maud's name is heard it is greeted with Hee-Haws.

Who played foot-ball with the waste-basket in Room D?

Mr. Sm- -h is thinking of giving marching drills in the subways from two to three o'clock.

He's from Missouri and you've got to show him.

LATIN SCHOOL NOTES.

(Continued from page 12.)

Is it true that W- -t-has grown an inch and a half this summer?

If you learn "pig Latin" when you're ten, and "hog Latin" when you're twelve, what kind will you learn when you're fourteen?

Teacher—"What are hairs supplied with?"
C-l-m-n—"Bones."

Algebra—Mr. B.—"If two apples cost six cents, how much will one cost?"
Miss L—d—"Twelve cents."

EXCHANGES.

The editor picks up one exchange after another and with more or less care, reads it through. He is just beginning to wonder at the excellence of most of them, when he comes upon several which contain very discouraging English. There is nothing more noticable, or which destroys the good name of a paper more quickly than poor English. The mistakes are generally due more to carelessness than to anything else, but are not less excusable on that account.

The thrilling foot-ball story with the ancient and sadly over-worked plot in which the hero performs some impossible feat in the last minute of play is now making its appearance, and in another month will be in its glory. It is hoped that editors will pity those who have to read such trash, and print as few of these stories as possible.

The *Boston Latin School Register* has a unique cover, and an excellent likeness of Mayor Collins forms the feature of this month's issue.

The *Junto* for October is an improvement over the last number, but there is a chance for still further advancement.

The *Penn Charter Magazine* shows that it will maintain its position as one of the leading school papers of the country.

To the *Purple and White,* and to the *Anvil* we would suggest the addition of an exchange column.

The *Argus,* under a plain but attractive cover, is one of the best exchanges we have yet received.

The cuts in the *Panorama* are excellent. Its "rostrum philosopher" is a first class idea, and his remarks might be profitably read by anyone.

The *Milton Orange and Blue* would be improved by the addition of a story.

"At Cross Purposes," in the *Burlington High School Register*, is a clever story. "The Hague Tribunal," in the same paper is well written and instructive.

The *Helios* is our idea of a first class paper in every way. Though small, its cover is attractive, the cuts and jokes excellent. We shall be glad to welcome others like it.

We beg to acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges, to date. Adelphian, Anvil, Apokeepsian, Argus, Advance, Advocate, Bowdoin Orient, Register (Burlington High), College Signal, Crimson and White, Colby Academy Voice, Eastern District Daisy, Exonian, Harvard Lampoon, Helios, Hermonite, Hackettstonian, Junto, Milton Orange and Blue, Mirror, News, Penn Charter Magazine, Panorama, Purple and White, Racquet, Register (Boston Latin), Senior, Southern Workman, Sunday School Times, Tripod, True Blue, and Radiator.

BASKET-BALL.

Another basket-ball season has begun, and the girls in the entering class are to be envied, because they have five years of good sport ahead of them. Basket-ball, like foot-ball, brings out many qualities, good, bad, and indifferent, in those who really enter into it with a will.

Girls have an especial weakness which is properly termed "hurt feelings." After a girl has played basket-ball for a time, she gets over that, or she ought to. The class teams and the 'Varsity try to give positions to those who play the best, not those who think that they ought to be put on. Come on and prove clearly that you can play well enough to make sure of a position, and then work hard to keep it. That is the only way to make the teams win out.

The class games are never held until late in the season, so that there should be a goodly number out for the 'Varsity. The practice acquired early in the season, helps immensely when the class teams are chosen. It isn't only the fun which makes basket-ball so desirable. The mind is kept alert, for one must think as well as act in playing and sometimes very quickly, too, and the physical exercise is extremely beneficial.

No girl who can possibly play should neglect the chance this year. Any girl who plays and then gives it up because of a mere whim, will feel sorry whenever she finds herself among the girls who have kept on with the struggle, and truly wish she hadn't been silly. However, better late than never, so let her start in and do double work to make up for what has been lost.

Nearly four hundred girls are playing the game this year, so it would seem that each position would have to be thoroughly earned. The first 'Varsity practice was held October thirty-first and the usual number reported. Miss Mason is captain of the 'Varsity this year and there are five other girls of last year's 'Varsity who ought to make good their places. As yet, it is too early to predict the future of the 'Varsity, but here's luck to it whatever happens!

Athletics.

C. L. S.12. R. M. T. S. 0.

In two 20-minute halves of interestingly contested foot-ball, Cambridge Latin defeated Rindge Manual Training School at Charles River Park, November 3, by the score of 12 to 0. Latin School scored once in each half. Stiles kicked both goals.

It was the first time Latin School had ever beaten Training School and consequently the excitement ran high. It was evident from the start that Latin School was a little harder than Training School had expected. End runs seemed to net most ground for the Latin School.

Park played well for Rindge. For Latin School the honors were carried off by Capt. Crowley, Stiles, Pearson and Grant. The whole eleven played together so well that it would hardly be fair to single out any one player in particular.

Training School kicked off to Latin School. The ball was caught by Stiles on his 7 yard line and carried to the 20 yard line. From there, Crowley made an excellent end run gaining 25 yards. After another slight gain, Training School was penalized 5 yards which was repeated after the next play. Crowley made another end run from the 35 yard line to the 25 yard line. Pearson made a spectacular end run from there to Training School's 3 yard line. Rindge held Latin School there and fought hard, but finally the ball was carried over by Grant. The goal was kicked by Stiles.

Cambridge Latin 6, Rindge Manual Training 0.

Latin School kicked off to Rindge. Capt. Park caught the ball on the 5 yard line and carried it to his 23 yard line. Cambridge Latin was penalized 5 yards. A slight gain and then Training School was forced to kick. Park punted from the 35 yard line to Latin School's 30 yard line.

Cambridge Latin carried it up 5 yards. Training School was again penalized 5 yards for offside playing. Cambridge Latin gained 12 yards more. This time it was Latin School that lost by violation of the rules. The ball was brought back 10 yards. After a small gain, Beard punted from Latin School's 47 yard line to Training School's 15 yard line.

Rindge ran the ball up only a few yards and unable to gain, punted to the middle of the field. Cambridge Latin rushed the ball to the 35 yard line. From there Beard attempted to kick but Grant blocked it. From there Rindge made good gains until the half ended with the ball in Training School's possession on Latin School's 22 yard line.

Cambridge Latin 6, Rindge Manual Training 0.

THE SECOND HALF.

Cambridge Latin kicked off to the 12 yard line. It was rushed to the 25 yard line.

There Cambridge Latin gained it on a fumble. From the 17 yard line Crowley gained to Rindge's 7 yard line. There Latin School was thrown back for a loss and the ball went to Training School. Park kicked to the 33 yard line. Cambridge Latin gained to the 20 yard line; Beard kicked to the 4 yard line. Little gain was made by Training School. Capt. Park punted to the 35 yard line. Training School got the ball on a fumble and in 4 rushes got to the middle of the field.

Marvin replaced Pearson at this point. A good gain was made by Marvin around the end. In four rushes Latin School had the ball back again at Rindge's 3 yard line.

There, Training School held for downs. Capt. Park punted to his 30 yard line. Stiles caught it outside. Steady gains and offside playing by Training School netted 27 yards for Latin School and carried the ball to Training School's 3 yard line. Finally, Harris pushed the ball over for a touchdown. The goal was kicked by Stiles.

It was a well-played and interesting game, clearly, the better team won.

The summary:

C. L. S.	R. M. T. S.
Crowley, r e	l e, Beunke
Harris, r t	l t, Girard
Ellis, r g	l g, Sibley (Davis)
Boyer, c	c, Hamilton
Welch, l g	r g, Wilson
Walton, l t	r t, Linehan
Beard, l e	r e, Carrington (Jefferson)
Stiles, q b,	q b, Thompson
Pearson (Marvin) l h b	r h b, Park
Kelleher, r h b	l h b, Earl
Grant, f b	f b, Griffin

Score: — Cambridge Latin 12, Rindge Manual Training 0. Touchdowns, Grant and Harris. Goals from touchdowns, Stiles (2). Referee, E. Hapgood. Umpire, Jack Hurley. Linesmen, Leavitt and Green. Timekeepers, Lowman and Gaw.

Medford High, 12 C. L. S., 0.

In the second game of the season, Wednesday, Oct. 4, Medford High defeated Latin School at Combination Park, in a hard fought game. The team, crippled by the loss of Stiles and Pearson, played pluckily but were overpowered by the speed and weight of their opponent's backs. Crowley at half-back, played an excellent game and several times broke through and nailed the runner for a loss.

Medford kicked off, and Marvin rushed the ball in 12 yards. Crowley then reeled off 15 yards around right end. Steady line plunging brought the ball to Medford's 15 yard line where it was lost on a fumble. By continual bucking, Medford carried the ball back to Latin School's 50 yard line from where Mather scored on an end run. Mather kicked the goal.

Medford 6, C. L. S. 0.

The second touchdown for Medford was made by Bentley on a criss-cross play. Mather kicked the goal.

The first half then ended with Medford 12, Cambridge Latin 0.

In the second half, Cambridge kicked off, and on the next play, Mather circled right end for 40 yards. Medford tried another end run but Crowley threw the runner for a loss of 5 yards. Medford was then penalized 20 yards and lost 10 more on a blocked kick. They rushed to our 20 yard line where Boyer got the ball on a fumble. Medford put in several subs at this point. Crowley and Kelleher gained between them nearly 60 yards in the next four plays, and it looked like a touchdown, when time was called with Latin School's ball on Medford's 20 yard line.

C. L. S. 5. Boston English High 0.

Cambridge Latin defeated Boston English High on Franklin Field, October 10, by the score of 5 to 0. Both teams played well but Latin School showed itself to be a little superior. Edmonds of Boston played especially

well. Stiles and Grant excelled for Latin School.

English High kicked off to Crowley who ran the ball in 15 yards. Line plunges brought the ball up to the centre of the field. From that point, Stiles made a brilliant run around left end, for 35 yards. On the next play, English High obtained the ball on their 15 yard line only to lose it on a fumble.

Latin School gained 5 yards. English High was then penalized 5 yards for offside. From there it was easy for Grant to make a touchdown for Latin School. Crowley failed to kick a goal.

Cambridge Latin 5, Boston English High 0.

The first half ended with the ball in Cambridge's possession on English High's 35 yard line.

In the second half, Cambridge kicked off which was caught by Angell who carried the ball to the 20 yard line. By steady gains, the ball was brought to the 35 yard line. Latin School then obtained it on downs. No gain was made, and the ball went to English High.

Edmonds then made 15 yards through right tackle. Angell then broke through and it looked like a touchdown until he was downed by Stiles on the 35 yard line. A few minutes after, the game ended, with Boston English High in possession of the ball.

The lineup:

C. L. S.	B. E. H. S.
Beard (Graustein)	l e
Walton,	l t
Welch,	l g
Boyer,	c
McLean (Maloney)	r g
Harris,	r t
Crowley (Capt.)	r e
Kelleher,	r h b
Marvin,	l h b
Grant,	f b
Stiles,	q b

r e, Norton
r t, Russell
r g, Watt (Parker, Capt.)
c, Blanchard
l g, Corcoran
l t, Burkhart
l e, McNulty
l h b, Waterman
r h b, Angell
f b, Edmonds
q b, Pishon

Score:—Cambridge Latin 5, Boston English High, 0. Touchdowns, Grant. Referee, Teevans. Umpire, Feeley. Timekeepers, Wm. Crowley and Murphy. Linesmen, Jenney, B. E. H. S., and Delaney, C. L. S.. Time, 15 and 10 minute periods.

Somerville High 17. C. L. S. 0.

On Saturday, October 14, Cambridge Latin was defeated by Somerville High, on Broadway Field. Latin School was much the lighter team and consequently was unable to withstand the terrific line plunges of the Somerville backs. The weakness in the left side of Cambridge's line was especially noticeable.

Somerville kicked off to Stiles on the 15 yard line. By successive line plungings, Latin School brought the ball to their 40 yard line where it went to Somerville. Little gain was made and Cambridge got the ball on their 35 yard line. From there the ball was carried to the centre of the field when it was given to Somerville. Steady bucking through the left side of Latin School's line brought the ball down to Cambridge's 5 yard line where Driscoll was forced over for a touchdown. Hall kicked the goal.

Somerville 6, Cambridge Latin 0.

Stiles fumbled the kick-off on the 20 yard line and Somerville got the ball. Although having been penalized for offside, Somerville easily scored a touchdown. The goal was kicked by Hall.

Somerville 12, Cambridge Latin 0.

At the next kick-off the ball was rushed by Latin School to the 35 yard line. Consistent gains brought the ball to the centre of the field where, through a decision on the rules, it was given to Somerville. The half ended with the ball on Cambridge's 22 yard line.

Somerville 17, Cambridge Latin 0.

In the second half a considerable improvement was noticed on the Cambridge team. Several substitutes were put in by both teams. The third touchdown was made by Merrill. Hall failed to kick the goal. The second half was much better fought, Latin School playing a plucky game doing its best to meet the greater weight of its opponents. The game

ended with no further scoring. Driscoll and Commins played well for Somerville.

C. L. S. 6. Waltham High School 0.

On October 17, Cambridge Latin defeated Waltham High at Waltham, in a game just as satisfactory to them as it was dissatisfactory to Waltham. Waltham had played without a defeat for three years. It was also the first time Waltham has been scored on at home since 1901.

The result of the game was unexpected in Waltham and the Waltham team went onto the field feeling very confident. But the game had not progressed very far when they began to realize that they were up against the real thing.

The game was hard fought all through and there were no sensational plays. Nearly all the gains made by Cambridge were through centre, where Waltham was decidedly weak. During most of the game the ball was near the centre of the field, and at no time was it dangerous for Cambridge Latin. Nearly every time that Waltham held the ball it punted on the third down.

In ten minutes after the kick-off, Grant had carried the ball over the line for a touchdown. The entire Cambridge team played good foot-ball and showed their opponents of brilliant reputation a little about how the game is played. It was a big surprise for Waltham and at this writing, they haven't quite made out why they were beaten.

There is no question, however, that the best team won, and won fairly.

The summary:

Cambridge Latin.	Waltham High.
Crowley (Capt.)	r e, l e, Fyfer
Harris,	r t, l t, Mosher
McLean (Maloney)	r g, l g, Scribner
Small,	c, c, Stark (Reardon)
Welch,	l g, r g, Haron
Walton,	l t, r t, Taylor
Graustein,	l e, r e, Train
Stiles,	q b, q b, Maloney
Kelleher (Marvin)	r h b, l h b, White
Pearson,	l h b, r h b, Atwood
Grant,	f b, f b, Marsh

Score:—Cambridge Latin School 6, Waltham High 0. Touchdown, Grant. Goal from touchdown, Stiles. Referee, Tufts. Umpire, Feeley. Timekeepers, Ballantyne and Boyer. Linesmen, Burbank and Stone. Time, 20 and 15 minute periods.

Pomfret 6. Cambridge Latin 0.

Cambridge Latin was defeated October 28 at Putnam, Conn., in an exciting and rather rough game, by the score of 6 to 0. Pomfret scored at the beginning of the second half by long and steady plunges by Gilbert.

Gilbert's punting and the playing of Moore and Dunlap for Pomfret and Crowley for Latin School were the features. Latin School played well against Pomfret's heavy team.

R. M. T. S.

Rindge 6. English High 0.

Rindge played its first Interscholastic League Game against Boston English High on South End Grounds, Saturday, October 28.

The game was characterized throughout by hard and determined playing on both sides.

By a series of centre rushes and cross end plays, the English High Team worked its way down the field in the first half with ease until dangerously near the goal posts and then Rindge held them for downs, once on the three yard line.

Neither side scored in the first half and the half ended with the ball in Rindge's territory.

In the second half the ball was kept in English High's territory a greater part of the time. After an exchange of punts, Rindge secured the ball on downs on English High's 25 yard line and by a continuous play of centre rushes Rindge pushed Griffin over the line for a touchdown. Park kicked the goal.

Three goals from placement were tried during the game, two by English High, which went into the line and one by Park which missed the goal posts by only a few inches.

Whiting, Parker and Norton excelled for English High, while Park and Griffin excelled for Rindge.

The lineup:

Beunke, l e ..... r e, Whiting
..... Faulkner
Murry, l t ..... r t, Parker
Penniman, l t .....
..... r g, Watt
Sibley, l g ..... Costigan
..... c, Fardy
Hamilton, c ..... Blanchard
Davis, r g ..... l g, Cocoran
Girard, r t ..... l t, Burkhart
Pierce, r e .....
..... l e, W. Norton
McKenzie .....
Thompson, q b ..... q b, Pishon
..... r h b, Waterman
Burns, l h b ..... Gallagher
..... l h b, G. Norton
Park, r h b ..... Parle
Griffin, f b ..... f b, Edmunds

Score:—Rindge 6, E. H. S. 0.

Touchdown, Griffin. Goal from touchdown, Park. Umpire, Newton. Referee, Hapgood. Linesmen, Moran and Welch. Time, 20 and 25 minute periods.

Rindge 11. Boston College Prep. 0.

Rindge.		Prep.
McKenzie, r e		l e, Hernan
Leavitt, r t		l t, Flaherty
Sibley, r g		l g, White
Hamilton, c		c, Tehan
Girard, l g		r g, McCabe
Wilson, l t		r t, Higgins
Davis		
Murray, l e		r e, Kelly
Kaine, q b		q b, Nagle
Burns, l h b		r h b, Landagen
Claflin		
Park, r h b		l h b, Broderick
Griffin, f b		f b, Gillman

Touchdowns, Park, Griffin. Goal from touchdown, Park. Referee, Gaw. Robbins and Morton, timekeepers. Bulman and Dudley, linesmen. Time, 10 minute halves.

October 7, at Worcester, Rindge 0, Worcester 5.

October 10, Medford 6, Rindge 6.

R. M. T. S.		Medford.
Carrington, r e		l e, Saultsman
Wilson, r t		l t, Blanchard (Brackett)
Girard, r g		l g, Cornstock (Blakey)
Hamilton, c		c, Bullard (O'Brien)
Sibley, l g		r g, Cushman
Leavitt, l t		r t, Bentley
McDonald		
Linberg, l e		r e, Blakely
Thompson, q b		q b, Perrin
Claflin, r h b		l h b, Maher
Parks, l h b		r h b, Pray
Griffin, f b		f b, Watson

Touchdowns, Griffin, Maher. Goals from touchdowns, Park, Maher. Umpire, Gray. Referee, Gove. Linesmen, Cox and Robbins. Time, 15 minute halves.

October 14, at Groton. Groton 12, Rindge 0.

October 17, at Lawrence, Rindge defeated Lawrence 10 to 0, in one of the cleanest and hardest fought battles so far this season.

Rindge.		Lawrence High.
Sweeney, l e		r e, Taylor
Claflin, l t		r t, Murray
Sibley, l g		r g, Otto
Hamilton, c		c, Patterson
Davis, r g		l g, Simpson
Girard, r t		l t, Lanen
Kaine, r e		l e, Herron
Thompson, q b		q b, Lynch
Burns, l h b		r h b, Young
Park, r h b		l h b, Shine
Griffin, f b		f b, Driscoll

Touchdown, Park. Goal, Park. Goal from field, Park. Umpire, Gregg. Referee, Fulkerson. Linesmen, Nelson and Dunn. Timer, Peters. Time, 15 minute halves.

October 21, at Southboro. St. Mark's 6, Rindge 0. A hard fought game with a sensational ending. Five minutes of playing remained in the second half when Rindge fumbled the ball on St Mark's 5 yard line. Capt. Galath of St. Mark's got the ball and ran the full length of the field for a touchdown.

St. Mark's.	Rindge.
Hutchinson, l e	r e, Pierce
Fish, l t	r t, Girard
Brooks, l g	r g, Davis (Jefferson)
Bowers, c	c, Hamilton
Manice	
Solei, r g	l g, Sibley
Smith	
Hearn, r t	l t, Claflin
Paul, r e	l e, McKenzie
Galath, q b	q b, Kaine
King, l h b	r h b, Park
Hall, r h b	l h b, Burns
Belmont	
Dilworth, f b	f b, Griffin

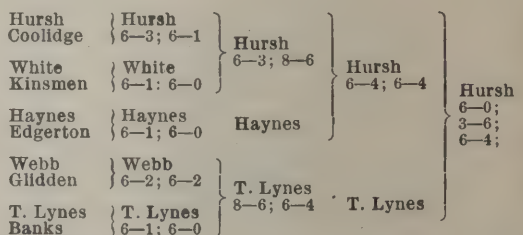
Touchdown, Galath. Goal, Hutchinson. Umpire, Yeager. Referee, Bowles. Linesmen, Harris and Potter. Time, 20 and 10 minute periods.

October 24, at Glendale Park, Everett.

Rindge 24.	Everett High 0.
Rindge.	Everett High.
McKenzie, l e	r e, Tuell
Carrington, l e	r e, Barnes
Claflin, l t	r t, Dunham
	Fisher
Sibley, l g	r g, Steele
Hamilton, c	c, Ellerby
	R. Kelly
Davis, r g	l g, Ambrose
Girard, r t	l t, Renkert
Pierce, r e	l e, Nason
	Lansing
Kaine, q b	q b, H. Kelly
	Allen
Burns, l h b	r h b, Coffin
Park, r h b	l h b, Spears
Griffin, f b	f b, Shepard

Touchdowns, Griffin, Girard, Park, Burns. Goals, Park, 4. Referee, Kincaid. Umpire, Yeager. Linesmen, Jackson and Coghlan. Timers, Rembrandt and Dudley. Time 15 minute halves.

At the Tennis Tournament held at Jarvis Field, October 14, Hursh, '06, won first place. The score:



At Jarvis Field, October 21, the fellows were victorious in capturing two matches out of three in tennis from the teachers. The score:

Lynes Mr. Hill	Lynes 6—8; 7—5; 6—3
Hursh Mr. Stratton	Hursh 6—2; 4—6; 6—2
Webb Mr. MacWhinnie	Mr. MacWhinnie 6—3; 2—6; 9—7

At the Brockton Fair on Friday, October 6, our relay team, Capt. Kaine, Beunke, Park and Thompson, won second place in the Open High School Relay Race, which was won by Brookline High. Time, 3-40 1-5. Had not all our men been playing foot-ball, we, no doubt, could have given the fast Brookline Team a hard race. As it was we were easily defeated. Al though the time was fast, it was far from the record of 3-37, held by our 1904 Team.

SEASON OF 1900.

The first team to represent the Latin School on the gridiron, started with a tremendous handicap. Only two of the players of the team of the previous year remained in the school. Arthur Hastings was elected Captain.

Although the outlook for a championship team was very dark, yet St. Mark's was held down to two touchdowns in the opening game. This game showed that the defense was much stronger than the offense.

The next game was a victory. After a hard fought battle, Latin School beat Milton Academy by the score of 6 to 0. A marked improvement was shown over St. Mark's game, as the line played a much stronger offensive game.

Noble and Greenough defeated the team in the third game. Although Latin School gained repeatedly through the line, her fumbles were costly, and in the end lost the game.

The last practice game before the championship series was discouraging. M. I. T., '03 gained through the line at will, and Latin School seemed to have forgotten all that she had learned.

The first game in the newly formed league was with Newton High. Latin School was extremely weak on the offensive, being unable to rush the ball when rushing meant a touchdown. On the other hand, Newton tore holes at will through any part of the line and gained around the ends. In the second half, many of Latin School's men were injured, and thus the line was badly weakened.

In the second game, Hopkinson was the opponent. This game was a repetition of the Newton game. Hoppy ran up a larger score than Newton, but by a fumble, Latin School was able to make six points.

Against Boston Latin, the team did a little better. Both her defense and offense improved, but not enough to stop the rushing of her heavier and more experienced opponent.

The last game in the Preparatory League was more evenly matched, as Brookline High had far from a strong team. The game was played in driving rain and sleet, and fumbles were frequent. Latin School played well the first half,—each team scoring a touchdown. But in the second half she weakened, and two more touchdowns were scored against her.

During the next two weeks before the first game in the Triangular League, much time was given towards strengthening the offense and defense.

During this time, Somerville High beat Latin School by a large score, yet the game showed a marked improvement in the offensive play.

The Triangular League opened with R. M. T. S. as opponent. Latin School showed a marked improvement in all departments of the game, and was able to hold its strong rival to three touchdowns.

The last game of the season was a victory. After a hard fought and closely contested game, Cambridge High was defeated by the score of 10 to 5.

Although the season was a disastrous one, yet as the team was composed of practically inexperienced men, the showing was as good as could have been expected.

The regular team was composed of
Irving N. Linnell, '01, right end.
Arthur N. Hastings, '02, (Captain), right tackle.
H. Coleman Farrington, '01, right guard.
Louis W. Sumner, '02, centre.
J. Frederick Murray, '02, left guard.
Henry C. Hopewell, '04, left tackle.
Gerard H. Child, '02, left end.
Fletcher W. Taft, '03, quarter back.
George H. Brainard, '02, right half back.
Timothy F. Burns, '02, left half back.
Reginald S. James, '01, full back.
Edgar L. Smith, '01, Manager.

SUBSTITUTES.

Carlton N. Fish, '02.
H. Eugene Rideout, '01.
Thomas E. Cunningham, Jr., '04.

SCORES.

C. L. S. 0, St. Mark's 12.
C. L. S. 6, Milton Academy 0.
C. L. S. 5, Noble & Greenough 17.
C. L. S. 6, M. I. T., '03, 16.
C. L. S. 0, Somerville High 40.

PREPARATORY LEAGUE.

C. L. S. 0, Newton High 34.
C. L. S. 6, Hopkinson 40.
C. L. S. 0, Boston Latin 41.
C. L. S. 6, Brookline 16.

TRIANGULAR LEAGUE.

C. L. S. 0, R. M. T. S. 17.
C. L. S. 10, C. H. S. 5.

SEASON OF 1901.

Under the leadership of Timothy F. Burns, '02, the second foot-ball team to represent Latin School, began the year with prospects far from bright, as only four players of the previous year's team were eligible to play, and shortly after the season opened, one of these was obliged to leave.

However, good material was found in the new candidates. The men were light and although snappy and quick, had the fault of playing too high.

The first game, with Medford, resulted in a defeat. Latin School's defense was weak, yet her offense was fairly strong.

Although Tufts, '04, defeated Cambridge in the next game, the defense was a great improvement.

The league season opened quite early. The first opponent that Latin School met was the strong Boston Latin School team. This team was considered as the coming champion, yet

1901 FOOT-BALL TEAM.

by excellent team work, Latin School came off the victor by one touchdown. Her offense was exceedingly strong, and her defense a close second.

A few days later, Latin School was overwhelmingly defeated by St. Mark's; her opponent making six touchdowns in a fifteen minute half.

The game with Hopkinson was disappointing. Latin School started off a sure winner, and by her more powerful offense, quickly made a touchdown. However, she began to weaken as the game progressed, and Hoppy was able to make two touchdowns and win the game by her ability to kick a goal.

Brookline High, the next team in the series, defeated Latin School in a game replete with a variety of plays. Brookline secured a touchdown, a safety, and a goal from the field, whereas, Latin School obtained two touchdowns. Both teams played a consistently strong offensive game, yet were somewhat weak on the defense.

Newton High defeated Latin School by a large score in the last game of the league.

Newton's offense and defense were powerful. She gained at will through all parts of the line, and continually held Latin School for downs.

The first game of the Triangular League was with High School. By superior team work, Latin School made three touchdowns in the first half, whereas, High School secured a goal from the field. In the second half, both teams put up a superior offensive game with the result that neither team was able to cross the goal line.

Training School easily defeated Latin

School in the last game of the season, by strong offensive team work. Latin School was unable to stop the heavy line plunging of her opponents and could do little when she herself had the ball.

The season was a great improvement on the previous one, for it showed that Latin School could produce a team well able to hold its own against the other Preparatory Schools.

The regular team was made up of:—

Daniel C. Brennan, '03, right end.
Henry C. Hopewell, '04, right tackle.
LaForest H. Howe, '03, right guard.
Walter B. Bushway, '06, centre.
Thomas F. Cahir, '03, left guard.
Clement D. Carroll, '02, left tackle.
A. Russell Ellis, '03, left end.
Fletcher W. Taft, '03, quarter back.
Horace E. Eaton, '02, right half back.
Timothy F. Burns, '02, (Captain) left half back.
Clifford M. Holland, '02, full back.
Edward H. Baker, Jr., '02, manager.

SUBSTITUTES.

Amos J. White, '02.
H. Ernest Waterbury, '03.
George H. Brainard, '02.
Walter C. Feeley, '04.

SCORES.

C. L. S.	0,	Tufts, '04, 11.
C. L. S.	0,	Medford 12.
C. L. S.	0,	St. Mark's 42.

PREPARATORY LEAGUE.

C. L. S.	6,	Boston Latin 0.
C. L. S.	10,	Hopkinson 11.
C. L. S.	11,	Brookline High 13.
C. L. S.	0,	Newton High 26.

TRIANGULAR LEAGUE.

C. L. S.	16,	Cambridge High 0.
C. L. S.	6,	R. M. T. S. 16.

SEASON OF 1902.

The season of 1902 opened auspiciously, as seven of the old players remained in the school. Three of the backs had graduated, and this left the most serious break in the team, as the line men were practically intact. Fletcher W. Taft, quarterback for two years, was elected Captain.

The opening game with St. Mark's, although played in a heavy rain, showed the Latin School possessed a strongly offensive team, but her defense did not show up well. St. Marks was defeated by one touchdown.

Somerville High won a victory over the team in the second game. Her superior weight and the poor defensive work of Cambridge lost the game.

The weak points in the defense were quickly remedied, and the strong Medford High team was defeated by a small score.

In an extremely poor exhibition of football, Latin School was overwhelmingly defeated by Dean Academy. Cambridge played wretchedly. Her defense was woefully weak, and her offense lacked much.

Noble & Greenough, and Roxbury Latin, both beat Cambridge by one touchdown in the next two games. Although the offense was strong, yet she lacked the power to gain ground when close to her opponent's goal line.

The first league game was with Training School in the Triangular League. Latin School played a hard game in the first half and kept her rival from scoring, but in the second half she weakened rapidly and two touchdowns were made against her in the last six minutes of play.

In the next two practice games that followed, Cambridge lost to Somerville High by a big score, but showed a marked improvement in the game with Stone's which resulted in a tie, although that team was much the heavier.

The first game of the Preparatory League was with the powerful Boston Latin School. This team had not suffered defeat in any of its practice games, and had only been scored

on once. It weighed nine pounds more than the University of Penn. team for that year. Needless to say, the heavier Boston line opened holes at will, and at the end of the game had run up twenty-four points. Cambridge was never dangerous at any point in the game, and the nearest she came to scoring was when the drop kick was made by Ellis from the forty yard line and struck the cross bar.

Hopkinson was defeated by a large score in the second game of the league. She was no match for the Cambridge team which rushed the ball wherever it chose. The game was full of long runs around the end and through the line, and Latin School was able to make six touchdowns in the thirty-five minutes of play.

Latin School continued her victories in the next league game when she downed Newton High in a closely contested game. She outplayed her opponents in all departments of the game, and kept them from crossing the twenty yard line. The attack of the powerful backs, and simple hammering with close formations, won the game.

In great contrast to this was the last game of the series, with Brookline High, which was won by trick plays and open formation. In this game, Brookline was inferior to the all round playing of her opponents.

The final game of the season was with Cambridge High School in the Triangular League. After the showing made in the other league, Latin School was considered an easy winner, but the fact that this was the fourth league game in nine days, told on the players, and it was only by dint of the hardest kind of work that she scored the only touchdown of the game.

The season ended quite satisfactorily, as Latin School took second place in both leagues. The success of the team was due to the strong line, especially to the tackles, which broke up all plays in that part of the line and also gave great assistance to the backs.

The regular team was composed of:—
Daniel C. Brennan, '03, right end.
Henry C. Hopewell, '03, right tackle.
Thomas F. Cahir, '03, right guard.
Walter B. Bushway, '07, centre.
Claude H. Church, '06, left guard.
George W. Bleu, '07, left tackle.
A. Russell Ellis, '03, left end.
Fletcher W. Taft, '03, Captain, quarter back.
H. Ernest Waterbury, '03, right half back.
Thomas A. Conlin, '04, left half back.
LaForest H. Howe, '03, full back.
Carlisle W. Burton, '04, Manager.

SUBSTITUTES.

Walter C. Feeley, '04.
Albert E. Good, '03.
Frank S. Macy, '04.
Paul Gring, '06.

SCORES.

C. L. S. 5, St. Mark's 0.
C. L. S. 0, Somerville High 15.
C. L. S. 5, Medford High 0.
C. L. S. 0, Dean Academy 44.
C. L. S. 0, Noble & Greenough 5.
C. L. S. 0, Roxbury Latin 5.
C. L. S. 0, Somerville High 23.
C. L. S. 11, Stone 11.

PREPARATORY LEAGUE.

C. L. S. 0, Boston Latin 24.
C. L. S. 34, Hopkinson 0.
C. L. S. 12, Newton High 0.
C. L. S. 17 Brookline High 0.

TRIANGULAR LEAGUE.

C. L. S. 0, Rindge Training School 11.
C. L. S. 5, Cambridge High 0.

SEASON OF 1903.

With seven vacant places in the team and with nearly the entire line gone, Latin School for the third time in four years, had to practically form an entirely new team.

In the try out of new material, Latin

CLS
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1903

School defeated Medford High in the first game of the year, but lost to the heavy Pomfret team and to Roxbury Latin. However, Cambridge strengthened her defense considerably, and in the next game was able to hold the strong Somerville High team to one touchdown. Latin School was held for downs when within three yards of a touchdown.

The team next played St. Mark's a nothing to nothing game. Conlin's drop kick for a goal hit the cross bar.

Although Latin School played a good all round game with Noble & Greenough, she could not stand the attack of her heavier opponents, and this coupled with a misplay gave victory to her opponents.

The last practice game of the season was with Somerville High. The playing of the game was in many respects similar to the first one. Latin School, however, kept Somerville to two touchdowns, one in each half.

The league series opened with the Triangular League, and Training School was the first opponent. Latin School played a good offensive game, but her defense was not strong enough to hold her rival and it weakened as the game went on. The scoring was about equal on both sides, but Training School finally scored the deciding touchdown towards the close of the game. Latin School obtained a safety, a goal from the field, and a touchdown. Rindge made three touchdowns.

By straight foot-ball and powerful line plunges, Brookline High was defeated in the opening game of the Preparatory League. Brookline's defense was woefully weak, and Cambridge made long gains through all parts of the line. Two touchdowns were made in each half.

The next game was with the exceedingly strong Newton High School team. Notwithstanding the fact that this team was considered one of the strongest around Boston, she was held to one touchdown in the first half. Cambridge played a good, offensive game and made repeated gains through Newton's line, but was unable to get nearer than fifteen yards to the goal line. On the other hand, it was only by dint of the hardest work that Newton was able to make her lone tally.

The last game in the league was with Boston Latin School. The rain helped their heavier backs to gain consistently through Cambridge's line, and she easily held all the attempts of her opponents to pierce her line. At the close of the game, Boston Latin had scored four touchdowns.

Hopkinson put no foot-ball team in the field, so forfeited all her games.

As usual, last game of the series was with Cambridge High, and Latin School found no trouble in running up a large score. High School was unable to gain ground and could not hold Latin School consistently. Conlin made a drop kick for a goal in the second half.

The season was, on the whole, a successful one. With practically an entire new team, she obtained third place in the Preparatory League, and second place in the Triangular League.

The regular lineup was:—
Charles F. Crowley, '05, right end.
Edward L. Beard, Jr., '06, right tackle.
Richard Ellis, '05, right guard.
Sidney C. Boyer, '06, centre.
Claude H. Church, '06, left guard.
Francis S. Harris, '07, left tackle.
Roger B. Taft, '05, left end.
H. Winthrop Taylor, '04, quarter back.
Walter C. Feeley, '04, Captain, left half back.
Thomas A. Conlin, '05, right half back.
Paul Gring, '07, full back.
Claude H. Ketchum, '04, manager.

SUBSTITUTES.

Charles M. Maloney, '06.
Harold Stiles, '07.
Thomas H. Adams, '06.
Benjamin Church, '04.

Harold A. Perkins, '07.
Clifford O. Mason, '06.
Herbert H. Warren, '07.

SCORES.

C. L. S. 11, Medford High 0.
C. L. S. 0, Pomfret 16.
C. L. S. 5, Roxbury Latin 10.
C. L. S. 0, Somerville 5.
C. L. S. 0, St. Mark's 0.
C. L. S. 0, Noble & Greenough 11.
C. L. S. 0, Somerville High 12.

PREPARATORY LEAGUE.

C. L. S. 24, Brookline High 0.
C. L. S. 0, Newton High 6.
C. L. S. 0, Boston Latin 23.
Hopkinson forfeited.

TRIANGULAR LEAGUE.

C. L. S. 13, R. M. T. S. 17.
C. L. S. 22, Cambridge High 0.

SEASON OF 1904.

The season opened with excellent prospects for a strong team. Six of the players of the previous year reported for work, and with the abundance of material at hand, it was not hard to fill the vacant positions. As the entire back field with the exception of Stiles had left the school, much attention was given the candidates for these positions. Claude Church, '06, a member of the team for two years, was elected Captain.

As usual, the opening game was with St. Mark's, and as is customary, was used as a means of trying out new material. St. Mark's

won by a safety, due to a fumbled punt by Latin School. The game showed good defensive and offensive team work.

Medford High was next played and scored two touchdowns against Cambridge. Latin School's line could not be broken to any extent, but her ends were extremely weak, and the backs seemed to be unable to gain any ground.

Noble & Greenough was easily defeated by a large score. Cambridge showed a superb offense and a very strong attack.

Waltham High, the invincible, added the team to her list of defeated opponents. Cambridge was out-played the entire time.

Next, the heavy Pomfret team was held to three touchdowns in a game that was creditable to Cambridge.

Latin School now braced and beat Roxbury Latin and Thayer Academy by close scores.

The Preparatory League opened with Newton as the opponents. The game was hard fought and showed Cambridge Latin to be a very strong team, both offensively and defensively. Newton had the advantage, as the ball was in Latin School's territory most of the time, yet she was unable to score.

Brookline High was beaten in a very poorly played game. Cambridge Latin gave a miserable exhibition on all offensive work, and seemed not able to rush the ball. However, Cambridge held Brookline for downs continually when near her goal line. The only score was made by Cambridge on a fumble by Brookline.

Boston Latin was easily defeated, Cambridge showing a wonderful improvement over her form in the Brookline game. She outclassed her rivals at all stages of the game.

Hoppy defaulted, as she had no team.

On Thanksgiving Day, Latin School met Newton High in the play off of the tie game. Cambridge played a remarkable game. Her offense was excellent, for she rushed Newton at will, and her defense was as good. Newton could gain only very little ground. Latin School was the victor by the score of 11 to 5, thus gaining the championship for the first time.

In the Triangular League, High School withdrew.

The game with R. M. T. S. was well fought at first, but Latin School weakened in the second half and Training School gained at will, scoring two touchdowns.

The regular team was composed of:—
Roger S. Taft, '05, left end.
Wallace D. Philippbar, '07, left tackle.
Claude H. Church, Captain, '06, left guard.
Sidney C. Boyer, '06, centre.
Richard Ellis, '05, right guard.
Francis S. Harris, '08, right tackle.
Charles F. Crowley, '06, right end.
Harold R. Stiles, '07, quarter back.
Oscar W. Pearson, '08, left half back.
Jeremiah A. Green, '05, right half back.
Robert H. Grant, '06, full back.
Merton L. Garfield, '05, Manager.

SUBSTITUTES.

Simon B. Kelleher, '09.
Frank W. Marvin, '06.
Herbert H. Warren, '07.
Lowell D. Crandon, '06.
Albert J. Coleman, '05.

SCORES.

C. L. S.	0,	St. Mark's 2.
C. L. S.	0,	Medford High 16.
C. L. S.	17,	Noble & Greenough 0.
C. L. S.	0,	Waltham High 23.
C. L. S.	0,	Pomfret 18.
C. L. S.	6,	Roxbury High 5.
C. L. S.	12,	Thayer Academy 0.

PREPARATORY LEAGUE.

C. L. S.	0,	Newton High 0.
C. L. S.	5,	Brookline High 0.
C. L. S.	21,	Boston Latin 0.
C. L. S.	11,	Newton 5.

TRIANGULAR LEAGUE.

C. L. S.	0,	R. M. T. S. 16.
		High School forfeited.

ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL.

CATALOGUE, 1904-1905.

HEAD MASTER.

RAY GREENE HULING, 17 Hurlbut Street.

HEAD ASSISTANT.

GRACE L. DEERING, 34 Felton Hall.

INSTRUCTOR IN CHEMISTRY.

DELIA M. STICKNEY, 14 Wendell St.

ASSISTANT TEACHERS.

CAROLINE A. SAWYER, 48 Mt. Vernon Street.
MARTHA R. SMITH, 782 Massachusetts Avenue.
CAROLINE CLOSE, 380 Broadway.
MARY MOULTON, 375 Harvard Street.
HENRIETTA E. MCINTIRE, 1600 Massachusetts Avenue.
JOSEPH A. COOLIDGE, 20 Martin Street.
MAUD A. LAWSON, 466 Putnam Avenue.
LILLIAN C. ROGERS, 23 Walden Street.
BERTHA L. COGSWELL, 257 Prospect Street.
GERTRUDE H. CROOK, 54 Trowbridge Street.
FLORENCE W. SMITH, 8 Pleasant Place.
ESTHER S. DODGE, 15 Cottage Street.
AGNES B. GOERWITZ, 17 Trowbridge Place.
ANNIE F. STRATTON, 26 Linnæan Street.
JEANNIE B. KENRICK, Monument Street, Newton.
MARY L. CUNNINGHAM, 24 Harlem St Dorchester.
KATHERINE H. JAMES, 1640 Cambridge Street.
FRANCIS L. BAIN, 80 Magazine Street.
CHESTER M. GROVER, 323 Huron Avenue.
ELLEN PAINE HULING, 17 Hurlbut Street.
ELIZABETH L. HULING, 17 Hurlbut Street.

SECRETARY AND LIBRARIAN.

MARTHA L. BABBITT, 48 Highland Avenue.

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC.

FREDERICK E. CHAPMAN, 126 Oxford Street.

DIRECTOR OF DRAWING.

PETER ROOS, 24 Sacramento St.

ASSISTANT TEACHER OF DRAWING.

LUCIA N. JENNISON, 24 Clinton St.

INSTRUCTOR IN PHYSICAL TRAINING.

BESSIE W. HOWARD, 24 Linnæan Street.

POST-GRADUATES.

Borthwick, Rozella J.....10 Trowbridge St.
Ricker, Jennie.....44 Avon Hill St.
Scorgie, Elvira L.....228 Brattle St.

Number, 3.

SPECIALS.

Chapman, Alice E.....7 West St.
Munhall, Edna V.....48 Highland Ave.
O'Hara, Catherine G.....153 Mt. Auburn St.
Pratt, Christel H.....65 Oxford St.
Winlock, Ethel L.....18 Clinton St.
Whitmore, Roy.....3½ Dover St.

Number, 6.

CLASS I.

Angus, Henry C.....340 Broadway
Erickson, Nelson F.....72 Hampshire St.
Feeney, Francis.....67 Holworthy St.
Hunt, William.....3 Madison Ave.
McNamee, John F.....1 Portland St.
Patten, Ernest R.....52 Concord Ave.
Watkins, Thomas.....29 Market St.
Weeks, John M.....96 Pearl St.
Williams, Edward E.....75 Plymouth St.

Number of boys, 9.

Bradbury, Agnes.....93 Fayerweather St.
Broughton, Charlotte E.....18 Rockingham St.
Brown, Amy M.....91 Broadway

Brunt, Lillian M.....168 Lake View Ave.
Burke, Sadie C.....138 Rindge Ave.
Buttrick, Mary F.....11 Wilbur St.
Claflin, Laura I.....131 Upland Road
Collins, Susie F.....795 Cambridge St.
Corkery, Grace E.....6 East St.
Cox, Ida R.....397 Putnam Ave.
Creelman, Carrie M.....28 Whitney Ave.
Cutter, E. Frances.....60 Rice St.
Davison, Edith M.....55 Magazine St.
Delvy, Florine I.....2052 Mass. Ave.
Dickson, Verl E. A.....149 Austin St.
Diehl, Mary L.....464 Winsor St.
Dinneen, Julia A.....10 Parnel St.
Doyle, Alice M.....88 Concord Ave.
Doyle, Elizabeth L.....88 Concord Ave.
Farrington, Grace M.....3 Hammond St.
Ferguson, Lida P.....9 Locke St.
Fessenden, Emily G.....20 Greenough Ave.
Field, Alice M.....27 Rockingham St.
Forrest, Mary L.....636 Green St.
Fortin, Yvonne C.....183 Columbia St.
Furfey, Margaret.....59 Prince St.
Gaughan, Alice W.....16 Hardwick St.
Griswold, Ethel B.....17 Brown St.
Haley, Marguerite A.....210 Columbia St.
Henderson, Helen A.....1550 Cambridge St.
Houtman, Helen T.....1791 Mass. Ave.
Ivers, Grace H.....36 Mt. Vernon St.
Ivers, Leone N.....36 Mt. Vernon St.
Jenkins, Ethel L.....71 Moore St.
Johnsen, Lillian.....60 Allston St.
Kelso, Jeanie M.....373 Washington St.
Kirkendall, Florence.....16 Kirkland Road
Knight, Edna D. P.....7 Essex St.
Le Farve, Alice E.....60 Porter Road
McCabe, Annie G.....22 Winter St.
McCormick, Mary E.....161 Spring St.
MacIver, Ethel J.....24 Arlington St.
McKenzie, Clara L.....110 Fayerweather St.
McLean, Elizabeth.....36½ Baldwin St.
McNamee, Annie G.....1 Portland St.
Marr, Dorothy.....4 Magazine Court
Marsh, Florence A.....34 Mellen St.
Miller, Gertrude G.....48 Brookline St.
Murphy, Anna E.....76 Dunster St.
Myerson, Annie J.....4 Hancock Place
Nelligan, Grace I.....413 Washington St.
O'Brien, Ruth E.....27 Bay St.
Perry, Mabel V.....9 Eustis St.
Pierce, Zillah F.....58 Hammond St.
Quinn, Florence G.....62 Antrim St.
Roberts, Hazel C.....89B Hampshire St.
Samuelson, Signe E.....6 King Place
Sleeper, Casalena M.....54 Fayette St.
Smith, Ethel M.....31 Harvey St.
Stimpson, Emma A.....17 Park St.
Stubbs, Hazel I.....147 Mt. Auburn St.
Svenson, Clara A.....43 Brookline St.
Thayer, Helen A.....2 Fayette Park
Trelegan, Annie C.....18 Clay St.
Webb, Harriet W.....94 Wendell St.
Webber, Lena F.....201 Norfolk St.
Wilson, Frances R.....13 Mead St.
Wilson, Lila.....14 Norman St.
Wiseman, Katharine E.....4 Gore St.
Woods, Grace V.....194 Franklin St.
Woolard, Marion S.....384 Washington St.

Number of girls, 71. Number in class, 80.

CLASS II.

Barrett, James N.....9 Fenno St.
Beeching, Roy W.....95 Thorndike St.
Cameron, Stanley L.....75 Whittemore Ave.
Carroll, Patrick J.....17 Surrey St.
Carton, Hugh.....33 Hunting St.
Crawford, James S.....20 Woodbridge St.
Doherty, John C.....168 River St.
Donnellan, Anthony.....10 Winter St.
Douglas, Walter S.....1345 Cambridge St.
Glennon, Martin J.....167 Brookline St.
Greene, Leslie.....2 Essex Court
Holsberg, James.....1590 Cambridge St.
Hornsby, Oswald.....96 Mt. Auburn St.
Keenan, Daniel J. H.....11 Brewer St.
McDonald, John.....16 Squire Court
Mullins, John.....38 Baldwin St.
Murray, Robert F.....47 Crescent St.
Olson, George H.....9 Rockwell St.
Porteus, Charles T.....14 Carlisle St.
Redmond, Ambrose J.....472 Winsor St.
Rourke, Joseph L.....197 Harvard St.
Ruggles, William W.....56 Wendell St.
Shea, John F.....27 Grant St.
Skilton, Irving W.....15 Linnæan St.
Slayter, John T. H.....123 River St.
Susser, Samuel.....523 Cambridge St.
Walsh, Joseph.....1 Madison Ave.

Number of boys 27.

Bates, Ethel M.....12 Rindge Ave.
Beaman, Grace I.....88 Pemberton St.
Bergman, Anna U.....58 Cherry St.
Britton, Anna M.....539 Green St.
Brooks, Jennie E.....367 Western Ave.
Brooks, Sallie.....367 Western Ave.
Broughton, Helen J.....18 Rockingham St.

Brown, Charlotte....4 Aberdeen Ave.
Burke, Annie A....185 Spring St.
Cahill, Anna F....56 Howard St.
Carroll, Gertrude....54 Putnam Ave.
Churchill, Mabelle G....1 Rindge Terrace
Clarke, Abi E....264 Green St.
Connolly, Mary E....47 Seventh St.
Cooper, Annie W....178 Washington St.
Coyne, Kathryn....42 Reed St.
Crabiel, Bessie L....194 Norfolk St.
Craig, Ruth M....445 Huron Ave.
Crudup, Mattie L. D....57 Fairmount St.
Culhane, Mary C....28 Mellen St.
Cummings, Margaret E....13 Glenwood Ave.
Cutler, Marion L....56 Boylston St.
Davis, Grace I....3 Healey St.
Davison, Annie M....15 Murdock St.
Decker, Dora M....16 Bowdoin St.
Dogherty, Helen F....345 Harvard St.
Donnelly, Agnes C....102 Banks St.
Eagan, Mary H....149 Putnam Ave.
Eames, Mary T....51 Belmont St.
Fanjoy, Ellen....366 Winsor St.
Ferdinand, Ethel S....80 Columbia St.
Ferry, Ethel G....408 Columbia St.
Fessenden, Mabel E....20 Greenough Ave.
FitzGerald, Gertrude T....89 Hammond St.
Fitzpatrick, Anna G....124 Holworthy St.
Fitzpatrick, Louise R....124 Holworthy St.
Forrest, Louise A....636 Green St.
Fowler, Letitia M....3 Pioneer St.
Galvin, Teresa B....77 Spring St.
Gauley, Eliza J....43 Parker St.
Gerry, Elizabeth W....16 Blanche St.
Good, Ellen E....253 Putnam Ave.
Gray, Bessie M....176 Elm St.
Grebenstein, Mabel G....220 Erie St.
Green, Georgiana E....7 Gordon Court
Greene, Elizabeth H....10 Sibley Court
Hackett, Ethel M....17 Summer St.
Hager, Katharine....25 Clarendon Ave.
Hall, Louise D....42 Orchard St.
Halliday, Mina B....19 Creighton St.
Hamilton, Anna G....120 Henry St.
Harrington, Mary....53 Norris St.
Heartz, Estelle H....250 Norfolk St.
Higginbotham, Ruby E....9 Worcester St.
Higgins, Adala C....33 Creighton St.
Hogan, Clara A....48 Russell St.
Howe, Beth M....9 Miller Ave.
Husband, Mary C....15 Mellen St.
Johnson, Lena....57 Bristol St.
Jordan, Ethel V....8 Clarendon Ave.
Keefe, Alice V....68 Cushing St.
King, Beatrice L....19 Line St.
Knowlton, Emma F....52 Trowbridge St.
Lavender, Alice M....79 Fifth St.
Lennon, Alice E....147 Harvard St.
Linn, Agnes L....230 Western Ave.
Liston, Margaret M....23 Bay St.
Lloyd, Sarah J....8 Brewer St.
Loud, Grace M....23 Bellevue Ave.
Lutz, Darinda J....9½ Beaver St.
McBride, Mary....11 Donnell St.
MacCollum, Ruth D....788 Mass. Ave.
MacConnell, Elsie....8 Hampshire St.
MacNamara, Marietta....257 Upland Road
Mahoney, Mary J....22 Haskell St.
Marsh, Addie B....34 Mellen St.
Maynard, Phœbe E....333 Concord Ave.
Mooney, Marie....29 Jefferson St.
Mullen, Martha....13 Remington St.
Myers, Pauline C....20 Tremont St.
Nelligan, Josie T....143 Rindge Ave.
Nordstrom, Hilda....2 Emmons Place
O'Connor, Eleanor....99 Concord Ave.
O'Hara, Gertrude R....140 Huron Ave.
Partridge, Annie C....90 Norfolk St.
Perry, Mildred....18 Glenwood Ave.
Pollock, Anna M....60 Second St.
Porter, Ethel M....48 Jay St.
Powell, Jennie L....13 Wilbur St.
Priest, Ruth....6 Ash St. Place
Prince, Mabel H....10 Essex St.
Pulsford, Edith F....6 Camelia Ave.
Purcell, Margaret....15 Hews St.
Quinn, Edith H....415 Broadway
Quinn, Ellen T. L....134 Pine St.
Rhine, Florence A....17 Cedar St.
Riley, Mary E. A....24 Tuttle St.
Roberts, Helena....35 Creighton St.
Robertson, Roberta S....70 Cushing St.
Royce, Sophia....55 Broadway
Sandler, Rose....88 Harvard St.
Schill, Agneta P....26 Hews St.
Schlesinger, Edna C....98 Avon Hill St.
Scorgie, Lillian....3 Gibson St.
Sharkey, Gertrude....111 Trowbridge St.
Shaughnessy, Gertrude C....88 Fourth St.
Sullivan, Clare M....10 Miller Ave.
Sullivan, Mary C....34 Ellery St.
Sweeney, Mary A....7 Warren St.
Taylor, Alice C....Rear 112 Magazine St.
Thomas, Louise M....1911 Mass. Ave.
Thomas, Martha I....266 Rindge Ave.
Thornton, Arlena....26 Worcester St.
Van Horne, Amy....96 Inman St.
Walker, Grace F....11 Rockingham St.
Ward, Harriet J....17 Tremont St.
Watkins, Jane E....29 Market St.

Whitten, A. Mae.....30 River St.
Willis, Euretta M.....265 Prospect St.
Wilson, Ruth.....14 Ellery St.
Wolfe, Winifred F.....6 Cottage St.
Wright, Ardelle F.....25 Inman St.
Number of girls, 123. Number in class, 150.

CLASS III.

Becker, Karl F.....1716 Cambridge St.
Carr, Charles H.....39 Porter St.
Carroll, Walter F.....44 Porter St.
Connelly, Edwin A.....50 Cedar St.
Connors, John F.....4 Parnell St.
Grebenstein, Harold A.....220 Erie St.
Hugelman, William G.....1164 Cambridge St.
Keaney, Allan J.....233½ Broadway
Kirby, Charles F.....204 Columbia St.
Monahan, Joseph W.....6 Vineyard St.
O'Brien, Aloysius T.....71 Holworthy St.
Olson, Eric A.....9 Rockwell St.
Rawley, Chester A.....13 Homer Ave.
Reagan, Francis J.....444 Winsor St.
Simonian, Sarkis.....7 Parnell St.
Smith, Louis H.....4 Cedar Sq.
Whaley, Lawrence L.....37 Hubbard Ave.
Wright, Harry.....13 Allen St.
Number of boys, 18.

Andelman, Jennie.....214 Webster Ave.
Balmer, Lillian G.....25 Ellsworth Ave.
Bergin, Emma G.....38 Mt. Auburn St.
Bernstein, Edith K.....325 Columbia St.
Biggane, Mary E.....80 Kinnaird St.
Blair, Bernice L.....210 Columbia St.
Bosfield, Rosa E.....5 Gordon Court
Bourne, Margaret R.....64 Dana St.
Bowie, Loretta M.....60 Mt. Auburn St.
Brannen, Mabel A.....23 Cushing St.
Brant, Helen T.....376 Harvard St.
Brown, Hazel E.....8 Orchard St.
Burns, Mona.....356 Prospect St.
Canty, Margaret M.....44 Second St.
Carrington, Grace L.....30 Soden St.
Carroll, Mary E.....17 Surrey St.
Collins, Mary C.....318 Vine St.
Comey, Grace E.....120 Magazine St.
Connell, Ellen C.....133 Webster Ave.
Cooper, Mary A.....178 Washington St.
Croke, Helen F.....68 Orchard St.
Crowley, Gertrude.....27 Shepard St.
Cummings, Altamonte.....17 Regent St.
Curry, Margaret M.....25 Sixth St.
Curtin, Helen J.....61 Dudley St.
Danforth, Olive A.....35 Ash St.
Deehan, Alice E.....72 Dana St.
Dodge, Annie L. E.....254 Franklin St.
Donnellan, Elizabeth A.....10 Winter St.
Donovan, Mary C.....34 Bigelow St.
Dowd, Helen R.....356 Putnam Ave.
Doyle, Catharine J.....43 Baldwin St.
Drea, Agnes A.....46 Ninth St.
Dwelley, Annie I.....8 Andrew St.
Elliott, Eureka E.....305 Broadway
Elliott, Grace I.....41 Jackson St.
Fairbrother, Martha M.....1663 Cambridge St.
Fitzmaurice, Margaret T.....608 Green St.
Flynn, Rose A.....92 Gore St.
Forest, M. Irene.....54 Stearns St.
Furfey, Josephine E.....59 Prince St.
Gately, Mary C.....27 Myrtle Ave.
Gauthier, Edith E.....240 Norfolk St.
Glennie, Edith S.....24 Agassiz St.
Gray, Lillian E. F.....353 Pearl St.
Harrell, Mary S.....20 Upton St.
Harries, Louise P.....59 Pearl St.
Harrington, Margaret M.....19 Farwell Place
Harris, Cretie M.....55 Columbia St.
Hatch, Grace M.....357 Green St.
Hill, Winifred A.....1 Mill St.
Houlihan, Mary E.....32 Suffolk St.
Hubbard, Ida H.....251 Pearl St.
Hughes, Mary C.....51 Holyoke St.
Isaac, Ella M.....34 Portsmouth St.
Joseph, Rosamond.....104A Inman St.
Kegler, Sophie H.....8 Day St.
Kelleher, Margaret M.....25 Sixth St.
Kelley, Ethel F.....10 Clinton St.
Landrigan, Mary E.....93 Belmont St.
Lane, Sarah T.....144 Thorndike St.
Lindberg, Elsie E.....117 Harvard St.
Lindblom, Edith H. E.....126 Norfolk St.
Linn, Clara E.....230 Western Ave.
Lloyd, Catharine E.....8 Brewer St.
Lothrop, Marion H.....84 Pearl St.
Loud, Hilda G.....23 Bellevue Ave.
von der Luft, Adelaide R.....21 Harrison St.
Lundsted, Anna B.....42 Lopez St.
Lynch, Katherine G.....17 De Wolf St.
Lyons, Julia M.....118 Spring St.
McCall, Marion C.....237 Walden St.
McCarthy, Katharine M.....61 Otis St.
McGrory, Anne B.....344 Putnam Ave.
McIlwraith, Sarah.....3 Winslow St.
McKay, Charlotte E.....62 Otis St.
Maloney, Louise K.....359 Cambridge St.
Martin, Laverne H.....291 Pearl St.
Martin, Lulu F.....75 Brookline St.
Martin, Susie M.....52 Union St.

Moorehead, Elsie G.....33 Kennard St.
Morton, Callie M.....2 Corliss Place
Mulrey, Beatrice E.....93 Belmont St.
Murphy, Gertrude A.....85 Antrim St.
Murphy, Mary L.....99 Fayerweather St.
Murphy, Susan M.....76 Dunster St.
Nagle, Alice E.....16 Valentine St.
Nagle, Eileen A.....16 Valentine St.
Nelson, Beatrice C.....59 Hubbard Ave.
Newcomb, Bernice.....20 St. Paul St.
Noble, Serena A.....1 Front St.
O'Connell, Mary C.....27 Norris St.
O'Connor, Elizabeth S.....99 Concord Ave.
O'Loughlin, Agnes.....23 Fourth St.
O'Reilly, Mary E.....221 Putnam Ave.
Perkins, Susan S.....59 Frost St.
Pickles, Fannie E.....260 Cambridge St.
Potter, Barbara R.....20 Fairmont Ave.
Prior, Ellen A.....17 Hews St.
Quinn, Mary M.....70 Thorndike St.
Redmond, Elizabeth M.....472 Winsor St.
Reid, Addie M.....520 Putnam Ave.
Roberts, Cora S.....33 Prince St.
Robinson, Elizabeth G.....163 Allston St.
Rourke, Gertrude L.....197 Harvard St.
Russell, Ethel P.....2 Sacramento Place
Sanderson, Edith E.....24 Valentine St.
Sandsbury, Lillian B.....205 Lake View Ave.
Saunders, Grace P.....16 Hubbard Ave.
Shaw, Pauline E. M.....83 Third St.
Shea, Mary F.....75 Fifth St.
Staples, Mildred B.....11 Leonard Ave.
Stead, Lurena I.....84 Hastings St.
Stead, M. Antoinette.....84 Hastings St.
Stuart, Ethel G.....16 Lake St.
Sullivan, M. Gertrude.....50A Boylston St.
Sullivan, M. Helen.....88 Plympton St.
Susser, Pauline.....525 Cambridge St.
Suydam, Leah C.....44 Columbia St.
Telfer, Laura B.....38 Fairfield St.
Tevlin, Margaret F.....7 Baldwin Court
Thompson, Rachel.....165 Raymond St.
Trant, Louise A.....315 Rindge Ave.
Trow, Edna A.....70 Putnam Ave.
Webber, Florence A.....30 Plymouth St.
Weber, Katharine V.....9 Leonard Ave.
Webster, Marion G.....136 Austin St.
White, Elizabeth G.....61 Crescent St.
Williams, Madeline.....7 Roseland St.
Winslow, Jennie M.....50 Cushing St.
Wright, Florence E.....261 Brookline St.

Number of girls, 131. Number in class, 148.

CLASS IV.

Henderson, James F.....134 Reed St.
Hunt, James A.....3 Madison Ave.
Igo, Peter W.....22 Tannery St.
Kane, Cornelius P.....23 Cedar St.
McCabe, James.....202 Charles St.
Mahoney, James P.....53 Bristol St.
Nover, William F.....13 Gardner St.
O'Connor, Lawrence F.....11½ Plymouth St.
Scott, Andrew K.....179 Sherman St.
Shanley, John E.....1 Chestnut Park

Number of boys, 10.

Adell, Signe A.....35 Jay St.
Andrews, Minnie R.....7 Oak Circle
Arbuckle, Irene R.....216 Green St.
Bain, Marion.....12 William St.
Behnke, Emma.....203 Harvard St.
Bissell, Marion L.....25 Cushing St.
Bouché, Florence M.....13 Saville St.
Boyd, Esther L.....5 W. Bellevue Ave.
Boyle, Eleanor A.....6 Brewer St.
Bray, Annie J.....218 Charles St.
Bronski, Flora B.....132 Hampshire St.
Brooks, Lillian F.....20 Sibley Place
Brown, Mary C.....291 Columbia St.
Brunt, Edna E.....168 Lake View Ave.
Bullock, Mary E.....220 Elm St.
Byrnes, Florence E.....255 Putnam Ave.
Calnan, Margaret A.....41 Gore St.
Carney, Ethel L.....195 Green St.
Carr, Sarah E.....595 Franklin St.
Carroll, Caroline E.....95 Armory St.
Carroll, Mary A.....158½ Otis St.
Carty, Henrietta.....401 Winsor St.
Charak, Henrietta.....167 Columbia St.
Chessman, Ruth G.....107 Walden St.
Chisholm, Mary N.....48 Stearns St.
Clark, Elizabeth O.....10 Eliot Sq.
Clarke, Margaret.....81 Porter St.
Clement, Marie A.....26 Fourth St.
Clowser, Lucy W.....14 Locke St.
Clukas, Gertrude L.....127 Austin St.
Collins, Mary C.....28 East St.
Connell, Esther H.....61 Dudley St.
Corcoran, Elizabeth V.....44 Hudson St.
Cronin, Sybil L. M.....3 Baldwin St.
Crudup, Bessie M. L. D.....57 Fairmont St.
Daley, Anna J.....60 Boylston St.
Daley, Nan Cleophas.....6 Squire Court
Daly, Clare E.....29 Ellsworth Ave.
Daniels, Ethelind W.....15 Park St.

Dee, Sarah E.....18 Sparks St.
Dempsey, Mary S.....54 Hudson St.
Derby, Mary T.....18 Willard St.
Diez, Clara M.....154 Sherman St.
Doles, Alma J.....55 Magee St.
Dowd, Grace C.....356 Putnam Ave.
Durnan, Mary G.....582 Franklin St.
Duvay, Lillian H.....23 Florence St.
Dwyer, Mary C.....5 Eighth St.
Eagan, Mabel A.....117 Thorndike St.
Ekman, Mabel S.....35 Brookline St.
Ekmark, Ethel E.....31 Park St.
Elkins, Margaret E.....48 Hawthorne St.
Ellis, Lutey M.....539 Putnam Ave.
Ellis, Mildred L.....4 Rockingham Place
Ellis, Myrtle V.....201 Franklin St.
Embree, Anita.....35 Walker St.
England, Gladys M.....2475 Mass. Ave.
Erickson, Mary H.....72 Hampshire St.
Ferguson, Bertha L.....9 Locke St.
Finnick, Lillian M.....45 Fenno St.
Fitzgerald, Frances.....108 Holworthy St.
FitzGerald, Geraldine C.....5 Revere St.
Fitzgerald, Jennie C.....3 Magoun St.
Flaherty, Agnes E.....206 Sidney St.
Fleischner, Amelia H.....31 Crescent St.
Foster, Dorothy.....96 Avon Hill St.
Frank, Mary L.....14 Tremont St.
Gelbert, Marie I.....69 Belmont St.
Gigante, Angelina J.....12 Lowland Ave.
Godfrey, Edith M.....173 Appleton St.
Goggin, Agnes P.....2 George St.
Gomes, Laura F.....338 Vine St.
Grace, Margaret L.....28 Harding St.
Greene, Agnes G.....10 Sibley St.
Greenlaw, Maude E.....33 Pearl St.
Gresham, Juaneta J.....442 Cambridge St.
Hager, Grace M.....25 Clarendon Ave.
Haley, Viola V.....85 Upland Road
Hamilton, Eva J.....90 Kirkland St.
Hamilton, Helen F.....84 Antrim St.
Harlin, Gertrude A.....222 Norfolk St.
Harrington, Helen E.....28 Hurlbut St.
Hastings, Mildred M.....124 Western Ave.
Hatch, Agnes V.....1010 Mass. Ave.
Haverty, Margaret F.....91½ Inman St.
Henderson, Evelyn M.....23 Regent St.
Hennan, Lucy M.....137 Mt. Auburn St.
Hensey, Beatrice L.....65 Eustis St.
Herlihy, Catherine M.....31 Frank St.
Hill, Cecelia V.....2058 Mass. Ave.
Hill, Grace E.....2058 Mass. Ave.
Hogan, Florence.....48 Russell St.
Hughes, Ella E.....9 Sibley Place
Hurd, Evelyn B.....2 Henderson Place
Hurley, Florence M.....106 Inman St.
Hyland, Mary F.....54 Banks St.
Jessop, Lauretta B.....177½ Harvard St.
Jessop, Madeline F.....177½ Harvard St.
Johnsen, Adella J.....60 Allston St.
Johnson, Ethel L.....34 Lopez St.
Johnson, Florence T.....117 Washington St.
Jordan, Charlotte I.....8 Clarendon Ave.
Keefe, Margaret L.....8 Wood St.
Kelley, Elizabeth A.....29 Line St.
Kelley, Rose L.....1211 Cambridge St.
Kiley, Ellen G.....154 Charles St.
Killam, Amy F.....204 Auburn St.
Kiner, Roberta S.....1114 Mass. Ave.
King, Anna G.....24 Ellsworth Ave.
Kline, Annie J. B.....199 Portland St.
Larkin, Julia M.....36 Banks St.
Lindblom, Ruth E.....126 Norfolk St.
Lofton, Ruth C.....27 Jay St.
Long, Edith G.....37 Gore St.
Longmire, Mabel J.....95 Pemberton St.
Lowd, Marion.....108 Austin St.
Lynch, Marie E.....30 Dudley St.
Lynch, Elizabeth L.....35 Webster Ave.
McBride, Mary G.....74 Holworthy St.
McBride, Rose E.....11 Donnell St.
McCarthy, Katherine T.....14 Rice St.
McCarthy, Margaret.....125 Gore St.
McCormick, Rita L.....2 Gore St.
McCristle, Grace C.....111 Sherman St.
McGirr, Mary A.....16 South St.
McGurn, Ellen B.....142 Garden St.
MacHugh, Gertrude L.....98 Ellery St.
McKeown, Grace A.....430 Columbia St.
McLaughlin, Helen E.....37 Jackson St.
McLaughlin, Mary E.....11 Athens St.
McLean, Annie W.....126 Winsor St.
McLean, Maude A.....202 Hampshire St.
Mahady, Elizabeth M.....30 Crescent St.
Maher, Margaret V.....71A Porter St.
Mahoney, Margaret F.....90 Putnam Ave.
Massey, Mabel.....99 Mt. Auburn St.
Miller, Mabel E. M.....36 Lopez St.
Moran, Irene F.....10 Appian Way
Moran, Rose H.....232 Vine St.
Moriarity, Genevieve C.....1691 Cambridge St.
Mullen, Helen E.....104 Thorndike St.
Mulvahill, Katharine F.....52 Sidney St.
Mulvihill, Mary A.....122 Kinnaird St.
Myers, Louise M.....28 Tremont St.
Nagle, Frances R.....8 Howard St.
Nichols, Minnie.....259 Winsor St.
O'Brien, Eleanor F.....563 Main St.
O'Connell, Mary V.....28 York St.
O'Connor, Mary E.....66 Foster St.

O'Connor, Mary F.....311 Vine St.
O'Neill, Elizabeth H.....99 Thorndike St.
Parmenter, Marion A.....23 Boardman St.
Parry, Susie.....11 Woodbridge St.
Phaup, Minnie B.....224 Chestnut St.
Phipps, Lillian M.....2519 Mass. Ave.
Potter, Charlotte A.....3 Fayette St.
Pratt, Florence L.....5 Carver St.
Prince, Coy L.....10 Essex St.
Queeney, Katherine E.....10 Stevens Court
Quinn, Beatrice M.....189 Brookline St.
Quinn, Lillian T.....62 Thorndike St.
Ramhofer, Lena L.....14 Coperthwaite St.
Ramsay, Annie B.....23 Lawrence St.
Rawson, Ida M.....128 Magazine St.
Reinhardt, Muriel E.....62 Norfolk St.
Rice, Gertrude C.....1883 Mass. Ave.
Roberts, Frances B.....13 Andrew St.
Rogan, Rose A.....139 Cushing St.
Rogers, Marion E.....770 Mass. Ave.
Romkey, Ethel W.....70 Austin St.
Roper, Ruth A.....90 Dudley St.
Ross, Vera H.....23 Creighton St.
Russell, Annie T.....7 Madison Ave.
Russell, Ednah F.....322 Winsor St.
Saunders, Laura M.....39 Holworthy St.
Schlesinger, Mabel H.....98 Avon Hill St.
Scorgie, Edna G.....1 Gibson St.
Seaver, Ruth M.....3 Leonard Ave.
Selfridge, Mary A.....20 Willow St.
Sennott, Josephine A.....181 Clark St.
Shea, Ellen F.....9 Revere St.
Shepherd, Ethel M.....130 Putnam Ave.
Smith, Alice E.....88 Holworthy St.
Smith, Jessie M.....592 Putnam Ave.
Snow, Alice M.....55 Austin St.
Spaulding, Helen M.....210 Columbia St.
Stanton, Maude N.....12 Florence St.
Stinson, Elvira A.....27 Wendell St.
Stokes, Annie E.....12 Charles River Road
Stolba, Elizabeth A.....7 Flagg St.
Sullivan, Anna M.....88 Plympton St.
Sullivan, Rose M.....155 Bridge St.
Surrey, Charlotte L.....63 Pine St.
Telfer, Marguerite M.....67 Winthrop St.
Terozowski, Gertrude.....725 Cambridge St.
Tewksbury, Ella A.....67 Winthrop St.
Thayer, Pearl A.....44 Locke St.
Thomas, Katherine M.....23 Murdock St.
Tobey, Maybell P.....108 Pleasant St.
Vaughan, Adeline B. E.....22 Upton St.
Walp, Mabel C.....82 Charles St.
Wessman, Eva M. W.....374 Cambridge St.
Wiggin, Grace L.....2 Douglass St.
Wigmore, Irene E.....324 Winsor St.
Willey, Edith S.....44 Brattle St.
Yarrin, Lillian.....264 Western Ave.

Number of girls, 207. Number in class, 217.

BOOK REVIEW.

(See also page 46.)

"French Pathfinders In North America," by William Henry Johnson, decorative cloth, illustrated, indexed, 345 pp. $1.50. Little, Brown Co.

This is an interesting account of the French explorations on this continent. It contains a very readable description of early Indian manners and customs. The author is well known in this city.

"Ancient Grudge," by Arthur Stanwood Pier, decorative cloth, 477 pp. $1.50. Houghton, Mifflin Co.

This is a story of labor troubles of one of our largest manufacturing centres. Two college men are the principal characters. In this time of trusts it is especially appropriate.

"Lonely O'Malley," by Arthur Stringer, decorative cloth, illustrated, 383 pp. $1.50. Houghton, Mifflin Co.

This book recounts the adventures of a little Irish lad. It is full of humor and pathos. One reading would not suffice anyone.

"Louisiana Purchase," by Ripley Hitchcock, decorative cloth, illustrated, index, appendix, 349 pp. $0.60. Ginn & Co.

This volume tells of the manner in which the United States gained the great West. It reads like a novel, ranging from the Spanish discovery to the Civil War.

Rindge Manual Training School.

CATALOGUE 1905-06.

HEAD MASTER.

CHARLES H. MORSE.....328 Harvard St.

HEAD ASSISTANT.

MYRA I. ELLIS.....13 Greenough Ave.

TEACHERS.

ARTHUR E. BROWN.....185 Hancock St.
JAMES F. CONLIN.....85 Walden St.
JOHN E. DENHAM.....31 Inman St.
ADOLPH C. ELY.....31 Inman St.
OWEN D. EVANS.....8 Hobart St., Brighton
RICHARD W. GALLAGHER.....1529 Cambridge St.
EVAN W. GRIFFITHS.....185 Hancock St.
LEWIS D. HILL.....5 Irving Terrace
WILLIAM D. HUBBARD.....11 Forest St.
EDWARD R. MARKHAM.....66 Dana St.
JAMES E. MACWHINNIE.....331 Broadway
HELEN W. METCALF.....15 Maple St., Arlington
JOSEPH M. NORTON.....19 Greenough Ave.
HARRY E. RICH.....Wayland, Mass.
WALTER M. SMITH.....11 Dover St.
CHARLES E. STRATTON.....24 Linnæan St.
JAMES G. TELFER.....38 Fairfield St.
ALBERT L. WARE.....Arlington Heights
JOHN W. WOOD, JR.....367 Harvard St.

SECRETARY AND LIBRARIAN.

MYRTA E. SMITH.....18 White St

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC.

FREDERICK E. CHAPMAN.....126 Oxford St.

ENGINEER.

George A. Lord.....432 Broadway

JANITORS.

J. Joseph Corcoran.....31 Ash St.
John S. Southwick.....7 Hilliard Place

POST GRADUATE.

Mead, Francis V., 66 Chandler St., West Somerville, Mass.

I. COLLEGE. 1906.

Barrington, Thomas W.....40 Cushing Ave.
Blake, Ivan A.....13 Regent St.
Bohlin, Gustaf S.....35½ Essex St.
Burns, E. Stanley.....34 Shepard St.
Claflin, William A.....328 Harvard St.
Coolidge, Joseph A.....20 Martin St.
Cox, Arthur H.....1 Gordon Place
Cox, Harold C.....Wakefield, Mass.
Crocker, Allan E.....32 Lee St.
Curtis, Ray W.....Lexington, Mass.
Dayton, Herbert F.....59 Pearl St.
Donovan, James J.....34 Bigelow St.
Dudley, Carl C.....63 Highland Ave.
Earl, William W.....16 Healey St.
Fisk, Herbert A.....106 Henry St.
Gibson, Gardner S.....114 Foster St.
Grant, Richard W.....33 Fayette St.
Griffin, Joseph C.....6 Ashburton Place
Haynes, Paul.....22 Leonard Ave.
Henley, Reginald T.....2072 Mass. Ave.
Higgins, Geo. K.....8 Bigelow St.
Hodges, Frank W.....60 Orchard St.
Hursh, Richard S.....186 Upland Road
Kinsman, Osgood S.....13 Walker St.
Kramer, Maurice.....162 Western Ave.
Leavitt, Peirce H.....8 Irving Terrace
Lindburg, Chas. W.....117 Harvard St.
Linehan, Chas. A.....1480 Cambridge St.
Lynes, Twining.....65 Frost St.
Malmstrom, Nels H.....4 Perry St.
Marshall, Ernest R.....89 Third St.
Miles, Francis H., Jr.....7 Blake St.
O'Hara, Thomas.....153 Mt. Auburn St.
Park, Kennedy, Jr.....7 Blake St.
Phelan, Maurice E.....20 Saville St.
Sanchez, Carlos.....1172 Mass. Ave.

Sharkey, Arthur E.....111 Trowbridge St.
Shinn, Philip A.....Medford, Mass.
Stevenson, Ernest.....80 Ellery St.
Sweeney, Albert M.....151 Raymond St.
Tabb, Jeremiah.....6 Village St.
Webb, Curtis C.....11 Scott St.
Welsch, Herbert O.....417 Putnam Ave.
Number in College Division, 43.

GENERAL, 1906.

Bourne, Geo. A.....64 Dana St.
Casey, Thomas F.....6 Camden Place
Catterall, James R.....14 Cogswell Ave.
Catterall, Samuel C.....14 Cogswell Ave.
Clucas, John T.....8 Fairmont Ave.
Coghlan, John H.....101 Lincoln St.
Dunham, Harry W.....34 Pearl St.
Fraser, John C.....96 Mt. Auburn St.
Glidden, Waldo O.....1 Allston Court
Gould, Harold A.....58 Magazine St.
Hussey, Chas. W.....20 Brewer St.
Jefferson, John W.....98 Winthrop St.
Kaine, James B.....1168 Mass. Ave.
Kelley, Chas. F.....11 Homer Ave.
McCormick, Richard J.....161 Spring St.
Martin, Frank.....15 Sherman St.
McArdle, Henry.....19 Donnell St.
Murphy, John D.....1072 Cambridge St.
Murdock, Fredrick D.....65 Putnam Ave.
Musdoon, Arthur D.....61 Plympton St.
Peirce, Warren A., Jr.....Arlington, Mass.
Reed, Walter L.....65 Porter Road
Sibley, Lincoln P.....Somerville, Mass.
Wiley, Arthur M.....213 Brattle St.
Number in General Division, 24.
Total number in class, 67.

II. COLLEGE. 1907.

Alexander, Geo. B.....192 Auburn St.
Allen, William E.....90 Fayerweather St.
Allison, Harold B. C.....2279 Mass. Ave.
Beunke, John W.....66 Austin St.
Boyd, Fred S.....186 Washington St.
Boyd, Harry I.....186 Washington St.
Churchill, Fred R.....240 Franklin St.
Chapin, Clarence G.....210 Erie St.
Clavell, Antonio C.....Broadway
Clavell, Jaime S.....Broadway
Cunnington, James M.....33 Washington Ave.
Davis, Ronald F.....Frank St.
Denley, Alfred N.....15 Mt. Vernon St.
Dunn, Walter D.....12 Jay St.
Elliott, James H.....421 Huron Ave.
Fanning, Howard S.....30 Glenwood Ave.
Farrington, Clifford F.....Hammond St.
FitzGerald, J. Harold.....214 Chestnut St.
FitzGerald, Raymond I.....1 Leonard Ave.
Garland, Arthur N.....31 Market St.
Hall, Chas. H.....39 Parker St.
Hamilton, Ralph E.....84 Austin St.
Hayes, F. Albert.....46 Williams St.
Henderson, Warren S.....2439 Mass. Ave.
Hichborn, Herman E.....26 Mt. Vernon St.
Houllahan, Thomas T.....32 Suffolk St.
Houston, Theophilus J.....105 Inman St.
Hugelman, John R.....1164 Cambridge St.
James, Frederick B.....26 Clinton St.
Linn, Axel O.....230 Western Ave.
MacPherson, Maurice.....12 Mellen St.
McAuliffe, Edward F.....11 Hayes St.
Nash, Russell K.....213 Harvard St.
O'Connor, Chas. E.....311 Vine St.
O'Donnell, Peter F.....17 Grant St.
Olsen, Walter J.....13 Tremont St.
Powell, John H.....13 Wilbur St.
Quinn, Leo F.....62 Antrim St.
Quinn, William F.....134 Pine St.
Raymon, Geo. S.....51 Upland Road
Reynolds, Harrison.....25 Essex St.
Ross, Harold.....14 Leonard Ave.
Scranton, Will F.....113 River St.
Sinnott, Edward J.....348 Winsor St.
Shaw, Frederic J.....36 Ash St.
Smith, Henry H.....30 Magazine St.
Strong, Orvis R.....15 Upland Road
Sullivan, Herbert J.....456 Broadway
Thompson, Chester E.....24 Inman St.
Towers, F. Lylburn St. C.....23 Mellen St.
Wasson, Walter F.....5 Arnold Circle
Watkins, Geo. H.....4 DeWolf Place
Welch, Francis L.....29 Mt. Pleasant St.
Wilson, Albert O.....302 Columbia St.
Number in College Division, 55.

II. GENERAL. 1907.

Austin, Francis B.....102 Holworthy St.
Connolly, Stephen J.....1 Harvard Place
Dailey, James W.....144½ Spring St.
Dickerman, Owen H.....8 South St.
Easley, John S.....31 Union St.
Girard, Albert G.....263 Walden St.
Hogan, Edmund L., Jr.....30 Worcester St.
Lane, Roland P.....Winchester, Mass.

Leland, Clarence E.....10 Frovence St.
Mason, Harry.....100 River St.
Muller, Frederick A.....231 Elm St.
Murphy, James J.....21 Reed St.
O'Brien, Chas. J.....127 Huron Ave.
Pratt, Henry C.....5 Carver St.
Purcell, Wm. H.....15 Hews St.
Ramsey, Charles Edw.....9 Oak St.
Reid, Joseph M.....8 Kinnaird St.
Shea, James J.....9 River St.
Walker, John S.....18 Cottage St.
White, Carl Talbot.....42 Magee St.
Williams, Chester P.....Salem, Mass.

Number in General Division, 21.
Number in class, 76.

1908.

Abel, P. Donald.....6 Hurlbut St.
Ahern, Thomas E.....62 Fifth St.
Allen, Charles J.....90 Fayerweather St.
Arey, Reuben.....15 Leonard Ave.
Baker, Samuel J.....24 Second St.
Baker, Carl T.....30 Wendell St.
Barnard, Ralph J.....234 Allston St.
Barry, Richard L.....20 Surrey St.
Berg, John C.....83 Brookline St.
Berry, Clarence J.....7 Norris St.
Blakeborough, F. J.....12 Sidney St.
Bolton, Wm. R., Jr.....353 Brookline St.
Bresnihan, Edward.....1590 Cambridge St.
Buck, Chester S.....279 Mass. Ave.
Carmen, Kenneth V.....175 Chestnut St.
Carr, Joseph.....192 Cypress St., Watertown
Carr, Preston.....40 Irving St.
Chapman, John C.....18 Cushing St.
Christman, George.....217 Harvard St.
Christopher, Arthur G.....109 Museum St.
Clavell, J. M.....467 Broadway
Coburn, Harold H.....35 Granite St.
Cogswell, Russell A.....30 Gore St.
Connelly, John W.....47 Seventh St.
Corey, Harold F.....17 Summer St.
Coughlan, Charles G.....39 Prince St.
Coughlin, Henry T.....20 York St.
Coulson, Herbert.....110 Fayerweather St.
Cox, Charles F.....1 Garden Place
Cunningham, Henry E.....524 Cambridge St.
Cutting, Harold C.....419 Putnam Ave.
Davis, John C.....2 Ashburton Place
Dean, Kenneth G.....Pleasant St., Canton
Dean, Leland E.....8 Rockingham St.
Doherty, Philip A.....88 Foster St.
Douglass, Clifford C.....154 Brookline St.
Dunn, John A.....12 Jay St.
Dunning, Hazard A.....346 Brookline St.
Easton, Charles H.....253 Broadway
Edgerton, Gurdon I.....6 Rindge Terrace
Ekmark, Herbert W.....31 Park St.
Ellis, Gordon W.....340 Franklin St.
Faulkner, Carey J.....360 Western Ave.
Faulkner, William G.....360 Western Ave.
Fellows, Stephen H.....362 Harvard St.
Ferdinand, Harold W.....80 Columbia St.
Flett, Thomas S.....183 Putnam Ave.
Foster, Melville M.....59 Fairmont St.
Frances, Arthur R.....31 Mt. Pleasant St.
Galvin, John F.....4 Watson St.
Galvin, Joseph F.....234 Elm St.
Garrabrant, Harold E.....120 Hancock St.
Garvey, James J.....287 Broadway
Gould, Charles T.....35 Tufts St.
Green, Archmere DeW.....26 Mellen St.
Griffiths, Walter E.....1337 Cambridge St.
Harding, Deane N.....Duxbury St.
Harrington, Charles H.....109 Inman St.
Hazlett, George H.....8 Camden Place
Hegarty, Henry S.....19 Sherman St.
Henry, Charles A.....24 Essex St.
Hunnewell, William..23 Milton St., W. Somerville
Hunt, James F.....191 Mt. Auburn St.
Jackman, Irving W.....166 Chestnut St.
Jacobson, Edwin C.....135 Columbia St.
Johnson, Ernest W.....19 Centre St.
Kee, George T.....28 Hews St.
Kelley, George B.....10 Clinton St.
Kemp, Lysander S.....24 Haskell St.
Kempton, Edmund W.....41 Frank St.
Keshenopky, Charles G.....158 Willow St.
Kimball, Guy H.....49 Austin St.
Lane, John A.....20 Hunting St.
Lainer, Harold.....948 Mass. Ave.
Leonard, Leroy L.....462 Cambridge St.
Linton, James N.....199 Franklin St.
Lockhart, W. Lawson.....837 Mass. Ave.
Long, Walter F.....156 Elm St.
Loud, Lester S.....392 Winsor St.
Lynch, John P.....17 DeWolf St.
Lynes, Cedric T.....65 Frost St.
MacDonald, James A.....509 Green St.
MacKenzie, John K.....30 Eustis St.
MacKenzie, John M.....31 Cambridge Terrace
MacSwaine, Cleveland E.....306 Green St.
McAuliffe, Wm. J.....45 Sargent St.
McCarthy, John J.....2 Harvard Place
McCullough, John L.....86 Bristol St.
McDonald, John C.....38½ Baldwin St.
McGrath, Francis D.....124 Webster Ave.
McSorley, James F.....61 Winter St.
Mona, Thomas T.....69 Dana St.

Moran, Wm. H.....114 Prospect St.
Mosher, Clarence L.....402 Putnam Ave.
Muller, Raymond.....Oakley Road, Belmont
Mullins, Thomas.....38 Baldwin St.
Murphy, Benjamin.....7 Lamont Ave.
Murphy, Francis J.....9 Fayerweather St.
Murray, Richard A.....8 Bay St.
Nagle, Francis S.....8 Howard St.
O'Brien, Henry C.....10 Howland St.
O'Brien, Walter.....10 Howland St.
Parker, Harold R.....101 Norfolk St.
Paul, Walter S.....4 Trowbridge St.
Penniman, Nathan W.....164 Auburn St.
Perry, Carl C.....20 St. Paul St.
Peterson, John T.....121 Magazine St.
Piccoli, John.....19 Hancock St., Medford
Plummer, Charles C.....465 Putnam Ave.
Ramsey, Francis W.....9 Oak St.
Reilly, Arthur W.....10 Elliott St.
Robinson, Hilman.....27 Dana St.
Roff, Roy T.....263 Elm St.
Row, Arthur T.....96 Prescott St.
Rowe, Thomas P.....34 River St.
Samuel, M. B.....1054 Cambridge St.
Sandler, William.....88 Harvard St.
Schoenfeld, Abraham.....124 Berkshire St.
Shea, William J.....27 Grant St
Shepard, Ashley L.....3 Exeter Park
Simpson, Louis H.....17 Perry St
Skilton, Raymond N.....15 Linnæan St
Smith, Clarence F.....196 Hamilton St
Stiles, Louis Y.....50 Trowbridge St.
Stone, Frederick R.....972 Mass. Ave.
Sullivan, John P.....12 Densmore Court
Tar, Edward.....132 Fifth St.
Thompson, Ernest H.....49 Oxford St.
Tracy, Charles A.....132 Sherman St.
Trohon, Herbert W.....12 Suffolk St.
True, Augustus S.....63 Highland Ave.
Tufts, Royal G.....6 Holyoke Place
Vaughan, Charles A.....16 Cottage St.
Wait, Frank H.....168 Spring St.
Warner, Chester C. F.....129 Elm St.
Weber, George J.....9 Leonard Ave.
White, N. Lovell.....24 Follen St.
Williams, Edmund L.....7 Roseland St.
Willis, Charles M.....9 Vincent St.
Wilson, William W.....207 River St.
Wiseman, Robert J.....4 Gore St.
Wright, Harold H.....348 Franklin St.

Total number in class, 141.

1909.

Aitchison, Percy J.....41 Winthrop St.
Ayers, Walter G.....80 Fifth St.
Babson, Dudley.....8 Hurlbut St.
Banks, Matthew T.....139 Pine St.
Bass, Robert H.....8 Florence St.
Bates, Albert P.....395 Washington St.
Baumeister, Frederick A.....57 Crescent St.
Beane, Norman P.....8 Prescott St.
Beetle, Leslie V.....Lexington St., Waverley
Bell, Oliver P.....13 Grant St.
Belluche, Elmer W.....169 Western Ave.
Berry, Karl.....7 Norris St.
Blackman, Floyd H.....27 Agassiz St.
Blaikie, William F.....Billerica Center
Bool, Samuel H.....2 Lamson Place
Breen, John J.....113 Rindge Ave.
Brown, Aloyd D.....338 Columbia St.
Bryant, S. Mayberry.....930 Mass. Ave.
Bullock, James F.....220 Elm St.
Carlson, Frost.....357 Howard St.
Carrington, Clement B.....330 Columbia St.
Clabburn, George H.....98 Dunster St.
Clark, Thomas A.....649 Green St.
Coleman, William L.....14 Second St.
Collet, Victor E.....11 Revere St.
Connell, Albert E.....1033 Mass. Ave.
Cook, Herbert.....325 Columbia St.
Coolidge, Howard A.....75 River St.
Corley, Bernard E.....52 Sixth St.
Cosgrove, John F.....11 Tuttle St.
Crane, William A.....30 Park St.
Culhane, Thomas P.....28 Mellen St.
Cullity, William J.....541 Cambridge St.
Davison, John H.....15 Murdock St.
Dee, John E.....94 Hammond St.
DeLaurier, Arthur A.....44 Lopez St.
Dennett, George F.....18 Springfield St.
Dillingham, Philip H.....94 Richdale Ave.
Dinsmore, Robert McA.....34 Rockingham St.
Dolan, LeBaron A.....127½ Spring St.
Doyle, Harry L.....104 Fayerweather St.
Duffy, Frank J.....1 Union St.
Dupree, Levi A.....60 Crescent Ave.
Dwyer, John F.....487 Cambridge St.
Egan, Teddy C.....49 Putnam Ave.
Elliot, George R.....421 Huron Ave.
Elliot, James E.....41 Jackson St.
Embree, Edward E.....35 Walker St.
Fabian, Frederick E.....50 Walden St.
Fairbank, John W.....98 Putnam Ave.
Farwell, Henry H.....2236 Mass. Ave.
Follansbee, George W.....68 Wendell St.
Ford, James E.....8 Carlisle St.
Foster, Leon W.....14½ Cottage St.
Fowle, Donald A.....628 Main St., Woburn
Gallant, Eugene F.....74 Tremont St.

Gaughan, John J.....17 Spark St. Place
Gaw, Albert J.....40 Fairmont St.
Glidden, Henry O.....14A Sacramento St.
Glover, Percy D.....6 Eaton St.
Grace, James J.....177 Putnam Ave.
Grant, Ernest E.....,33 Fayette St.
Green, Herbert.....7 Lamson Place
Green, John F.....30 Market St.
Guiney, John J.....7 Clay St.
Guthrie, Ralph W.....399 Broadway
Hager, Albert M.....250 Elm St.
Hagopian, Saterack.....20 Marcella St.
Harrison, Albert H.....1 Cottage Court
Haverty, Frederick V.....91½ Inman St.
Hayes, John J.....95 Howard St.
Hayes, Joseph S.....27 Hardwick St.
Hayman, Charles E.....18 Laurel St.
Hezlett, Edward H.....50 Cottage St.
Higgins, Joseph.....92 Pearl St.
Hirshon, Abraham A.....1304 Cambridge St.
Hogan, Clarence R.....30 Worcester St.
Hyland, Edward J.....54 Banks St.
Igo, Peter W.....22 Tannery St.
Ireland, Allen G.....77 Austin St.
James, Harold K.....26 Clinton St.
Jardine, George S.....14 Dudley St.
Jeffery, Gordon B.....31 Tremont St.
Johnsen, Arthur W.....60 Allston St.
Johnson, Ernest.....37 Blackstone St.
Johnson, James C.....57 Bristol St.
Kearin, Harold J.....236 Vine St.
Keays, Percival H.....6 Ash St.
Kelleher, James H.....25 Sixth St.
Kelley, William C.....12 Madison St.
Kelley, Daniel J.....179 Huron Ave.
Kirby, Eugene F.....602 Franklin St.
Laffery, William T.....26 Holmes St.
Laing, Harold A.....159 Magazine St.
Lane, Cornelius J.....20 Warren St.
Leary, Harold E.....11 Fairmont St.
Leighton, Joseph C.....607 Main St.
Leland, Edmund H.....15 Florence St.
Lennan, Paul.....1306 Cambridge St.
Levy, Maurice M.....319 Webster Ave.
Lindberg, A. A.....10 Magee St.
Lindsay, George W.....72 School St.
Loir, Valentine.....98 Otis St.
Long, Albert E.....156 Elm St.
Loring, Frank W.....124 Antrim St.
Lovell, Ward C.....2 Arlington St.
Lynch, Frederick J.....64 Armory St.
MacWilliams, R. Everett.....2 Westcott St.
Mahoney, James T.....384 Walden St.
Malcolm, David J.....76 Crescent Ave.
Mannix, Fred C.....196 Appleton St.
Martin, Ralph J.....13 Palermo St.
McCarthy, Arthur F.....30 Mead St.
McCarty, John F.....133 Cushing St.
McDonald, George R.....38½ Baldwin St.
McKeever, Joseph E.....8 Camelia Ave.
McLaughlin, Robert J.....428 Broadway
Merrill, Gyles.....45 Bellevue Ave.
Metirres, Wilfred J.....268 Walden St.
Millican, Leonard L.....295 Green St.
Milliken, Edward.....634 Green St.
Moller, Edwin.....330 Western Ave.
Morrell, Elmo S.....45 Regent St.
Morse, William A.....29 Surrey St.
Mullins, James J., Jr.....38½ Baldwin St.
Nice, Everett W.....279 Pearl St.
Noland, Ray G.....972 Mass. Ave.
Nye, Edward F., Jr.....204 Columbia St.
O'Brien, Cornelius L.....37 Antrim St.
O'Brien, James E.....249 Huron Ave.
O'Connel, Arthur F.....100 Spring St.
O'Mara, Peter A.....1107 Cambridge St.
O'Neil, Harry J.....4 Union St.
Packard, Roland E.....5 Perry St.
Pasho, Leon R.....84 Wendell St.
Patterson, Albert D.....113 Antrim St.
Peckham, Arthur E.....74 Rice St.
Percival, Ralph C.....140 Magazine St.
Pickering, Langdon D.....15 Linnæan St.
Pidgeon, Edwin F.....237 Columbia St.
Plummer, Gordon L.....465 Putnam Ave.
Porter, William H.....48 Jay St.
Powers, Walter F.....19 Cushing Court
Price, Robert F.....18 William St.
Proctor, Percy M.....138 Elm St.
Ralph, Thomas J.....92 Pleasant St.
Reardon, William H.....195 Erie St.
Reid, Thomas A.....8 Kinnaird St.
Ricker, Leroy S.....58 Sacramento St.
Roach, James F.....43 Mt. Auburn St.
Robinson, Edgar F.....92 Inman St.
Robinson, Edward McK.....884 Mass. Ave.
Rose, Herbert L.....244 Prospect St.
Rowe, Frederick R.....253 Upland Road
Ryan, Joseph L.....13 Ninth St.
Ryan, William A.....13 Ninth St.
Samoorian, Elica.....140 Cambridge St.
Sandler, Maurice.....742 Cambridge St.
Savage, Sidney F.....54 Jay St.
Scanlan, Joseph W.....271 Winsor St.
Schuyler, Raymond G.....30 Myrtle Ave.
Shaw, Edward L., Jr.....30 Agassiz St.
Shea, Cornelius J.....622 Green St.
Shea, John E.....43 Banks St.
Shea, Matthew F.....16 Athens St.
Sibley, Roy R.....33 Rockingham St.
Smillie, Fred A.....250 Broadway
Smith, Arthur V.....8 Centre St.

Smith, J. Russell.....40 Pemberton St.
Snelson, Floyd G.....50 Portland St.
Sprague, Herbert W.....347 Winsor St.
Stacy, Edward.....6 Jackson St.
Stone, Robert M.....12 King St.
Story, Edwin F.....25 Regent St.
Stromval, Ernest M.....1 Coolidge Place
Stryker, Henry B.....28 Tremont St.
Sullivan, Joseph M.....36 Ellery St.
Swain, Raymond A.....1 Porter Circle
Tewksbury, William S.....67 Winthrop St.
Thompson, George J.....11 Leonard Ave.
Thurston, Raymond P.....16 Trowbridge St.
Tippett, Oscar W.....120 Auburn St.
Towle, Herbert C.....257 Pearl St.
Tupper, Frank.....149 Auburn St.
Union, Frederick C.....14 Fairmont Ave.
Wall, Charles A.....37 Jefferson St.
Walsh, Thomas J.....724 Cambridge St.
Ward, John F.....190 Sherman St.
Ware, William S.....7 Burns Court
Waugh, Elmer C.....170 Magazine St.
Webster, James R.....4 St. Paul St.
Wenmark, Henning R.....5 Line St.
Wessman, Gustaf A. E.....96 Berkshire St.
White, James R.....42 Magee St.
Whitmore, Herbert F.....23 Glenwood Ave.
Willard, Winn.....43 Martin St.
Wiseman, Edmund L.....4 Gore St.
Wood, Francis A.....770 Mass. Ave.

Number in class, 198.
Total number in school, 483.

C. L. S. ALUMNI NOTES.

H. C. Durrell, '01, Editor.

Marriages.

'94. Frederick James Goodridge, M.D., to Susan Blake McPherson, October 26, 1905.

'95. Walter Francis Wyeth to Josephine Hall Shailer, October 26, 1905.

'98. Ethel Dora Appleton to George Lincoln Dow, ex. '98, October 11, 1905.

'99. Edith Frothingham Mandell to William Lee Beardsell, '96, May 18, 1905.

'99. Ralph Boyd Woodbury to Alice May Woodman, ex. '03, October 11, 1905.

'01. Harriet Lounsbery Boynton to Sheldon Leavitt Howard, October 25, 1905.

BOOK REVIEW.

"When Copper Was King," by James North Wright, decorative cloth, 352 pp. $1.50. Small, Maynard Co.

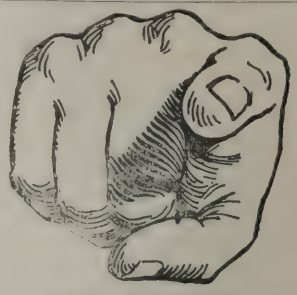
A well-told tale of the Lake Superior mines. The author was formerly superintendent of the greatest mine there. His able pen makes an intensely interesting narrative.

"Gumption," by Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr., decorative cloth, illustrated, 322 pp. $1.50. Small, Maynard Co.

Mr. Fowler portrays the career of a Cape Cod boy who, by Yankee push and "gumption," became identified with newspaper life of the West. Artistically illustrated by Charles Copeland.

"Foot-ball Grandma," by Caroline S. Channing Cabot, decorative cloth, illustrated, 79 pp. $1.00. Small, Maynard Co.

An Auto-baby-ography as told by Tony, quaintly illustrated by himself with an introduction by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, LL.D. A baby's story of his own early life, up to the time when he first wore trousers.



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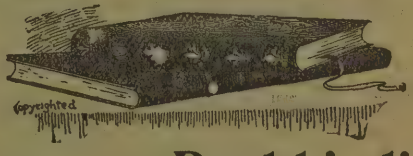

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THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

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DECEMBER

VOL XX NO III

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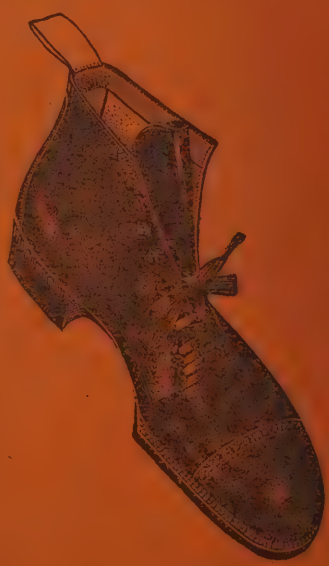

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CONTENTS.

Editorials	3—5
A Sailor's Wife's Song by the Sea	5
Antony's Understudy	6—8
The School Room	8
New Year's Day in Japan	9—10
Technical Notes	11
The Kindness of Santa Claus	12—14
A Mid-Night Adventure	14—15
Book Review	15
Resolution, C. E. H. S., 1906	15
Announcements	16
Witty Words	17
Exchanges	18
A Visit to Nubble Light	19
C. L. S. Notes	20—21
R. M. T. S. Notes	22—23
C. H. S. Notes	24—25
Osidra and the Xtabia	26—27
Latin School Athletics	28—31
Training School Athletics	31—35
Under the Goal Posts	35

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THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

Vol. XX **No. 3**

Representing the Latin, High and Rindge Manual Training Schools

Cambridge, Massachusetts, December, 1905

EDITORIALS.

The REVIEW wishes all its readers a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Two hundred and seventy-five years ago, a little body of Pilgrims journeyed across the river from Boston and selected a site between Charlestown and Watertown as "a fit place to build a fortified town." Governor Winthrop approved the site. The following spring, Deputy-Governor Dudley and some half-dozen others erected houses and moved their families to the new location. Such was the first Cambridge, or as it was then called, Newtowne. To-day as we look upon this great city, with its many important industries, its beautiful public buildings, its excellent schools, and the far-famed University which is in its midst, it is hard to realize the hardships and disappointments which that little band of settlers endured. In a year or two their number had increased to about one hundred families, and the territory of the town stretched from the Charles River to the Merrimac, including within its borders the present towns of Billerica, Bedford, Lexington, Arlington, Cambridge, Brighton, and Newton. In 1643, mention was first made of a school, situated by the side of Harvard College, which prepared ambitious young colonists for admission to that place of learning.

Thus was our city begun, and thus were laid the foundations of our present school system. From a little company of one hundred families, Cambridge has grown to a city of almost one hundred thousand inhabitants; from one small school, preparing half a dozen of the more advanced pupils for admission to Harvard College, have come our splendid schools, preparing scholars not only for college, but for whatever sphere of life they may care to enter.

It is fitting, then, that the citizens of Cambridge should observe this two hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary by appropriate exercises, and it is fitting also that a certain time should be set apart in all the schools for the proper observance of the occasion. We are too apt, in these days of hurry and bustle, to take things for granted; let us, then, on December twenty-first, stop in our onward rush, and think for a moment of the dangers and difficulties which our ancestors endured in order that they might enjoy peaceful homes, free from religious persecution, and let us rejoice and give thanks that their efforts were crowned with success.

The REVIEW extends hearty congratulations to Captain Crowley and Captain Park. With only ordinary material to work with, they have both turned out winning elevens. Latin

School has again won the championship of the Preparatory League, Training School is tied with Somerville for first place in the Interscholastic League. Both teams have had their share of hard luck and discouragements; both have refused to give in to disappointments, and have worked on to ultimate victory.

But it is not only the fact that they have won victories that is commendable, it is the manner in which they have won them. Clean, hard playing has been the rule throughout the season. In the game between the two schools, although the keenest kind of rivalry existed, there was no display of the unfair work which is so apt to characterize a game between two schools so closely connected in some ways, and so far apart in others. The game at Newton on Thanksgiving Day was one of the cleanest school games ever played. From the time the first whistle blew until the forty minutes of actual playing-time were up there was not a man injured nor a penalty imposed. This is a remarkable record and one of which both schools may well be proud.

Much of the credit for Latin School's winning team belongs to Fletcher W. Taft, '03. For the past two years he has given much of his time and attention to the team and he deserves the grateful appreciation of the whole school. Mr. Benshimol, a former Boston Latin School player, has also helped the team greatly; he, together with Mr. Healey and "Doctor" Harris should receive the thanks of all concerned. Contrary to general opinion, the team was not a heavy one, depending upon the speed and fight instilled into it by the coaches for winning its games.

Training School, also, was outweighed by many of her opponents. Messrs. Dunham, Yeager, and Harris, deserve great credit for the fast team which they developed. They have worked unceasingly all the fall to turn out a winning eleven; they ought, certainly, to feel well repaid for their efforts.

Immediately after the game on Thanksgiving Day, Francis S. Harris, '08, was elected Captain of the Latin School foot-ball team. This is the third year Mr. Harris has played on the team, and he is one of the strongest tackles in the League. The REVIEW extends its congratulations to Captain Harris, wishing him all success in his new office.

Up to the time the REVIEW went to press, no captain had been elected by the Training School team.

Although it is rather early for New Year's resolutions, we trust that the New Year will witness a change, and a decided change, for the better in the class notes.

We are speaking especially of the Latin School. What trials and tribulations the associate editors at the High and Training Schools may have, we do not know; their notes are always handed to the editor in good shape; at the Latin School, with one or two exceptions, the case is different. Some of the editors leave nothing to be desired; others leave a great deal.

First, as to the time the notes are to be handed in. Every month, at the head of the announcement column, which is always the second column on page sixteen of very issue of the REVIEW, appears a notice of the date on which the next REVIEW is to appear, and of the date on which copy must be in. Yet, every month, some one, or more, of the class editors is greatly surprised when informed that his notes are late. It may seem that a day or two makes no difference, but the editors are always given all the time possible, and each day is valuable.

Then, as to the way the notes are handed in. We suppose that anyone in these three schools, if asked how articles for the REVIEW should be written, would reply that they should be written in ink on one side only of theme paper. Surely the class editors ought to know this. So far this year we have received from different editors the following interesting assortment:—a sheet of blue letter-paper, with writing on both sides; a page torn from a note-book, written in pencil; four pages of

block paper, with writing in lead pencil on both sides; theme paper, covered on both sides; and one editor actually handed in all his notes written in pencil on small scraps of paper. It would be almost as much as the editor's life were worth to give those notes to the printer in the condition in which they are received.

Lastly, as to the quality of the notes themselves. Last month we handed to Mr. Bradbury, for his approval, about five pages of Latin School notes. He in turn, showed them to Mr. Benshimol, who went over them carefully and, after marking those that he considered undesirable, returned them. Mr. Bradbury then went over them, blue-penciling a large number, so that he and Mr. Benshimol together had cut out just about half of the notes, and all for good and valid reasons. Some were too personal; others brought in the names of teachers in an undesirable manner; still others were "utterly foolish;" and so it went.

The majority of scholars turn to the class notes the moment they receive their Reviews. To them it is the most interesting part of the paper. We believe it is perfectly possible to make this department what it should be. It is up to the class editors. Unpleasant personalities, allusions to teachers, and foolish nonsense must be cut out. Any bits of interesting class news, any really bright sayings or clever doings are most desirable—the more, the better. But the notes should be written with some care and thought; not, as is sometimes the case, made up on the spur of the moment when the editor comes round for his copy.

Please, then, turn over a new leaf before the first of January. Write your notes in ink, on one side only of theme paper, make them bright and interesting, hurt nobody's feelings, and we will guarantee to print all we can get.

A SAILOR'S WIFE'S SONG BY THE SEA.

LEILA NOLAND, C. L. S.

Dash o'er the rocks of thy shore, O Sea,
While the wind whistles shrill through the dark, leafless tree!

Throw far the spray o'er thy rocks, O Sea —
You cannot give back what you've stolen from me.

Hurl thy white spray to the sky, O Sea,
And the thunder and night are fit playmates for thee!

Leap in thy wrath from thy bed, O Sea —
O the light of my life was my sailor boy, Lee.

Rush o'er the rocks of thy shore, O Sea,
While the wind screams above like a demon in glee!

Rock on thy mountainous billows, O Sea,
O rock well the sailor lad stolen from me.

Tear through the breaks in thy rocks, O Sea,
While the wind and the waves and the storm-clouds sport free!

Deaden the cries of the dying, O Sea —
But the moans of my laddie the wind brought to me.

Dash till you drown out the thunder, O Sea,
And the wind will you mock in the dark, leafless tree!

Throw high the clouds of thy spray, O Sea —
You can never give back what you've stolen from me.

"Antony's" Understudy.

M. F. GRAGG.

McManners hurried down town on his way to rehearsal, every nerve within him strung to the highest pitch of a wild, passionate joy. "Tomorrow night," he murmured to himself and almost said it aloud in his suppressed excitement.

As he walked past the shops, he looked about him at the people, searching the face of many a passer-by for a responsive gleam. Gay groups pushed past him in the crowd and scraps of careless chatter reached his ears. A thin powdering of snow was covering the icy sidewalks and making footing uncertain. People watched their feet as they slipped by and did not pause, to single out a genius in the medley. How could they know, that the tall man in the black ulster, with his slouch hat set back a bit from his forehead was anyone more than anyone else? How should they?

McManners was a stranger in the city and knew no one even to shake hands with. Even if he knew no one, by tomorrow, thousands would know him! How he would deliver those orations! He had planned every infinitesimal detail. He knew exactly how his voice would fill the theatre at the words, "But yesterday—" Yes, there was the place for the pause to gain the full effect. He muttered it for the hundredth time under his breath.

"But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; — now he lies there,
And none so poor to do him reverence."

Tomorrow, there was his chance. He felt himself trembling as he thought of that oration scene. For fear? Heavens, no. He was never so much at ease as when the kindly foot-lights sheltered him or made a golden crown flung at his feet by those applauding hands. McManners had had no "pull" and until now his parts had been uncongenial. "Necessity and not his will" compelled him to accept with humble thanks what was doled out to him.

"But tomorrow, tomorrow!" He laughed at himself for harping back to that one theme but it meant the world. His whole future lay in that one tomorrow. Tomorrow, the sunny circle of the lights would shine for him—for him! He would compel that black mass before him to feel his power, be silent for a moment watching his every breath and then break into thunderous applause! He knew that he had the influence to make them recognize him. Never before, had a character taken such hold upon him, become so a part of his real self. It seemed impossible at times, not to believe that "Antony" had come to life in modern times and filled the form of the unknown actor with his soul!

He lifted his head a bit higher unconsciously and walked faster. The next he knew he was sprawled at full length upon the sidewalk, a dark blotch in the snow behind him, where he had brushed it aside as he fell. He felt a stinging pain in his ankle and grasped blindly at the hand held out to him. He tried to rise and at the same time, the lights about him persisted in twisting themselves into a medley of unnatural and distorted shapes.

"Hard luck," said a voice which seemed a long way off.

"Oh, no," replied McManners in an absurd attempt to be indifferent to the fact that his hat had disappeared and with it all possible dignity.

"Guess you gave yourself a hard twist," continued the voice.

A small mob had gathered round and a grimy messenger boy held out McManners'

hat to him with a grin. The man who held the actor's arm, almost lifted him to his feet but he could not stand alone. He managed to call a cab, and was lifted into it, politely refusing the offer of company to the hospital. He would do very well alone. In fact he preferred it. The door slammed to and the crowd was soon left behind.

During the ride, a duller, heavier pang possessed his mind and in its intensity made him forgetful of the physical pain he suffered. When thoughts shaped themselves in his confused consciousness, they followed in lightning succession. Tomorrow night, his part, the play, his chance in the third act, all so glorious a moment before—gone. Gone when he realized most what they meant. He tried to forget everything by looking out of the windows as the carriage rattled on. Every blur of light, brought to his mind the lights about the theatre and as they flashed past, were like the electric orbs in wall and balcony which one by one fled into darkness at the curtain's rise. In every stir of the great city, he fancied he could hear words or phrases from the play, that third act constantly.

Self-pity gripped him in her mighty hand and helped the torture on. What had he done to deserve all this? What had he left undone? He had worked so long, so hard. He had put his whole soul into the rôle of "Antony" and now—. It would have been unfortunate enough if this accident had happened in mid-season or after a week's run, but to come before he had been given a chance to succeed. He could bear the pain if they would only let him speak his lines. Perhaps they would. What, an "Antony" brought in upon a stretcher? The audience would laugh!

After his badly sprained ankle had been looked over and bandaged, he drove to his lodging-house. On the way he had sent a telephone message to the theatre and another to Hastings, his understudy. He thought some while before he could make up his mind about Hastings. The fellow had the making of a good actor but lacked experience. Of course it was great luck for him to have this chance for him to replace McManners. McManners himself realized that, as with a curious smile he impatiently tapped the leaves of a prompt-book. He had about decided what he would do, when he heard voices outside his door. First, his landlady's, high-pitched and scornful.

"Yes, he is here. See, there."

McManners saw in his "mind's eye" her forefinger pointing disdainfully at his door. He smiled bitterly.

"Serves him right for getting so cockey and so I had a mind to tell him but Lord save you, he's that proud. Knock. Perhaps he'll answer and perhaps not. Just as things suit him. Friend of his, are you?"

The honorable lady's tones subsided. There was a knock at the door. McManners turned over wearily on his couch and said, "Come along."

Hastings entered, flushed and exhuberant, bringing the fresh air with him. He was exultant. Too much so to be considerate thought McManners somewhat moodily. In a few seconds, however, his overpowering self-satisfaction disappeared. He looked at McManners with a certain degree of commiseration and held out his hand.

"Hard luck," he said quietly.

McManners nodded silently. Then his attitude changed. His eyes lighted up and he began to question Hastings rapidly and excitedly as to his interpretation of the rôle of "Antony." He went patiently over the whole part, reading it himself. Reading with an interest and abandon he had not thought himself capable of. His wonderful voice held Hastings spellbound to the end.

"Gad, but it's a shame you can't go on for this! It's glorious! You'd make the greatest hit!" broke out Hastings in honest admiration.

McManners smiled. His eyes were unnaturally bright and his cheeks flushed feverishly. If the audience of the theatre had been denied, he had gained applause from

one at least. He had spoken as "Antony" should speak. This fellow, a boy almost, applauded him sincerely. It was enough.

"Come, you can make the hit for me," he said, raising himself on his elbow, "I'll show you exactly how I meant to do it. Here. You enter. Enter by that table, it will do. I am Cæsar, dead. Brutus says, 'Welcome, Mark Antony.' Come, let all the agony you can conceive thrill in your voice at this:

" 'O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well—' "

It was hours before that strange rehearsal was ended. McManners sank back upon his pillow completely worn out.

"Don't think any more about it until you enter tomorrow night," he advised, as Hastings was going out of the door.

"Too bad you won't be there to see me," said Hastings.

McManners almost laughed aloud at the fellow's enormous egotism, but in a few hours he expected to be proud of him.

The opening night of "Julius Cæsar," a man was carried into a box by two ushers just before the curtain's rise. People in the audience watched curiously but soon the kindly darkness covered him as he leaned forward waiting for "Antony." The second scene was like seeing himself enter.

Hastings' "Cæsar, my lord?" in answer to the haughty command, was like his own. From that first speech until the last, "This was the noblest Roman of them all," Hastings had his whole audience with him. His "Antony" stood out above the rest. The orations were triumphs, greeted with applause from balcony to pit! At the final curtain call a man leaned from a box and dropped a laurel wreath directly at the feet of "Antony."

Behind the scenes, a great manager was congratulating Hastings. More than this, he made him offers of important rôles.

"Your delivery was superb," he was saying. "The soul you put into it carried the people with you."

"It was a borrowed soul, then," answered Hastings. A sudden thought came to him as he saw McManners being assisted to a chair. He crossed over to where he stood and with a gay little laugh placed the wreath upon McManners' head as he faced the company.

"Gentlemen, here is the soul of 'Antony,'" he cried.

THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

B. M., C. L. S., 1909.

When I step into the school-room, Monday morning, I wonder why the room appears so strange; then I notice the absence on the floor of pieces of chalk, scraps of paper, and mud from uncleaned shoes. As I glance at the clock, I know that in a few minutes the rows of desks will be filled and then the dropping of books and pencils, and whispering will begin. On the platform beside the desk, where the teacher reigns supreme, is an invitingly empty waste-basket, and the telephone in its loneliness has rather a mournful look. On the black-boards are "tail-ends" of German sentences, Latin lessons, and foot-ball notices. Off in one corner is a caricature of one of the pupils. There are windows on two sides of the room; under one of these is the table, covered with chalk-dust, on which someone has traced the initials, C. L. S. and the class numerals, '09. The recitation chairs are in a straight line on this Monday morning, quite unlike the straggling lines which the last class left at one-thirty o'clock Friday. The pipes on the wall under the window are beginning to buzz and the mercury in the thermometer to go up. The teacher enters and in a few minutes school will begin.

New Year's Day in Japan.

ALFRED H. SWEET, C. L. S., '08.

Now that the year is growing late, and all are beginning to think of Christmas, my thoughts turn naturally to that far away land where I spent some years, and to the great New Year's festival.

Long before Commodore Perry with his fleet knocked on the closed door and forced it open, before Marco Polo wrote his wonderful account of travels in the Orient, the people of Japan observed as a national holiday the first day of the New Year.

Of course, as in the present Chinese calendar, New Year's Day was variable, and frequently fell in February and March.

When Occidental ideas became prevalent, New Year's Day in Japan had to fall on the same date as in European countries. Even now, however, the old day is kept in towns some distance from the metropolis, and by very conservative people in Tokyo itself.

Let us imagine ourselves in Tokyo on New Year's Day. There is no snow on the ground, and the winter sun makes the air quite mild. The grass, where any can be seen, still retains its color, and the trees are still green.

It is a national holiday, and the streets are a sea of color. Tokyo covers an area of one hundred square miles, and has a population of at least one and a half millions, all on pleasure bent, this greatest of all days. No wonder, then, that the New Year's spirit is as catching as the Christmas in the Occident.

Through the streets hurry crowds of gaily dressed people. Young and old, rich and poor, have put on their best apparel and the *kimonos* of some of the girls are simply gorgeous. All the colors imaginable are represented in the garments of the younger ones, but the men and women content themselves with blues, greys, and browns. It must be confessed, however, that these walking rainbows look best, at least to Occidental eyes, from behind; for too much rice powder on the cheeks, and rouge on the lips, make no one any better looking.

Look, here is a group of young men and girls playing battledore and shuttlecock. See how the feathered toy flies through the air! A childish amusement, you say? Perhaps so, for those who are, perhaps, fathers and mothers. I have seen grey haired men enjoy themselves in this way. Why should not people have a little innocent amusement once a year?

What is that strange humming sound over head? Nothing but the kites, which, glowing with brilliant hues, mount the azure sky until they seem but mere dots on the sunlit dome of heaven. We will see only boys with kites here, but down South—near Nagasaki, for instance—old men also have their kites.

But the people alone must not claim our attention. The decorations are worth noticing. Since I presume that the majority of the readers of the REVIEW have not been in Japan, a word or two on Japanese streets in ordinary may not be out of place.

Imagine a long street, rather narrow, and having no sidewalks. Japan is democratic as regards travel, and man and beast go in the same road, while *kuruma* make their way as best they can through the streets, and people get as best they can from under the wheels.

The houses are low, usually one story only, of plain, unpainted wood, which may be grey with age; and roofs covered with grey tiles. Every Japanese street looks very much like every other, except for the advertisements of American tobacco. Sombre indeed are the prevailing colors on a Japanese street, eleven months and more in the year, but at New Year's time all this is changed.

Flags are flying from nearly every house, and nothing makes a prettier decoration than the red and white of the flag of the Rising Sun. In some streets posts have been erected

at fixed distances, and from cords run from these are suspended colored lanterns—red and white again—which give beauty to the scene by day as well as by night.

In other streets similarly placed posts serve only to support a straw rope, having a fringe, a piece of Shinto symbolism, the precise meaning of which I have yet to find out, except that in some way it dedicates the buildings to the gods.

At some houses the people have put up their own rope, and in many cases formed very pretty decorations. Braided straw rope, thick at the middle and thin at the ends, supporting a heavy straw fringe, doesn't look so bad over the door, especially when surmounted by an elaborate construction of ferns, seaweed, and oranges, with, perhaps, a lobster in the centre.

On both sides of the doors of many houses are set graceful bamboos, with their tall feathery plumes; or the stiffer, more conventional evergreens, arranged by an expert. Another arrangement is to take three large bamboos, perhaps eight inches in diameter, one being a foot or so taller than the other two, cut a piece off with a slanting stroke so as not to shorten them, and set them one behind the other two, in front of the door.

But New Year's Day is not taken up by out door pleasure alone. It is *the* day on which to make social calls on all your friends and acquaintances.

So many calls have to be made that it is quite unnecessary to see the people on whom you are calling. Just leave your card, that is enough. Of course, if you *do* see your host you offer the customary congratulations of the season. Besides, if all your time is to be taken up in paying your own social calls, what about those who call on you?

If we were to go into the aristocratic part of the city, situated in the neighborhood of the Imperial palace, in Kojimachiku, we should see a great many officials in magnificent uniforms, riding in carriages or the humbler *kuruma* across the moat which separates the Son of Heaven's residence from those of his subjects. The number of officials employed by the Imperial government is pretty large, and not a few of them have to "pay their respects" to their quasi divine master, his august majesty, on the first day of each year. It was the writer's privilege to be "biking" in the outside palace grounds (separated from the palace proper by one moat and from the outside world by another) on the second of January, 1905, while the New Year's Festival was still going on, when the news of the fall of Port Arthur was announced, and the be-medalled, gold-laced flunkeys were hurrying into the palace. "We ascribe this victory solely to the illustrious virtue of Your Majesty."

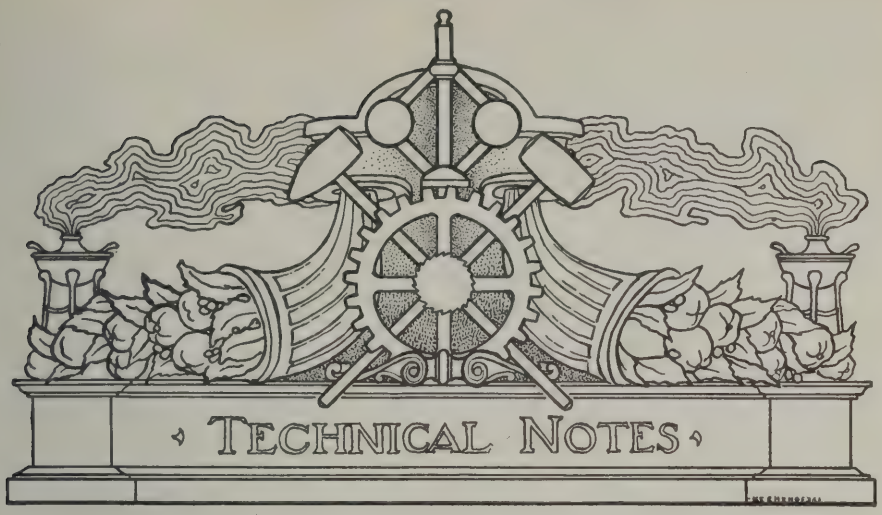
On New Year's Day, too, is eaten the red rice, made red by being cooked with a small red bean. It tastes exactly the same as the ordinary white rice, that is, it has hardly any flavor at all, for the Japanese cook rice without any salt.

At New Year's time, also, the great flat cakes of *mochi*, made from pounded rice, are in evidence.

Lights are burning before every family "god-shelf" or the ancestral tablets, and the *mochi*, oranges and red rice are offered to the powers that be, as the blue smoke from the censers perfumes the air.

Only His Majesty and members of the Imperial family, have birthdays of their own in Japan; ordinary mortals keep New Year's Day as the time when they grow a year older. This has certain conveniences, but it makes the average Japanese a year older than he really is.

The festival lasts for three days, during which the people do no manner of work, except *kurumaya* and "tea-house" keepers. All have given themselves up to enjoyment; the parks are full, the streets obstructed by groups of people playing battledore and shuttlecock; all the boats are in use for pleasure parties; the air is full of kites, while the powers above have not been forgotten but are offered red rice and cakes of *mochi* and the perfumes of the incense.



Great pressure is needed in stamping coins. It requires a pressure of 155 tons to stamp a United States gold double eagle. To stamp a nickel five cent piece requires 60 tons pressure, and a copper cent requires 40 tons.

Over 10,000 human beings were killed in 1904 on the railroads of the United States, and over 84,000 were injured. Thus it seems that the science of safe railroad systems is not perfection in this country as yet.

China has only 5,000 miles of railway, as compared with more than 200,000 miles in the United States. At the same time it has a population of 400,000,000, six times as large as our population. This seems to indicate that there is plenty of chance for railroad engineers and contractors in the Celestial Kingdom.

Car wheels made of rye straw paper are of great durability, easily running 300,000 miles without a change of steel tires.

The latest in pumps is the compressed air pump. The air is compressed by a small compressor, and is then run into the well casing from this machine. The pressure forces the water, or really lifts it, out of the well. This is a simple but very effective method of pumping, as there is no machinery or valves to be clogged with grit; it also provides a very steady flow. This form of pump is being used extensively in the oil fields.

The largest ferryboat in the world is the "Solano" which plies between Benica and Port Costa, California. It carries a train of cars across a strait a mile in width, in 13 minutes. It averages thirty trips a day.

By 1911, French engineers hope to have completed an electric railway up Mt. Blanc. This railway will reach the top, and will be then at a distance of two and one-half miles above sea-level. This is a great undertaking, and presents some very difficult engineering feats to be conquered.

Individual motors for printing presses and other machinery of all kinds are now in universal use. A shop without one is behind the times.

The use of glass in building construction will in all probability soon come into extensive use. The Des Moines Saving Bank Building in Des Moines, Iowa, is proving a great success. It is constructed almost entirely of glass, with steel framework. This type of building affords an excellent chance for perfect ventillating, and heating, and is a model for cleanliness.

The Kindness of Santa Claus.

HELEN CAMPBELL.

It was Christmas Day. In a small, bare room, high up in a gloomy tenement house of the great city, four children were huddled together around a rickety old stove, trying to make the most of the rapidly dying fire. The eldest, a girl of about twelve years of age, was relating something which was evidently very interesting to the younger children, for they were listening to her words with eager rapture.

"Es long es I live," she was saying, fervently, "I shan't never forgit last Christmas. It was the happiest day! The sun was shinin', and the snow was shinin', and it seemed es if everybody's face was shinin', they was all so glad, and the winders on all the fine houses, as mommer and me walked along the Avenue, was shinin', too. Gee whiz! didn't I feel big ter think thet mommer was goin' ter help git Christmas dinner fer one of them fine houses. Oh, kids, you ain't got no idea how grand they is. Some day, I'll take you up there ter see 'em, though.

"They said I could set in the back entry, and wait fer mommer, while she helped in the kitchen, but I could hear the grandest music, coming from upstairs and I jest couldn't keep away from it, so I sneaked up, unbeknownst ter everybody, and through the house till I got ter the front stairs. The music was right near, and I could hear people laughin' and talkin', so I got in behin' a big post on the stairs."

The eager eyes of the listeners grew round with wonder here, and their breath came fast, while the narrator paused to gather, as it seemed, all her strength for describing the scene that she had beheld.

"No," she continued, slowly, "I shan't never forgit it. There was lights—oh, such bright lights, and flowers, and shiny furniture, and thick, thick carpet. Why," she exclaimed, excitedly, "it was jest es grand es a shop winder! Then, all on a sudden, while I was lookin' around, two big double doors opened, and I could see right into a room where there was crowds of people, and a Christmas tree! Gee, Billy," she exclaimed, earnestly, as she drew the youngest child closer to her, and tucked a ragged shawl around him, "don't I wish you'd seen it? There was music a-goin', and little boys and girls was dancin' in a ring around the tree, which was all covered wid candles and sparkly stuff—"

"Why didn't you go wid mommer this time —today, Kate?" interrupted the boy.

The quick tears rushed to the girl's eyes, but her voice was steady as she answered,

" 'Cause popper was here ter stay wid you kids thet day. He won't never be here agin, though," she added, and a sudden silence fell upon the little group.

A step sounded on the stairs.

"D'you suppose thet's mommer?" asked one of the children, hopefully.

"Oh, no," answered Kate, brightening up. "She won't be home fer hours yit. You ain't heard about the best part of thet Christmas Day, though. I'll go on."

"Yes, do," clamored the youngsters, their interest aroused once more.

"Well, they went on dancin' and laughin' and singin' songs, until pretty soon the music stopped. Then, what do you think happened? Santy Claus hisself walked in, all covered wid snow, and wid a big pack on his back. I nearly hollered, I was so tickled at seein' 'im. All the children ren up and hugged 'im, and he laughed jest like a real man, and begun ter take the grandest toys off the tree, and passed 'em around ter the kids. My, sech lovely things! Why, there was dolls there 'most es big es you, Bess. Wouldn't it be jest slick ter hev one?" she concluded, her eyes shining with rapture.

"Why doesn't Santy bring us things, too?" asked Bess, timidly. "We'd like 'em jest es well."

"He hes," answered Kate, quickly, "or ruther, he's *sent* you somethin'. Don't you suppose thet nice warm coat, thet you got last month was from Santy? 'Course 'twas."

As the three children were gazing at Kate with puzzled expressions, she hastened to explain.

"Ter be sure, he sent it a pretty long time afore Christmas, but I'll tell you how 'twas. When winter come, he looks down and sees thet Bess can't go out doors, fer she ain't got nothin' ter keep her warm, so seys he ter hisself, 'Now, I hev a nice warm coat fer Bess fer Christmas, and it seems ter me, she needs it pretty bad now,' so he gits ter work and sends it right then. But it's a Christmas present jest the same."

The puzzled expressions were now changed to those of utmost interest and understanding.

"That's the way my mittens came, too," cried Janie, the other child, excitedly, "straight from Santy!"

"Yes," continued Kate, "he seen you carryin' home the clothes, with your poor little hands *so* cold, and he said right off, 'Now, what's the use of them mittens thet I've got fer Janie, wasting their time up here. She'd like 'em now,' so down they came. Santy's allright. When he seen Billy, selling papers wid one hand, and tr'in' ter keep both his ears warm, wid the other, he had 'nother speech wid hisself, and he says, 'There's Billy, he's a good, plucky little kid. I won't make him wait all the way ter Christmas fer his presents. I'll keep his ears warm fer him,' so next day Billy goes out in a nice little cap wid warm earlaps. 'Course, Santy felt a little shy 'bout letting us know who was sendin' all of them things, so he sent 'em by different ways, but we know who 'twas, don't we, kids?"

"But what 'd he send you, Kate?" asked Billy.

"Oh, lots of things," answered the child, cheerfully. "That fine new soup-kettle fer one. We needed thet a mighty lot."

"I wish we'd get 'em off a tree like them kids that you seen," said Janie, wistfully.

"O, Janie, fer shame," cried Kate, "it was much nicer the way we got 'em. But if we hed a tree today, we'd hang 'em on it, and then Billy could pretend he was Santy Claus, and hand 'em around. Wouldn't it be a circus? Let's do it!" she cried, springing to her feet. "We ain't got no tree, but maybe we kin find somethin' thet'll do fer one."

She paused a moment, breathless with excitement, while the younger children gazed at her in utter amazement. Suddenly a light seemed to break over her face, and she exclaimed, rapturously,

"I hev it! I know jest the thing! We'll hev a Christmas tree after all!" and then she dived frantically into a corner, and pulled forth her ideal Christmas tree—the stately clothes-horse!

Instantly, the younger children guessed her purpose, and catching her contagious merriment, danced gaily around the room.

"We'll take it into the other room," announced Kate, briskly, "because the fire's gone out here, and there's more sun there now, come on."

The "Christmas tree" was carried into the small, bare sleeping-room, and set up in the middle of the floor. Then the happy, excited youngsters scampered off to get their advance presents from Santa Claus, and with much ceremony, Billy's cap, Bess's coat and Janie's mittens were hung from "the branches." Then arose the grave question of what was to be done with the soup-kettle, since it was too heavy to be hung from the "tree," and on no account must any present be slighted. Suddenly, Kate exclaimed,

"I know what we'll do. I remember last Christmas, I seen Santy take some presents out from under the tree—things like sleds, that was too big ter hang up. So, we'll put my gift under the tree, and then our'll be jest like theirs."

At last, when all the presents were arranged just as they should be, the children stood back and surveyed their work, with great satisfaction.

"'Course we ain't got no candles and shiny stuff, but they're easy enough ter imagine,"

said Kate, "fer the sun falls on the tree quite a bit and makes it all sparkly."

Her voice was so earnest and convincing, that to the listening children the old clothes-horse was no longer there, but in its place stood a tall, stately pine tree, and the last feeble rays of the sun were transformed into myriads of burning candles and sparkling tinsel.

"Now, the music has begun," cried Kate. "Join hands. Away we go!" and the circle of four laughing, happy children, went dancing merrily around the first Christmas tree that they had ever had.

So excited and interested had they been in their work and pleasure, they had failed to hear stealthy steps, moving about in the kitchen. On they danced, totally oblivious of the presence in the adjoining room, and when the door softly opened, they did not hear the sound, nor did they see their mother, standing there, watching the gay scene, with tear-filled eyes. Suddenly, however, Kate looked up, and then running forward with a glad cry, threw her arms around her mother.

"O, mommer," she cried, "you've come jest in time ter see Santy hand us out our presents. See our Christmas tree, ain't it fine?"

"Indeed, it is," answered the mother, as soon as she could find her voice. "And you're good children ter be so happy. I've got a surprise fer you, so you kin get your presents here afterwards."

"Got a surprise fer us?" cried Kate. "O, how grand! I can't wait ter see it, kin you, kids?"

Their mother wiped the happy tears from her eyes, and threw open the door into the kitchen.

"This," she explained joyfully, "was sent ter you from the big house on the Avenue, by Santy Claus, who heard about you waiting here at home fer me, without nothin' ter eat at all."

The children had run eagerly into the room, and as each one beheld the surprise, exclamations of joy and wonder burst from their lips. On the table was spread a sumptuous Christmas dinner, such as they had never seen before —half a turkey, a large bowl of cranberry sauce, vegetables, miscellaneous pies, a large slice of plum pudding, and all sorts of cakes and candies.

For a moment, there was absolute silence, as the children feasted their eyes upon this wonderful surprise, then, Kate, suddenly seizing her mother's hand, exclaimed, fervently,

"How kin we ever be thankful enough fer this happy, happy day! oh, kids," she added, turning her eyes, shining with rapture towards her brother, and sisters, "ain't Santy Claus kind ter us? He's given us two glorious treats on one Christmas Day!"

A MID-NIGHT ADVENTURE.

Buzz-z-z-

For the thousandth time I tossed and turned and pulled the sheet up over my head in a vain endeavor to get rid of the infernal song of that everlasting mosquito. But the night was too hot and the air too close to make such a position long endurable, and after a moment or two I came to the surface for a breath of air. All seemed quiet: not a sound could be heard, and breathing a devout and heart-felt prayer of thankfulness, I dropped off to sleep.

Buzz-z-z-z-

There it was again. Now swelling to a grand crescendo, now dropping to an almost inaudible diminuendo, but ever the same unbearable monotone. For half the night I had been fighting against this pesky tormentor of my sleep, and now I vowed vengeance, cost what it might.

I felt something soft on my cheek; the buzzing had stopped; evidently my friend felt the need of some midnight refreshment. I let him get well started; then, slowly and carefully I lifted myself on one elbow; by degrees I raised my right hand high above my head, and

made a vicious slap at my cheek. My hand and face tingled from the force of the blow, but I minded it not in the satisfaction of knowing that at last—

Buzz-z-z-z-

I jumped up madly, stubbing my toe in my haste, and turned on the light. For some five minutes I stood in the middle of the room and heard not a sound. Leaving the light still on, I dropped into an easy chair, and in a moment was fast asleep. But not for long. Soon I heard that abominable song once again, and as I jumped up, I swore, like Robin Hood of old, that never more would my eye-lids close until I had shed the blood of my persecutor. Thoroughly aroused now, and with my Irish up, I went about the matter systematically. Taking a newspaper from the table, I folded it neatly, crushed one end in my hand, and started. From side to side, from end to end, from corner to corner of the room I chased the little devil until at last, tired out, he alighted on the wall, making as fair a target as one could wish. With a vicious and bloodthirsty pleasure, I prepared for murder. Drawing back my arm as far as it would go, I took deliberate and deadly aim.

I went back to my interrupted night's rest, leaving behind me a large red splotch on the light paper which covered the wall, as a lasting memento of the occasion.

BOOK REVIEW.

"The True Story of Paul Revere." By Charles Ferris Gettemy. Little, Brown & Co. Price $1.50.

Mr. Gettemy, lately appointed secretary to Governor-elect Guild, has supplied the public with a much-needed book. Careful study of records has enabled him to present the life of the messenger of the Revolution in its true light.

Paul Revere was born in Boston, in 1734, O. S. He attended the North Grammar School under the tutelage of Master John Tileston, who taught there for eighty years. From school he entered his father's shop and learned the goldsmith's trade. His ride from Boston to Concord on the eve of the Battle of Lexington has been made famous by the poet Longfellow. He was an officer during the war until after the Penobscot expedition when he was charged with disobedience and was dismissed from the service. After three years he obtained a trial by court-martial, and was vindicated. After the war he engaged in business, still keeping up his interest in politics. After his death he was buried in Old Granary Burying Ground.

The volume is substantially bound in an attractive manner.

"Life of Goldsmith." By Irving. Edited by H. E. Coblentz. D. C. Heath & Co. 295 pp. Price $ .60.

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RESOLUTION, C. E. H. S. 1906.

WHEREAS, By the Divine Providence, our classmate, Alice LeFarve, has been deprived of her father by sudden death: be it

Resolved, That we, the class of nineteen hundred and six, of the English High School, of Cambridge, do hereby extend to her our most sincere sympathy in her bereavement and sorrow; be it

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon the records of this class and a copy be printed in the CAMBRIDGE REVIEW.

THE
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The next issue of the REVIEW will appear on Thursday, January 18, 1906. All copy *must* be in on Wednesday, January 3.

The freshman prize has been won by C. Merrill Rogers, Latin School. His story will appear next month.

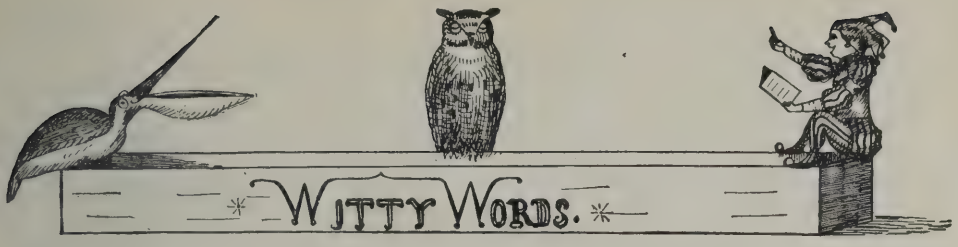
The class of 1907, Latin School, will present the drama, "When a Man's Single," at the Newtowne Club, on Friday, January 12, 1906. Dancing 10 to 1. Tickets fifty cents.

The C. L. S. Club of Harvard has elected the following graduates to the Supervisory Committee: Timothy F. Burns, '02; Fletcher W. Taft, '03; Claude H. Ketchum, '04.

The senior class of the High School will hold a dance at the Newtowne Club on December 15. Tickets 50 cents.

The drama and dance of the class of 1906, High School, will be held at the Newtowne Club on Friday, January 19, 1906. Tickets fifty cents.

This month's cover was contributed by Elizabeth V. Corcoran, High School, 1909.



People who live in glass houses — should dress in the dark.

A stitch in time saves—embarrassing exposures.

"Now, Pat," said a judge to an old offender, "what brought you here again?"

"Two policemen, sor," was the laconic reply.

"Drunk, I suppose?" asked the magistrate.

"Yes, sor," said Pat, "both of thim."

We were seated in the hammock,
One balmy eve in June,
And the night was hushed in silence
'Neath the guidance of the moon.
I asked her just one question,
My heart was full of hope;
But her answer never reached me,
For her brother cut the rope.

Frank — How did you get into the theatre without buying a ticket?

Worley — S-s-lo! Don't tell any one. I walked in backwards, and the doorkeeper thought I was coming out.

Johnny — I am in a sea of delight and love, darling.

Old Bellows (entering) — Then I'll toe you ashore, young man.

Tramp (as he hurries over the back fence) — Well, if that ain't the rudest dog! 'E not only made me get up, but he took my seat.

Teacher — How would you punctuate this sentence, "I saw a pretty girl go down the street?"

Bright Boy— I'd make a dash after the girl."

"Och," said Pat, "I'll never be able to put these boots on until I've worn them a day or two."

Bill—"Where is the best place to hold the world's fair?"

Tom—"I dunno, where?"

Bill—"Around the waist, of course."

"What's in here?" asked the turist.

"Remains to be seen," responded the guide, as he led the way into the morgue.

Professor — A fool can ask questions that a wise man cannot answer.

Student — I suppose that's why so many of us flunk.

"A poet says that a baby is 'a new wave on the ocean of life.' It strikes us that a 'fresh squall' would express the idea better."

Teacher — Which letter is the next one to the letter "H"?

Boy — Dunno, ma'am.

Teacher — What have I on both sides of my nose?

Boy — Freckles, ma'am.

Teacher — Did you ever see a Greek God?

Pupil — Yes.

Teacher (smiling) — Where and which one did you see?

Pupil — I saw Mercury in a thermometer.

You can generally judge a man by the company he keeps, but that's no sign that you can tell what society a girl belongs to by the pin she wears.

"May I print a kiss on your lips?" he asked,
And she nodded her sweet permission.
So they went to press, and I rather guess,
They printed a full edition.

Exchanges.

For the past few months the editor has been watching with considerable interest the statements of various exchanges, of what they consider is the real object of an exchange column. In no two cases do these judgments coincide; accordingly, we venture an opinion hoping it may tend to relieve the general doubt as to why the exchange column exists. To our mind, its object, in a general way, is to serve as a bond of common interest among the school papers of the country, more specifically, to present such topics as may be of concern to readers in other schools, and to pass an honest and impartial opinion on contemporaries. Then, we believe "Exchanges" will form one of the most interesting departments of a school paper and not one to be passed over unread, as "just talk about other places."

Exchange editors in schools where chess clubs exist would do us a great favor by placing the captain of their club in communication with "Wm. B. Durant, Capt. Chess Club, Cambridge Latin School, Cambridge, Mass."

The cover of the *High School Bulletin* of Lawrence, Mass., is easily the best we have seen this month. The cuts and reading matter are also good. It is pleasing to note that the Lawrence, vs. R. M. T. S. game is spoken of, as "one of the best and cleanest games" they have ever played.

The *Mirror*, Central High School, Philadelphia, Pa., is a first class paper in every particular, and the editor of "Clubs" is a crack-a-jack in his line.

Although published entirely by girls there are few papers by boys, girls, or both, that have anything on the *Distaff*.

The covers of the *Pingry Record* and the *Calendar* are clever and well executed.

The *Racquet* has a novel and pleasing way of filling up space: by printing pictures of interesting places in the city and school.

The short stories in the *Adelphian* are excellent.

Come, *Orange and Blue*. Come, *College Signal*, a few stories, please.

We welcome as a new Exchange the *Chandelier*, which is the equal of any paper we have yet seen. An interesting article on the late Sir Henry Irving is the feature. The editorials are well written.

The Boston Latin School *Register* maintains its usual high standard.

We acknowledge with thanks receipt of the following Exchanges since our last issue: The Adelphian, Advance, Advocate, Anvil, Apokeepsian, Argus, Authentic, Bulletin, Calendar, Chandelier, Cue, College Breezes, College Signal, Distaff, Clarion, Crimson and White, Exonian, Forestry and Irrigation, Hermonite, Ilakawinn, Junto, Lampoon, Lowell Textile Journal, Mirror, Monthly, Oak Leaves, Oracle, Orange and Blue, Orderly, Pingry Record, True Blue, Tattler, and Register.

In answer to an advertisement for somebody to take charge of a church choir and play the organ the following reply was received:—

"Sir,—I noticed your advertisement for an organist and music teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years, I offer you my services."

A Visit to Nubble Light.

C. L. S., 1908.

Last summer a party of us were spending a few days at York Beach, Me., and, like many other people were determined to see everything in spite of our limited stay.

On the evening of our arrival we were sitting on the hotel piazza and listening to the refreshing sound of the waves on a little point of rocks across the road; the sun-set had nearly faded and a soft gray was settling down over the sea. Far out across the water just ahead, a light shone out.

"There's Boon," remarked one of the party who had visited the place before, "and there" —pointing to the right—"is the light on the Isle of Shoals, and over this way"—indicating the left hand—"is Nubble. We'll go there tomorrow."

The next morning directly after breakfast we prepared for a forenoon's tramp; the light-house was in plain sight from the hotel, and situated on a little island at the end of a long promontory. We left the road as soon as possible and took our way along the hard sand which the water was just leaving. "Was there ever a more delightful day?" we asked ourselves as we looked across the bay to our destination.

When the foot of the promontory was reached, the way became so rocky that we were obliged to leave the sand and take a little road that led at right angles to our previous course. This pathway grew less and less distinct as we went on and finally we gave up trying to follow it, but went to the edge of the cliff and sat down to enjoy the magnificent scenery.

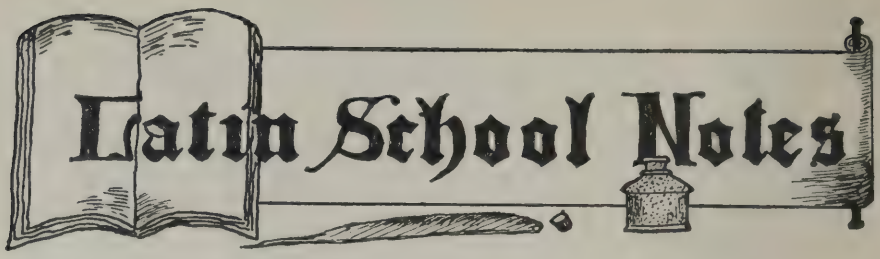
The remainder of our walk to the island was through pastures and over rocks, leading at last to the end of the headland where we went down some shelving rocks to a little cove. Here we were met by the light-house keeper who rowed us a short distance to the island, whose sides rose almost vertically from the water.

A steep flight of stairs led from the water to the top of the island, where we found the rocks covered with enough soil to support a thick growth of grass and clover, and even a little vegetable garden. The keeper and his wife lived in a substantial frame dwelling beside the light-house. While we were enjoying the view from the door, the keeper's wife invited us to see the interior, and we gladly accepted her invitation. We were ushered in, and, climbing thirty-three stairs, reached the first landing, where there was a table holding the three lamps used in the reflector; these lamps were made of brass and had red glass chimneys.

The last part of the climb was more difficult, for we had to ascend a ladder-like flight of steps leading to an iron trap-door, which, when thrown back, admitted the party to a circular room where only six could comfortably stand. The only thing here was the reflector which was carefully covered with a brown cotton bag; the reflector was made of the clearest glass several inches in thickness, and resembled in shape a huge truncated egg-shell. Having inspected the outside, the keeper opened the door and showed us the cross-section and how the lenses were arranged to magnify the light within.

As the drawn curtains in the lamp-room prevented any distant view, we wished to go outside to look off over the water. To do this we were obliged to crawl on all fours through a low door that opened under the windows, but that picture of bays, headlands, islands, and mountains spread out before us amply repaid all our exertion.

Having enjoyed the scenery on every side, we reluctantly retraced our steps to the boat-landing and were again rowed to the main-land.



1906.

Translation—"Lest I get you thrown into my eyes."

The first of the series of '06 dances was a great success, with only three boys short.

No member of '06 has any excuse for losing his way in Berlin.

Pupil (translating glibly)—"But I am speaking to a father—"
Mr. S.—"Yes. You are. Sit down."

Brutus's wife died from keeping her mouth shut. This hasn't happened to many wives.

Definition—An epigram is an inscription on a grave stone.

Some original geometry propositions:—
1. A regular polygon of the same number of sides is similar.
2. An equilateral and equiangular polygon is similar and mutually equiangular.
3. If the first three members of a proportion are equal, the fourth member is equal.

Teacher—In "Il Penseroso," who were the parents of Melancholy?
V—y—Vesta and Satan!!

Captain Crowley of the foot-ball team made right end on the all-interscholastic eleven.

Although sorry to lose Mr. Sargent, the class extends a hearty welcome to Mr. Wightman, and hopes that it will not be necessary to welcome anyone else, this year.

1907.

By mistake the following notice was omitted in last month's issue:

A very delightful social in the form of a card party was held at the home of Miss Elizabeth Hubbard, 42 Arlington St. The feature of the evening was the fact that there were more boys present than girls.

Mr. S-g-t is thinking seriously of having one of the thresholds removed for H-b-d's special benefit.

A difficult question in English:
"Do you think that if you wept long enough, your tears would fill up the Tiber?"

The mid-years:
Venient! Vident! Vincent?

C-r-n's translation:
He took a double turn on the stair-case.

Our first dance was held at Riverbank Court on Friday evening, November 25. It was largely attended and thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

Some had a good time both *within* and *without* the dance-hall.

Heard in Latin:
"What does 'clam' mean?"
Bright Pupil—"Oyster."

Mit einer affectirten Kälte.
With an affected cold.

Youthful inquirer after knowledge—"What gender is the dative, please?"

"What is lacking to you, Miss W—?"
"Nichts."
We are glad to hear that.

All the seats around Miss S-t-t's are occupied, as she says she does not like to sit alone.

Somehow, Th-p-n does not think it wrong to tell white lies! ! !

1908.

Der kleine Karl fürchtet sich vor einem quakenden Hund.
Who could blame the poor child?

Teacher—How many of the boys don't know that rule now?
Miss L-n-e raises her hand.

"Dux femina facti" was the motto of the recent Fair in Portland, Oregon.

"The Spartan Assembly worked indirectly through five *zephyrs*."

P—l can bleat in a very life-like manner.

Summo Jove=Juno.
Phœbus is another name for Diana.

P—r thinks that there must be a "catch," when he is asked to decline a word of the first declension.

If you are ever in doubt concerning the location of a place in Ancient History, just ask R—s or S—n.

Keep your feet out of the aisle if you don't want to have them stepped on.

Teacher—Were the Athenians accused of breaking the treaty two or three times?
Pupil—Yes'm.
Teacher—That will do.

Sie öffnete die Thur mit einem Schlüssel.
She opened the door with a *spoon*.

Harris, '08, has been elected captain of the foot-ball team.

"What kind of a genitive?"
"Just plain genitive."

Pisistratus was a lady according to D—y.

On Friday, November 24, a very enjoyable social was held at the home of Miss Dougherty, on Lake View Avenue. Several of the teachers were present, and the evening passed very pleasantly.

1909.

S-i-h, do you belong to "The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children?"

The little infants in '10 will hang up their stockings soon.

Who has the record for being the silliest person in Room 6, last hour?

If the children of 1910 think the work of the Fifth Class hard, what will they think of Cæsar next year?

Warning in Div. I!
Don't laugh during the fourth hour.

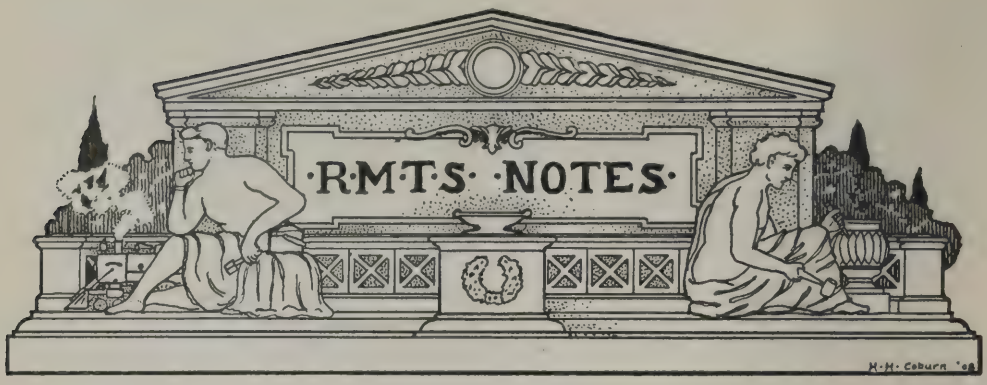
1909 is always well represented at the foot-ball games. In the grand-stand and on the field!

"Mulieres in eum locum coniecisse."
Translated — The women having been thrown together.

C-le-an thinks that the passive of *I have forgotten* is *I am been forgotten*.

B- - - - ge likes to talk French, and when he doesn't know the French he supplies English. An example—"Mon crayon is in the other salle de class."

(Continued on page 27.)



1906.

Griffin, R. M. T. S., '06, will prepare any diligent student for the College exams in Trigonometry, Solid Geometry, and German. Terms reasonable.

These "special topics" are interesting alright. But remember, fellows, it's a long wheel that has no turning.

A. Cox is a humane inflammation bureau, so we hear.

It is usually a case of "Stung" in the physics exams.

Will we have to use our "lids" in the coming test in Trig? Ybetchar.

L-y-n-s dictionary isolated=to (freeze) out.

Le-v-t declares that he saw books hanging on the walls.

And still our French class grows and groans!

And still they come! S. Caterall spoke on "Railroads;" Coolidge, "Ship Building;" Miles, "Cambridge-Boston Rapid Transit;" Shinn, "Associated Charities;" Gibson, Loud, and Sharkey; "Perkins Institute;" Leavitt, "Fenway Court;" Phelan, Burbank, Malmstrom, "Advantages of Education.

Foot-ball is about the only joke this month.

Oh, those College exams! Some of us look downcast already. Do coming events always cast their shadows before?

Don't we love those little German exams?

"Lee Avitt" is the '06 watchword.

At the Somerville game, several seniors were seen with—er———?

The paper announces that Park will go to Lawrence Scientific next year. Look before you leap, Kenny.

I Col. B will deliver a lecture course on religion in Mr. B.'s room at 9 A. M. on alternate days. For members of the Union only.

1907.

There are meters of accent,
There are meters of tone;
But the best of all meters
Is to meet her alone.

Lowell at one time passed around Longfellow's bier.

Our English instructor promises to produce a freeze on every fellow who mis-spells frieze.

Every question of difficulty is made clear by class-informer, Houston.

Strong, the boilermaker, suggests that Mr. Brown use some oil when he makes a lake on the blackboard.

Mr. Morse to Shaw—I am not Mr. Brown, but I am strong.

Once in a while, Webb comes in on time.

Wilson and Davis went up at 2 to study marks with Mr. Ware.

Mr. Markham was speaking of holes which were filled with roofs.

Div. II, College A. have been getting a few hints on proposals.

"Theophilus, where's my nickle?"

Once more we hear that favorite phrase: "I left it in my locker."

1907 is well represented on the football team by Girard, Hamilton, Beunke, Thompson, Towers, and Watkins.

Pratt, Raymond, James, Hitchborn, Lynch, and Easley, reported from 1907 for the hockey team.

O'Brien, the boy juggler.

1908.

Clavell says he can sing soprano, alto, tenor and bass.

Esipode is C-w-s' pronunciation of episode.

"What-'ch-'a makin!" Motto of the wood shop.

Beny has a monopoly on the shellac. Mustn't touch it, boys.

Even Houston has Clavell's habit of gazing out the window.

Mr. Ely must have been well acquainted with King James, because the other day he spoke of him as Jim.

The new Perplexity puzzle is a great thing to keep one from paying too much attention to the lesson. C-x and O-r-n find it so.

Thank goodness the lockers are finished at last.

Arey. "If it is like the book is it right?"
Mr. McW. "Yes, everything that is correct is right."

1909.

Mr. Hubbard (in English) giving an example of declining a noun:
"The admiring girl—admiring is a noun, as it is the name of a quality'"

Our class has been redivided; the old divisions have been scattered to the winds and there is much sorrow, especially among the fellows of the old Four F.

A good many fellows have expressed a desire to take Latin, probably for the same reason that they rush out on Tuesdays.

Mr. Hubbard has a regular session after school these days.

Why weren't more fellows at the Somerville game?

Luck to those fellows who are out for the hockey team.

A noted scientist in our class has recently declared corn sandwiches to be unhealthful.

In History, "Wake up, Keays."

1906.

"A broken nose and a smiling face." Ask Miss G. Ivers what is meant.

Who took the splinter out of the floor over at the gym? Perhaps Miss Furfey knows.

Some of the girls in '06 prefer sugar candy to fudge.

How do you like the new game of bolley ball, girls? It's surely not a game for sleepy girls, is it Miss H-w-rd?

Who taught you to dance, Eric?

Feeney's favorite song is "Pretty Mollie S ? ? ? ? ? ?"

If two things look alike, it does not imply that they taste alike.

Do your best in floor-work, girls, because we want to keep our cup.

Query: What are the duties of a social committee?

What did you think of the Thanksgiving game?

Miss Cunningham: "Miss H-l-y has a frog in her throat; will somebody else please read?"

Heard in English:

Miss C: "How did her presence affect him?"

Miss LeF: "She was so beautiful that he nearly fainted."

Who were the young ladies you had at the dance, M-rr-y?

Are you "Happy," Amy?

1907.

The class officers are Mr. Rourke, President; Miss Sharkey, Vice-President; Mr. Hornsby, Treasurer; and Miss Grebenstein, Secretary.

1907! Support your Drama and Dance better than you did your Dance!

We wonder Who Miss Kn-wl-on casts those shy glances at, the last hour, in Room 16.

Translation in French:

Quel qu'un est entré et s'est assis sur ma chaise.

Some one has entered and sat down on my soup.

The Drama and Dance Committee consists of the Messrs. Rourke, Douglas, Murray and Doherty, and the Misses Van Horne, Purcell and Galvin.

What happened to Miss G. Loud on the way to school the other day?

Miss H-ll is to be congratulated for having the best cooking book.

Who is the "Silent Maiden" in the History class? Is it Miss P-ll-ck?

We like "Howe's" Dictionary in our French Division, very much.

Miss A-m-e Bu-k- is much interested in Gl-n-o-, '07, wonder why.

1908.

Question—Of what nationality was Homer?
Miss N-w-o-b.—Irish.

For how long has Miss W-l-i-m-s been a theologist?

Lost! The Social Committee.

K-r-y looks lonesome going home alone. What has happened, Miss M-l-n-y?

What makes the 4th hour classes on Friday so sleepy? Those dreamy waltzes, perhaps.

Such brilliant translations by some of our French Divisions! !

We wonder if S-m-n-an can read between the lines.

Miss Roberts loves to study with her desk cover up.

We hear that some one in Div. V can whisper like a book.

Mr. Grover's dressing-room seems very quiet, lately. We wonder why.

Heard in English:
The moon is littler than the earth.

Heard in French class:
Oui, Suzie, vous avez raison.
Yes, Susie, you have raisons.

Douglas, can you not get a better mirror than the one you use outside the Trowbridge Street door?

Ask Miss R-b-r-s what the "Mammoth Cave" is.

We all hope that Miss Ll-yd succeeds in getting her box of chocolates.

How we do love those front seats in physics! !

1909.

How is your wild goose, Miss McB-de?

Why does Miss P-a-t blush when she is asked about O-h-r-e?

Heard in French Class:
Teacher—"Translate et l'homme partit."
Miss Henn-n—"And the man parted."

There are some pretty good fighters in Room 7, especially *Ticky* and *Tacky*. Do you take boxing lessons, Ticky?

Ask Miss McC-r-r-k who puts all the paper in Doherty's desk.

Who asked how much a quarter of an inch was, in the drawing lesson, Miss F-s-r?

Who is the girl in Div. I that came from a school where they learned arithmetic? Ask Miss R-g- -s.

On Thursday, last hour, there seems to be a great attraction over at Latin School for some of the girls in Div. I.

We have our French Note Books at last.

(Continued on page 27.)

Osidra and the Xtabia.

E. H. THOMPSON, R. M. T. S., '08.

"You say, Niño, that you want me to tell you a true story? I am going to tell you one about my grandfather and the Xtabia."

The old Maya woman paused to collect her thoughts. Meanwhile I moved my seat a little closer to my entertainer that I might not lose a single word of the story that she was going to tell. The hut in which she lived was on the outskirts of a little Indian pueblo in the interior of the Peninsula of Yucatan.

"The night was very dark," she began, "and the spirits must have been angry; for never before had I known it to rain so hard, and the wind shook our hut so much that I sat trembling with fear and praying that the wind have mercy on us and not destroy our little home.

"I was then a very little child but I can remember very well how my poor, sick grandfather tried to comfort me by telling stories about the white boys and girls that he saw when he went to a Mexican village, many seasons ago, to sell corn and buy clothes.

"The wind and rain increased in violence, and I became more frightened every time that the thunder roared. Once I thought that I heard some one calling. Yes, I was not mistaken! But who could it be? No one lived within five leagues of us, and who would venture out on such a night as this? My heart stopped beating when I heard my grandfather's name called from without. He hastily opened the door, and we were very much astonished to see my little cousin, Jose, who staggered in, pale and trembling, and completely exhausted by the awful storm raging outside. I shall never forget the first words that he spoke, as he leaned against the wall. 'Osidra is dying.' Oh, what horrible news that was! Osidra, my dear little cousin, was dying! The blow was too much for my poor grandfather. He stood dazed. Was he dreaming, or was it all true? At last he could endure it no longer and fell to the floor, sobbing like a child. He must see Osidra, no matter how hard it rained, or what dangers he might encounter on the way! Before we could stop him he was gone. Gone to see Osidra, six leagues away! I lay down and wept most of the night. I wept for my dear little cousin who was dying, and I wept for my aged grandfather who was out in the storm and might be killed by one of the wild animals that frequented that forest.

"When about half way, he told me afterwards, he was overcome by the storm and lay down to rest. He was soon lost in a deep dream of peace, watching his happy granddaughter playing at his feet. There was no misery or sickness in his dream.

"Midnight was now near. The storm had ceased. Bright stars adorned the sky, and the whole chill earth was mantled with silvery light from the glorious moon. My grandfather still slept. Once he felt a gentle touch upon his cheek and he was very much astonished, when he awoke, to see standing before him a beautiful maiden with long, dark hair that hung loosely upon her back. Her eyes were black and shone like bright stars. Never before had he seen her equal. He became fascinated by her beauty and willingly followed her when she took him by the hand and led him into the thick jungle. Where they were going he neither knew nor cared. Onward they went, through thicket and mire until they finally reached a dark cave. They entered the cavern and my grandfather lighted a candle which he happened to have. The light showed that the walls were covered with many carved stone skulls, and on the floor were scattered many human bones. The fair maiden went ahead of her captive and sometimes vanished in one place and reappeared at another. Once, as a monstrous bat flew past my grandfather, it knocked the candle out of

his hand with one of its wings. As he groped about the floor hunting for it he felt a cold, smooth creature wind itself about his legs. He quickly sprang to one side to avoid the reptile and as he did so he stumbled and fell on a small pile of bones that littered the uneven floor. At last fortune favored him and he found the candle. He quickly relighted it with a piece of flint which he always carried with him and once more he followed his fair leader until they reached a portion of the cave that was much larger than the rest. On one side he noticed a deep, dark hole, and to this the maiden pointed and told him to go down into it and get some water for her to drink. He started towards the pit but again he stumbled and fell before he had reached it. This time his fall awoke him from his stupor and he became himself again. For the first time since he became enchanted by the maiden he realized that she was an evil spirit that lured men to their destruction—the dreaded 'Xtabia.' Many stories about this famous spirit now crowded his mind. He also remembered that the Xtabia fears the cross. He quickly snatched the cross which he had worn on his neck all his life as a protection against disaster, and struck at her with it. No sooner had it touched her than she vanished and came back no more. He started back immediately and after many falls and knocks he finally reached the welcome light of the dawning day. As he went out he noticed an herb which he knew to be very rare and also useful as medicine, though he could not remember just what it was called. He picked a handful of the green leaves and then started towards my sick cousin's home. He finally reached there without further misfortune. He was greeted warmly, for we had been searching for him all the morning and had found no trace of him. But, also, when he asked a certain question we sadly shook our heads and said 'no.' The medicine-man said that there was no hope for Osidra, unless he could give her some medicine made with the leaves of the Yactab. They had searched everywhere but had not found a single leaf of this herb.

"My grandfather showed them the leaves that he had found at the entrance of the cave, and there was great rejoicing when the medicine-man said that it was just what was wanted. 'Osidra will be well soon,' he announced.

"A great feast was prepared and soon everybody in the pueblo joined in a grand dance and everybody was rejoicing because Osidra was recovering."

C. L. S. NOTES.

(Continued from page 21.)

1910.

It's about time that 1910 had a class meeting.

Hygiene has departed, but English History is now with us.

On returning to school after the Thanksgiving vacation we noticed that a great many were absent. We wonder why.

Is it necessary for H-d-s to show danger signals?

C-a-e has the latest fashions in yellow lanterns.

Note—The above were found in the Review box. The 1910 class editor failed to turn in any notes.

C. H. S. NOTES.

(Continued from page 25.)

1909.

What does a teacher mean when she says "I guess you heard with your elbows."

Does Division 2 like verbs in French, I wonder?

What is the attraction in Miss Jennison's room, at the front windows, Miss W-l-r-i-k?

Who had their seats changed in Room 25?

Heard in Algebra:

Teacher—How much is 2×7 1-2?

Pupil—14 1-2.

FOOT BALL

LATIN SCHOOL.

Cambridge Latin 6. Newton High 0.

In the final game of the Preparatory League, Latin School defeated Newton High, thereby winning the championship of the League for the second time.

Each team put up the best game it knew how and it was a good contest. Cambridge Latin played well together and showed good training.

Latin School kicked off to Newton's 10 yard line where the ball was caught by Porter, who ran it up to the 20 yard mark. On the next play, Newton kicked and Cambridge obtained the ball, keeping possession of it all the way down the field. At the 3 yard line, Newton made a short stand but at last Harris made the touchdown. Boyer kicked the goal.

Cambridge 6, Newton 0.

Cambridge kicked off to Newton's 5 yard line. After unsuccessful attempts to gain, Porter of Newton kicked to the 45 yard line where Latin School fumbled and Newton got the ball. Steady gains by Newton brought the ball to Cambridge's 42 yard line. There they lost the ball on downs and Cambridge carried it back to the 25 yard mark. Newton's goal was evidently in danger of being crossed again when Latin School fumbled the ball and Newton rushed it to the 30 yard line. There the half ended.

Second Half.

At the beginning of the second half, Cambridge was compelled to punt. Marvin sent the ball to Newton's 45 yard line. Newton held the ball for rushes then lost it on downs. Latin School carried the ball by steady gains down the field to Newton's 5 yard mark where the Newton defense stiffened and took the ball on downs. Porter punted out of danger to his 35 yard line.

Again Cambridge Latin rushed the ball forward, this time reaching the two yard line, but a fumble by Pearson gave the ball to Newton.

The game ended soon after Newton had punted out of danger.

Porter and Ely excelled for Newton and Crowley, Graustein, Stiles and Marvin played especially well for Cambridge.

Lineup:—

Cambridge Latin.	Newton High.
Crowley, r e	l e, Sladen
Harris, r t	l t, Somers
Welch, r g	l g, Stafford
Boyer (Small) c	c, Fisher

Church (Ellis) l g.....r g, Van Tassel
Walton, l t.....r t, Hines
Graustein, l e.....r e, Salmon
Stiles, q b.....q b, Richards
Pearson, l h b.....r h b, Randlett
Marvin, r h b.....l h b, Ely
Grant, f b.....f b, Porter

Score:—Cambridge Latin 6, Newton High 0. Touchdown, Harris. Goal, Boyer. Referee, Pieper. Umpire, Sugden. Linesmen, Feeley, Bigelow. Timekeeper, Loveland. Time, 20 minute halves.

Cambridge Latin 15. Brookline High 6.

The Preparatory League started its schedule, Thursday, Nov. 9, at South End Grounds, when Cambridge Latin defeated Brookline High by the score of 15 to 6.

In the first half, Brookline had the better of the struggle, but when the game was resumed in the second half, with the loss of the two tackles, the team seemed disheartened and lacked the aggressive spirit it had shown in the first part of the game. The defensive work, however, was excellent.

Cambridge Latin had an especially strong back field, with Pearson, Grant, Kelleher and Marvin, who took Pearson's place after he received an injury. The game showed that the backs could follow interference as well as any on the interscholastic teams.

The game was well-fought and interesting from the start.

Brookline kicked off to Cambridge's 5 yard line and was run up 10 yards. Two rushes netted 13 yards. There, Brookline gained the ball and in six rushes from the 22 yard line carried the ball over for a touchdown. The goal was kicked.

Brookline 6, Cambridge 0.

The next kick-off was caught on the 15 yard line by Cambridge and rushed to the 30 yard line. Brookline was penalized 5 yards for offside playing. The next three rushes gained 5 yards apiece for Cambridge. The next play, however threw Latin School back for a loss of 3 yards and Cambridge was forced to kick. The ball sailed 27 yards to Brookline's 25 yard line. Brookline held the ball for four rushes when Cambridge obtained it on the 43 yard line. From there by steady line plunges Latin School carried the ball to the 3 yard line, from which place Grant was pushed over the line for a touchdown. Cambridge failed to kick the goal.

Brookline 6, Cambridge 5.

A few minutes after the half ended.

Second Half.

In the second half Cambridge kicked off to Brookline's 15 yard line and the ball was carried 10 yards. Two rushes more and then a fumble and Brookline lost the ball. Cambridge was thrown for a loss on the next play and after making up the loss and gaining seven yards more was held for downs on Brookline's 30 yard line.

Gaffey of Brookline carried the ball from there by an excellent run of 30 yards. On Cambridge's 45 yard line Brookline was held for downs. From there Latin School carried the ball down the field by successive gains to the 18 yard line. Pearson then circled the end for 14 yards. The next rush brought the ball to the 5 yard line. Harris was sent over the line but lost the ball on a fumble. Luckily, McLean fell on it and 5 more points were added to Cambridge's score. Latin School failed to kick the goal.

Cambridge 10, Brookline 6.

Cambridge kicked off to Brookline. Before the man, receiving the kick, had a chance to gain more than 3 yards he was downed by the Cambridge ends. On the next play, Aechtler of Brookline made a brilliant run of 27 yards. After a loss, and then a slight gain and then a loss of 4 yards, the ball went to Cambridge on downs. Hickey replaced Kelliher and Marvin replaced Pearson. Marvin made a long run from the 40 yard line to the 18 yard line. Two more gains of 8 yards each brought the ball to Brookline's 2 yard line. From here

Marvin made the third touchdown. Latin School failed to kick the goal.

Cambridge 15, Brookline 6.

Brookline kicked off. Walton caught the ball on his 23 yard line and carried it 8 yards. Cambridge rushed it to the 40 yard line where time was called.

Otis, Floyd and Aechtler played well for Brookline and Crowley, Graustein, Marvin and Kelleher for Cambridge.

The lineup:—

Cambridge Latin.	Brookline High.
Crowley, r e	l e, Bailey
Harris, r t	l t, Floyd (Pitkin)
McLean, r g	l g, Johnson
Boyer, c	c, Emerson
Welch, l g	r g, Halm
Walton, l t	r t, Otis (Sargent)
Graustein, l e	r e, Shine
Stiles, q b	q b, Aechtler
Pearson (Marvin) l h b	r h b, Jones
Kelleher (Hickey) r h b.	l h b, Gaffey, Robart
Grant, f b	f b, Fletcher

The score:—Cambridge Latin School 15, Brookline High 6. Touchdowns, Gaffey, Grant, McLean and Marvin. Goal, kicked by Johnson. Referee, Jack Hurley. Umpire, Roberts. Linesmen, Delaney, Flynt. Timekeepers, Chandler, Cleary. Time, 20 minute halves.

Cambridge Latin 12. Newton High 0.

Newton High was defeated again by Latin School in foot-ball in an exhibition game Thanksgiving morning at Cedar St. Grounds, Newton. The boys from Newton played better than in the game the week before but Latin School proved to be the superior team.

Newton sent the kick-off over Latin School's goal line. Cambridge punted out and Newton carried the ball 3 yards and then made first down through left tackle. No gain. One yard more for Newton through left tackle and then Newton was forced to punt. The ball went over Cambridge's goal line. Latin School punted out and Randlett made a fair catch on the 50 yard line.

Newton kicked and Marvin made 15 yards. Crowley made 7 yards around left end. Grant tore through for first down. Marvin repeated Grant's work. Grant gained 10 yards through the centre. On the next play, Pearson fumbled and Marvin was forced to punt.

On an attempt to circle right end, Newton was thrown for a loss of 2 yards. After another loss of 2 yards through the line, Porter punted to Stiles in the middle of the field.

Pearson gained 10 yards through right tackle, Grant gained 4 yards more and Harris made 4 yards and first down through left tackle. Grant gained 4 yards on cross buck and Harris went through for first down. Pearson recovered the ball on a fumble by Grant and made first down through left tackle.

After seven rushes, each gaining short distances, Harris went over the line for a touchdown. Boyer kicked the goal.

Cambridge Latin 6, Newton High 0.

Newton kicked off to Harris on the 20 yard line. Cambridge lost the ball and the half ended with Newton still in possession of it.

Second Half.

Boyer kicked off for Latin School to Porter on Newton's 10 yard line. From the 13 yard mark, Ely gained 3 yards through right tackle. Newton failed to gain on the next play. Steady plunges at the guard positions in the line netted 10 yards more for Newton. Through centre, Newton was unable to gain.

Here, Crowley made a brilliant run to the 25 yard line, having gained the ball for Cambridge on Newton's fumble. Two plunges more and then first down. On the next play Pearson slipped on the wet ground and lost 2 yards. First down was made through left tackle. Marvin made 3 yards around the end and Grant 1 yard through right guard. Then Harris plunged over the line for a touchdown.

Boyer kicked goal, the ball hitting the post and bouncing over.

Cambridge Latin 12, Newton High 0.

Cambridge kicked off to Newton's 15 yard line. Richards caught the ball and ran to Latin School's 53 yard line. Ely made 6 yards around right end. Porter gained 4 through left guard. No gain. Two yards and three yards on the next plays. Newton then lost 2 yards, failed to gain, and gained 5 yards by Porter through right guard. Latin School held them for downs on the 20 yard line.

Pearson gained 10 yards around right end. No gain and then a fumble. Van Tassel fell on the ball for Newton on Latin School's 30 yard line.

Newton gained short distances by plunges at the line until the ball was on the 10 yard line. Here the game ended with the ball in Newton's possession.

Lineup:—

Cambridge Latin.	Newton High.
Crowley, r e	l e, Bowen
Harris, r t	l t, Somers
McLean, r g	l g, Safford
Boyer, c	c, Fisher
Welch, l g	r g, Van Tassel
Walton, l t	r t, Hines
Graustein, l e	r e, Salmon
Stiles, q b	q b, Richards
Pearson, l h b	r h b, Randlett
Marvin, r h b	l h b, Ely
Grant, f b	f b, Porter

Score:—Cambridge Latin 12, Newton High 0. Touchdowns, Harris (2). Goal, Boyer (2). Referee, Jennings of Dartmouth. Umpire, Brayton of Harvard. Linesmen, Evans, Tancred. Timekeepers, Hopewell, Johnson. Time, 20 minute halves.

The following men have played in League games, thereby winning their letters in football:—

Crowley (Capt.), right end; Harris, right tackle; Welch, right guard; Boyer and Small, centre; Ellis, left guard; McLean, left guard; Church, left guard; Walton, left tackle; Graustein, left end; Beard, left end; Stiles, quarterback; Pearson, left half-back; Marvin, left half-back; Grant, full-back; Kelleher, right half-back; Hickey, right half-back.

The following hockey schedule has been arranged by Manager Foster:—

Andover, at Andover, Dec. 9.
St. Mark's, at Southboro, Dec. 13.
Pomfret, at Pomfret, Dec. 16.
Roxbury Latin, at Cambridge, Dec. 20.
Stone's School at Cambridge, date undecided.
Newton High, at Newton, Jan. 5.
Brookline High, at Brookline, Jan. 24.
Harvard Freshmen, place and date undecided.
Arlington High, place and date undecided.
Harvard 'Varsity, place and date undecided.

TRAINING SCHOOL.

Rindge 24.	Dorchester 0.

On Saturday, Nov. 11, Training School and Dorchester High School played their annual game of foot-ball on Dunbar Ave. Grounds, Dorchester.

From start to finish it was only a question of the score, for the superiority of the Training School team over Dorchester was evident from the first blast of the whistle.

It was in this game that Training School's fast offense began to take shape, for the working of the backfield with Sweeney at quarter and Thompson at half showed to better advantage than previous combinations.

One of the features of the game was Thompson's 100 yard run for a touchdown from a kick-off aided by Park's good interference.

The line plunging of Griffin and Park was very effective, and Park's skin-tackle play was one of Training Schol's best ground gainers.

The best playing for Dorchester was done by Tewksbury, Regnier and Prescott, the latter outplaying Hamilton in the first of the game.

The good work for Training School, outside of the backfield, was done by Beunke, Sibley, and Hamilton, after he woke up to the fact that Prescott of Dorchester was putting it all over him.

The lineup:—

Rindge.	Dorchester.
Beunke, l e	r e, Lalley
Claflin, l t	r t, Jackson
Sibley, l g	r g, Redden
MacDonald, l g	r g, Binda
Hamilton, c	c, Prescott
Keays, r g	l g, Beale
Girard, r t	
Davis, r t	l t, Wallace
Towers, r e	l e, Taylor
Sweeney, q b	q b, Tewksbury
	q b, Kiley
Thompson, l h b	r h b, Gay
Park, r h b	l h b, Kiley
	l h b, Regnier
Griffin, f b	f b, Colton

Touchdowns, Griffin, Park, Thompson, 2. Goals from touchdowns, Park, 4. Referee, Page. Umpire, Newton. Linesmen, Gaw and Abbott. Time, 20 minute halves.

Rindge 28. Malden 0.

On Saturday, Nov. 18, Rindge defeated Malden High School at Ferryway Green, without much effort, Malden appearing as if they were just there to play the game, and to hold Training School to a small score.

The work of Training School as a whole was very good, especially in the first half when four out of the five touchdowns were made. The team work counted for much, and it was quite evident that Tony Harris's quiet little speech of "eleven men working together" was sinking in. The work of the line men, especially the center trio was very good, showing that good things could be expected in the future from them.

Park played finely while in the game, but was forced to retire after one half, owing to a cut upon his leg. The team without Park seemed lost, for they scored only one touchdown after his retirement. Sweeney's quarterback play was very good, and "Billy" Beunke did himself proud, his showing on end at this occasion being excellent; the feature of the game was his fine end run through a broken field for a touchdown. For Malden, Capt. Mather, played a great game at end, being everywhere, and when he tackled the Training School backs they knew they were being tackled. Tobin and McInnis also played good foot-ball for Malden and had all Malden's team their spirit, the score would have been smaller.

Rindge.	Malden.
Beunke (Lindberg) l e	r e, Mather
Claflin, l t	r t, Cox
Sibley, l g	r g, Brown
Hamilton, c	c, Berry
Keays, r g	l g, Howard
Girard, r t	l t, Peirce
McKenzie (Towers) r e	l e, C. Clark
Sweeney, q b	q b, McInnis
Thompson (Watkins) l h b	r h b, Wescott
Park (Burns) r h b	l h b, Tobin (Kingman)
Griffin (Jefferson) f b	f b, Vezina

Score:—R. M. T. S. 28, Malden 0. Touchdowns, Griffin 3, Beunke, Thompson. Goals from Touchdowns, Park 3. Time, two 30 minute halves. Referee, Hapgood. Umpire, Newton. Head linesman, Stone. Attendance, 2,500.

Haverhill defeated Training School in a very lifeless game at Haverhill, Thursday, Nov. 23, by the score of 6 to 5. Haverhill should never have scored; a fumbled punt,

a spry end, a ten yard run, the game. The one feature of this game from a Training School standpoint, was Hamilton's covering of Thompson's punts. Our sturdy center was down the field under all of them, and a fierce dive tackle by which he nailed Kelly of Haverhill in his tracks will long be remembered by those who saw the game.

Somerville 0. Rindge 0.

On Thanksgiving morning, Training School treated Somerville High School to a great surprise. Although 8,000 persons cheered themselves hoarse for both teams, neither side was able to score in 50 minutes of play.

Somerville found the Rindge line as strong as iron, and, taken altogether, Rindge played a better defensive game than did her opponents, and with the exception of a few short end runs, Rindge outclassed Somerville on the offense.

Though outplayed, Somerville had an excellent opportunity of scoring in the first half, but was hindered by Twohig's fumbling the ball on Rindge's 18 yard line, after his team had rushed it from the center of the field.

The hearts of the Somerville rooters were up in their mouths in the second half when Park made a sensational dash through the entire Somerville team, after getting the ball in the center of the field on a kick from Hall, but, after running 25 yards, Jarvis downed him.

The game had not progressed very far before Driscoll began using his hands unnecessarily on one of the Rindge players. He was cautioned but soon after he was again detected and was ordered out of the game, Young being substituted at full-back.

In the first half the game was hotly contested with the advantage going to Rindge.

In the second half, Somerville was on the defensive most of the time and it was not until the half was most over that she was able to make any material gains through Rindge's line. Rindge put up a magnificent defense in this half and forced Somerville to punt nearly every time she got the ball. In two consecutive rushes the Rindge boys broke through Somerville's line and tackled the runner for a loss of about six yards.

The best playing for Somerville was rendered by Jarvis and Baldwin.

The best playing for Rindge was by Sibley, Hamilton, Park and Sweeney.

The lineup:—

Rindge.	Somerville.
Beunke, l e	r e, Rice
(McKenzie) l e	r e (Freeman)
Girard, l t	
(Beunke) l t	r t, Commins
Sibley, l g	r g, Hall
Hamilton, c	c, Graves
	c (Ireland)
Keays, r g	l g, Fernandez
Linehan, r t	
(Girard) r t	l t, Baldwin
Lindberg, r e	l e, H. J. Henderson
Sweeney, q b	q b, Jarvis
Thompson, l h b	r h b, Bowlby
(Burns) l h b	r h b (Sherry)
	r h b (W. Henderson)
Park, r h b	l h b, Twohig
Griffin, f b	f b, Driscoll
	f b (Young, Sherry)

Score:—Rindge 0, Somerville 0. Umpire, Dr. Page. Referee, Reggie Brown. Linesman, Newton. Time, 25 minute halves.

The Coveted "R's."

The following men have been awarded the foot-ball "R" by the R. M. T. S., A. A.:—

Park, Thompson, Burns, Griffin, Sweeney, Hamilton, Sibley, Keays, Girard, Linehan, Lindberg, Beunke, McKenzie, Claflin, and Miles, Mgr., and will be presented with a sweater.

HOCKEY.

At a call for candidates for the Hockey team, the following candidates reported to Captain Earl:—Sweeney, Skilton, Hursh, Lynch, Hussey, Miles, Tedar, Webb, Green, Sharkey, Perry, Allen, Elliott, Gibson, James, Curtis, Pratt, Kinsman, Hitchburn, Raymond, and C. Lynes.

Manager P. H. Leavitt has arranged the following schedule:—

Dec. 12 Mechanics Art, at Cambridge.
" 16 St. Mark's, at Southboro.
" 19 Newton, at Brae Burn Rink.
" 28 Brookline, at Grigg's Pond.
Jan. 3 Winchester, at Winchester.
" 10 Roxbury Latin, at Cambridge.
" 13 Pomfret, at Pomfret, Conn.
" 19 Medford, at Medford.
" 23 Winchester, at Winchester.

Owing to a delay of the Interscholastic League meeting, the League games have not yet been arranged for.

All Training School regrets not having Murphy, Captain of base-ball, with us this year. However, this ought not to hinder the team from getting together and electing a new captain, in order that he may be looking after the interests of next year's base-ball team.

UNDER THE GOAL POSTS.

G. L. CONNOR.

We had battered their weakening rush line till
it gave like a wisp of grass—
To the push of the padded shoulders and the
brunt of the plunging mass,
And twice, by our heavy rushes and runs that
would stir your soul,
We had carried the grass-stained foot-ball in
triumph beyond their goal.
Defeated, wearied, hopeless, five minutes more
to play,
They lined beneath their goal-posts—our dearest foes at bay,
Across the trampled oval there boomed a
steady roar
That shook the crowded bleachers, demanding
"One more score."
Their plucky little quarter held up a muddy
hand;
We heard his hearty whisper: "We'll hold
'em; now, boys, stand!"
"Line up!" The field was silent. We felt an
angry heat
Of breath upon our faces; we heard their
pulses beat.
We hurled our weight upon them; their center
met the shock,
Well-braced, with hip and shoulder, and held
us like a rock.
Again we charged; they wavered, they bent
and swayed—and then
They surged as the ocean surges and bore us
back again.
We tried for a goal; our full-back drove the
pig-skin clean and fair;
Their sturdy guards came leaping through
and blocked it in the air.
Each arm became a bulwark, each chest became a shield,
And steady as a phalanx they bucked us down
the field
Until the last shrill whistle and banners wildly
tossed
Proclaimed the game was over. We'd won
and they had lost.
They lost, yet half in triumph; 'tis not that I
would seem
To dim the cloudless glories of our great unbeaten team,
But still, should fortune fail us at length, the
hope is mine,
That we may stand as they did upon the last
white line;
That we may show the courage and stubbornness of soul
That balked our eager rushes beneath their
very goal.

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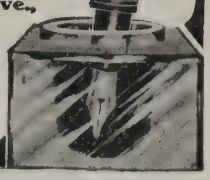

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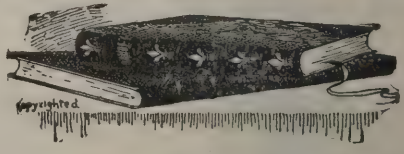

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CAMBRIDGE, MASS. JANUARY, 1906

VOL. XX.

NO. 4.

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CONTENTS.

Editorials	3—5
To Alice	5
Hazing at West Point	6—8
Resolutions, C. E. H. S., 1906	8
Japan in War Time	9—10
The Breaking Up	11—13
Technical Notes	14—15
Class Gifts at the Training School	15
The Fifth Hour in Room Six	15
Announcements	16
Alumni Notes	17—18
A Plucky Swim	19—20
Exchange Notes	21—22
A Snowshoe Tramp	22—23
A Dearly Bought Championship	23—24
O K II Notes	24
Girls' Basket Ball	25
Latin School Notes	26—27
High School Notes	28—29
Training School Notes	30—32
Training School Foot-Ball Team	33
Athletics	34—37

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THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

Vol. XX **No. 4**

Representing the Latin, High and Rindge Manual Training Schools

Cambridge, Massachusetts, January, 1906

EDITORIALS.

Nineteen hundred and six! Another year has passed, and again we face the New Year. It is not our purpose to preach a New Year's sermon, for even if we were so inclined, we feel hardly competent to undertake the task. Just a word, however, to the seniors of the three schools. We have worked on for the past few years, each in his own peculiar way, drawing all the time nearer and nearer to our goal. There are but six months left before us. These months present almost unlimited opportunities to the members of the class of nineteen six. First and foremost, there are exams. to study for and diplomas to make sure of, then there are teams to support, class gifts to be presented, graduations and receptions to prepare for. It is by these last six months, more than by any other period, that we shall be remembered — or forgotten; let us so conduct ourselves in every way that we may leave behind us memories which will afford pleasure not only to those who come after, but will be in the years to come, a source of joy and comfort to ourselves.

Mr. J. William Beunke, '07, has been elected captain of the Training School foot-ball team for next year. He has played on the school team for the past three years, and his election is a well-deserved reward for his hard and earnest work. The REVIEW takes great pleasure in joining with his friends and schoolmates in wishing him all success and a championship team.

Several members of the Training School have remarked, this year, that the School has not had its share of representation in the REVIEW. If these pupils would only spend their time in writing instead of complaining we would guarantee that they would have no cause to grumble. We know that there is more than one scholar in the school who can write a story, or if not a story, some technical article. However, the fact remains that only one story has been handed in this year. We are also quite sure that anyone of the English teachers would be willing to give what assistance he could to anyone who has school spirit enough to try to help support the REVIEW.

We should also appreciate very much anyone of the "senior speeches" written up in good form. The pupils must remember that even though most of the members of the school have heard them, there are the Latin and High School scholars who have not, and we feel very sure that most of the parents would be interested in reading them.

O. S. R.

Foot-ball has come and gone, leaving in its wake such an amount of discussion and criticism, of charges and counter-charges, that the powers that be in the foot-ball world are at a loss as to what is the best thing to do, and the lay-man rejoices in the belief that foot-ball is a relic of barbarism, a sort of combination of Indian war-dance and Spanish bull-fight, with the good points of each eliminated, and the objectionable features multiplied and made worse. The foot-ball rules committee adjourned to allow the storm to subside, and in the interval of comparative quiet that ensued, the report of Doctor Nichols, Harvard's foot-ball surgeon, was issued, in which he included a carefully tabulated record of injuries received by the Harvard squad during the season. In his conclusion he rips into foot-ball, as it is played at present, with characteristic vehemence, and adds one more voice to the call for revision of the game.

Of the many schemes proposed, ranging from slight changes in the rules to complete abolition of the game, President Eliot's plan, although at first thought it seems rather radical, appears to us to be the most sensible we have yet heard. The world could undoubtedly exist for one year without intercollegiate foot-ball. In that year each college could have its class, society, or dormitory teams, and thus, instead of having a committee draw up new rules and regulations in the parlors of some hotel, there would be worked out on the college gridirons of the country, practical demonstrations of the changes necessary for the good of the game. What would become of school foot-ball in the meantime, nobody seems to know. As the discussion centres about the colleges, and as the school game is devoid of many of the objectionable features, we see no reason why the inter-scholastic contests should not proceed as at present.

We have wandered rather far from the subject we had in mind at the start; to return — or rather, to begin. It has long been the custom at the Latin School, for the alumni to present individual cups to the members of a championship team. In response to a request to assist in obtaining the cups for this year's foot-ball team, an interesting letter was received from a prominent graduate, a man who has played on Cambridge teams, and taught in Cambridge schools. He says, in part, as follows: — "I am not sending any contribution to the fund for individual cups and trophies, because I do not believe in them. Ever since I realized the amount of free equipment, complimentary sweaters, etc., which were given to players, and the attitude toward athletics which went with all this, I have stood for simplicity, small expense, and just as far as possible, expenses met by the individual players.

"I think there should be no prizes of considerable intrinsic value. There ought to be enough incentive in the love of sport and pride in representing the school, without an additional prize. On the other hand, I realize the pleasure, which I approve of, which the player takes in some memento of a game or series of games, and there should be something to meet that need. I think that the custom of preserving a group picture of the team in the school meets this pretty well. From my own experience I should say that a picture of the team would, when the custom is established, be more pleasure to a player than a cup, and in nearly all cases I should imagine that players would pay for their own pictures, just as we used to do.

"I am altogether opposed to laying too much stress on the service to the school rendered by the players. I wouldn't do away with it, but I wouldn't have it do away with the fun element in school sports."

There is no doubt that these objections to cups, trophies, etc., are well founded. It seems to us, however, that in one or two instances, the writer's arguments are answerable. In the first place, he objects to free equipment, complimentary sweaters, etc., and thinks that the expenses of the game should be met by the individual players. The practice of providing suits for the players is confined to the Training School. The suits, as we understand it, do not become the property of the players who

wear them, but are issued at the beginning of the season, and turned in after the last game, to be used again the next year. At the Latin School the players provide their own equipment. A fellow who plays on a school team must have a complete suit which is serviceable and in good condition; from time to time repairs will have to be made, cleats renewed, etc., until at the end of the season a considerable sum of money will have been spent. In return the school presents each member of the team with a sweater, bearing the letters of the school. These are paid for from the gate receipts, and constitute the full extent to which the school rewards a player.

The writer goes on to say that "there ought to be enough incentive in the love of sport without an additional prize." We have never regarded these cups as an incentive. The only incentives a team has are first, as the writer says, the pleasure of the sport and pride in representing the school; second, a desire to win its games. Any individual prizes are simply a voluntary offering from the alumni, expressive of their interest in the school and its affairs. A team, even though it wins the championship, by no means regards it as a certainty that cups will be presented, though naturally, as was the case this year, after the final game, the probability of such a presentation is apt to be discussed. As for saying that they furnish an incentive to win games, it is absurd. As for pictures of the teams, they are always taken, a copy printed in the REVIEW, one hung in the trophy room of the school, and such of the fellows who wish copies, purchase them.

As for the service rendered the school, we do not believe that too much stress is laid upon it. We believe that every possible opportunity should be taken to impress the lesson of school loyalty upon the minds of the scholars. Although by no means the only thing, athletics afford a great opportunity for bringing home this principle of school loyalty, and where many times all other efforts fail, an appeal to a fellow's duty and loyalty to his school accomplishes the desired result.

TO ALICE.

L. N., C. L. S., '08.

Silent the memory of a little girl
Steals through my heart and makes the beatings still
As though a frozen wind had blown so chill
That it grew numb; and I can see the curl
That hung down o'er her forehead half unfurl,
The parted gold, with sweet unconscious skill,
Thrown back from soft gray eyes that make me thrill
As they shine through the halo of the curl.
Dear little life! It faded from the earth
When autumn winds were wooing lingering flowers,
And went to sleep as they did; the soft light
Of the gray eyes forever hid from sight,
Yet leaving from the time when she was ours
Sweet prophesies of a dear angel's birth.

Hazing at West Point.

CHARLES A. RANLETT.

During the recent investigation of hazing and fighting in the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, editorials virulently condemning these practices have appeared almost daily throughout the land; and while the graduates of the two great national academies would probably, as a whole, approve the spirit of these expressions it has undoubtedly struck them that in most cases injustice is done to the cadets by an entire lack of understanding by the editorial writer of the peculiar conditions surrounding cadet life. I was a cadet at the U. S. Military Academy at West Point from 1894 to 1897 (in class of '98) at a time when, as has since been proven, hazing was at its worst; and the events of those years, culminating in the death of ex-cadet Booze with its subsequent investigation by Congress were the last throes of a custom which, by its own workings, had come into disrepute in the best element of the Corps of Cadets. Having seen, and, as a "plebe," experienced hazing as a fine art I think I may speak of it advisedly, and I did not see then, nor do I see now, any good in it. But I can see — what the vituperative civilian editor cannot — the reasons why hazing existed, and I do not hold the cadet so much to blame as influences and conditions under which he lives. Therefore the sweeping condemnations of upper class Middies caught at hazing, that I have recently read, fill me with a desire to speak up for the boy being villified. He is not, necessarily, all bad.

And now, if you have read thus far, you may have reached the conclusion that this article is in extenuation of hazing. I repeat, however, that I believe there is no good in it. As a plebe at West Point I suffered what I could not avoid, and I must admit that I was favored by fortune that summer of '94 in being on duty, or otherwise legitimately occupied, at the times when some of my classmates caught it the worst. This was only lucky accident, however, for which I have always thanked my stars. I saw events which made my blood boil in witnessing, and which even in retrospect arouse anything but pleasant memories. I should interpolate here, also, that I saw, too, and in fact participated in, other events so fraught with side-splitting hilarity that today their recollection stirs to unseemly mirth groups of shoulder-strapped gentlemen who sometimes foregather and con over these things. There was "Daddy" Scott, who, when whisked in his blankets from his warm tent out into the rain and storm one cold night sat up in six inches of mud and sleepily rubbing his eyes observed casually to the officer of the day: "Such is life in large cities." I can still picture Jack Rees sitting a half of one summer's afternoon on the point of a bayonet to the pained surprise of a bunch of yearlings (sophomores) who were astonished at this endurance; and the unholy glee of a party of first-class men who happened along just as the tormentors, growing suspicious, made investigation and discovered that Mr. Rees, after dinner, had provided the interior of his trouser seats with an anticipatory old shoe-sole; aiming to confute the military epigram that you can do anything with bayonets except sit on them.

The boys who hazed in those days at the Point were average boys simply doing as Romans in Rome. The country even has something to be proud of in their records. The dangers of army life are but little appreciated by the public. Of the sixty members of my class who hurriedly left the Academy on April 25, 1898, to join their regiments and participate in the Spanish campaign, over twenty per cent. are dead. Of five the record is "killed in battle." Typhoid and other ills incurred in service have taken the others, with

the exception of one who died by accident. The record is one of duty well done. What, then, made such fellows hazers at the Academy?

The answer is found in the limitations of cadet education, and the isolation of the cadet life.

College education is broadening; the tendency of the military and naval academies is in the opposite direction. The collegian is "based" in theory, study, principle. The cadet is not broadened, but trained to a point. One of the first questions asked of a cadet is: "What is your purpose in coming here?" and, whatever his reply, he is informed that his answer should be "To make of myself the best officer I am capable of becoming, sir," and, whatever he has intended, that is soon made to become his purpose if he remains. All his energies are centered on that purpose. There is but a short four years in which he is required to assimilate a mountain of technical information. At first each class is quickly winnowed, and those of insufficient mental calibre to meet the test dropped out, honorably discharged having simply failed mentally. Of one hundred and eight who entered West Point in June, 1894, forty-four were thus discharged in the first six months, this in spite of the fact that all were trying hard.

There is much to spur a young man to "try hard" as a cadet. He is earning his living. The salary attached to the position is a good one, and enables him to maintain himself well. He is of the army; a government officer, ranking between second lieutenant and sergeant-major of the line. So he feels himself, or is made to feel, that he is in the attitude of an employee of the nation; that he must get his daily lessons just as some other government employee may clerk it, or saw wood. And this it is that spurs him to unusual effort, and concentration upon that purpose "to make of himself the best officer he is capable of becoming." The steps to this end, as laid out in the Academy curriculum, are the acquisition of certain lines of knowledge. During the four years of the course a cadet is entitled to two months and fifteen days of leave of absence, or vacation, to be taken in the summer of the second-class (junior) year. For the rest of the time winter and summer, hot or cold, fair or stormy, each day will have its routine of drill and study and work; up at 5:20 A. M. and into bed at 10:00 P. M. and all the time between those hours filled, each minute with duty to be done. It is the making of a man into a sword blade. He is tried, tempered and ground to a keen edge. He is made into a being for a purpose, the hard exigencies of war; but is it strange if in this process he is narrowed?

Day after day one marches in the gray of dawn to breakfast in the mess-hall with an ever-increasing feeling that that land across the Hudson is part of another world. To the cadet West Point becomes the world, its customs his customs, its laws his laws. During the first two years I was at the Academy I had never once sat in a rocking-chair. I recollect that when I came on my second-class furlough in June, 1896, I experienced a curious sensation of unfamiliarity when seating myself in one of these common articles of furniture. Isolation from the comforts and every day circumstances of civilian life, and, instead, association with the severity and atmosphere of military life harden the cadet, and although undoubtedly cultivating the sterner virtues, does not tend to soften him. It is in this atmosphere that hazing thrived. If the course at the national academies could be lengthened so that it would be possible for cadets during their courses to have more freedom, occasional short leaves of absence, trips to town to the theatre, and in brief to keep in some touch with civilian life and the gentler amenities of the world the conditions that brought about hazing would be eradicated. Hazing was turned to as a diversion in short periods of leisure during the annual summer encampment of the cadets. The plebe class was a national target. At West Point hazing never took place while the Corps was living in barracks, but entirely during the two and one-half months of camp and practice-marching

in summer. We recognized the fact that the plebe needed all his energy for study in barracks, during the "Academic year" and in this connection West Pointers have been generally surprised to learn of the Annapolis custom which has not apparently drawn the same distinction.

Much that was termed hazing in the old days at the military academy would have passed as practical joking in any other circle of society. The military recruit is always a "mark" to the veteran. His innocence of military usage lends itself to ludicrous purposes. There is something eternally abound in getting plebes to submit requisitions on the U. S. Quartermaster for umbrellas, smoking-jackets, even ice-chests; and the wonder never ceases that there are "guys" who will fall into these errors at the grave suggestion of some wag. It is a beautiful thing to send a plebe out into the cold and rain of a stormy night to "borrow a tent-wrench" that you have seriously informed him you must have to loosen up the guy-ropes of his tent "so that the canvas will not split as it shrinks in the rain." He goes to the cadet captain of the company who, knowing such things, says that he has loaned his wrench to the adjutant, who in turn will simulate a search for it and then pass the innocent one on with, mayhap, some further instructions. Thus he will pass from tent to tent in the night and eventually land in the hands of vested authority in the shape of some person "on duty" who will be in honor bound to show him the errors of his ways. I have, too, seen nine husky youths on a night of deluge engaged with buckets in bailing a pond that had formed in a local depression into a neighboring trench, and gloriously innocent of the fact that by a circuitous route, and by virtue of much digging, unregenerate yearlings had connected the trench with the other end of the pond. Forty youngsters with shaking sides and words of encouragement witnessed this triumph of wits and hydraulic engineering from the dry vantage of raised tent-flies. After an hour of fruitless labor, one plebe, more canny than the others, growing suspicious of the even level of the water took a lantern and investigated and amid much cheering and pointed comment the effort was abandoned. These are the features of "hazing" that old-time cadets like to remember, and to obliterate the other side of it in memory, the brutal exercising of men at the setting-up drill till they fell fainting, etc. It was the argument of the old-time hazers that the discipline was improved in the Corps by it. Hazing has been stopped at West Point and the discipline remains the same so far as practical purposes are concerned. Sometimes a spoiled son of luxury used to get by the entrance examinations and in such cases the raking given by hazing may have had a salutary influence in toning down; but such instances were so rare that the harm done by the institution vastly outweighed the good. It was a blot on the military academy, and that it was stopped is a source of congratulation to West Point. The conditions that fathered it still exist, but arbitrary authority stands in the way of its resumption.

RESOLUTIONS.

The members of the Class of 1906, of the English High School, of Cambridge, have taken the following action on the death of their class-mate, Harriet Webb:

WHEREAS, she had endeared herself to all the class by her brightness and pleasant disposition,

Resolved, That we place on record an expression of regret and sorrow that our classmate should have been taken from us in so tragic and sad a manner,

Resolved, That we extend to her family our heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement and that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to them and the CAMBRIDGE REVIEW.

Japan in War Time.

ALFRED H. SWEET.

So much interest has been shown in the recent Russo-Japanese affair, that the question, "Did you see anything of the war?" is by no means uncommon. To this, the only possible reply is, "I did, and I didn't."

Of course as the actual fighting was all done in Manchuria, China, Korea, and upon the water, we in Japan saw nothing of the war in that line. But the fighting is not the whole circus, by any means, especially when the two belligerant nations contend in a country removed from the one by a sea, and connected with the other by seven thousand miles of railroad.

After "Nicholas, by the Grace of God, Autocrat of All the Russias" and "Mutsuhito, by the Grace of Heaven, Emperor of Japan" had decided that it was correct form to have a war, all that remained to be done was for the people to supply men and money for that purpose.

The first notice after the declaration of war, was, I think, the order to the effect that during the war no Japanese should wear any Russian decorations. This was followed by the customary proclamations concerning Russians and their property and interests in Japan, the institution of prize-courts, etc. The first order effecting Tokyo was the appointment of a war-governor who should have power to declare martial law, but who, under ordinary circumstances, was pretty much of a figure-head.

The history of the war shows that the thing in which the Japanese surpassed the Russians was *system*. Personally, I do not think the individual Japanese soldier one whit braver than the Russian, but by system his bravery was used more advantageously. Everyone is, I suppose, familiar with Napoleon's statement that "an army marches on its belly;" a most important consideration when both powers fight on territory other than their own.

The great thing about the Japanese, then, was their system. They have studied the workings of all the European armies, and their own military code is based on the German. They have had the sense to choose what was good and leave what was poor in each system, and to bring the scraps of good into perfect harmony. As a result I suppose that no army under the sun is better organized than the Japanese.

At the beginning of the war, regiments were sent from Tokyo in civilian's dress. Everyone who saw them at the station knew that they were soldiers simply because they were so evidently under the command of their officers. This plan was not followed after the first few months, but when in uniform the soldiers were usually sent away at night.

Conscription is the rule in every land of the Rising Sun, as in every other despotism; but I very much doubt if the young men of other such countries are so willing to enter the army when they have no choice in the matter, as the subjects of the Mikado. A private in the Japanese army receives three *sen* a day, that is forty-five cents in American money, a month. During active service, however, the pay is probably increased. This is scant allowance for a man, especially when, as it happened when the reserves had to be called out, many had to leave their families without any means of support.

The war gave a good deal of work to the people, in the line of making uniforms, underclothing, socks, boots, knapsacks, etc., which were made not only in factories, but in the homes of the people. In fact, Japan became one vast manufactory, so that to a certain extent employment was given to many who

otherwise would have been penniless. Nevertheless it did not support all those who had been left destitute, and the two Relief Funds — one a memorial to Commodore Perry — had no difficulty in disposing of their cash.

One thing which was especially noticeable was the quietness and moderation of the people. We had feared that the ignorant classes might suffer from "swelled-head" (a Japanese failing) but if they did it was not shown in the slightest degree, except, of course, in the newspapers; and the press-censor took care that nothing too offensive should get into circulation. For instance, one concern issued a picture post-card of the head of Admiral Alexieff, pierced by several Japanese swords. All these post-cards were seized and the plates confiscated before anyone had had a chance to invest. There are some advantages in having a press-censor.

Some of the cartoons of the war were really very clever. One of the best I saw was a map of Eurasia styled "The Black Octopus." It represented every country as a figure, in most cases military, with Russia as a huge octopus reaching out to Korea, and having already Finland, Poland, and Armenia, which were designated with skulls! One popular device was a black pigeon in a cage; a play upon the name *Kuropatkin,* which closely resembles the word for "Black Pigeon." I regret to say that at a certain shrine a large flock of black pigeons, which had been the pets of the worshippers, was allowed to die of hunger and thirst just on this account.

The shops were full of pictures of the war, of imaginary battles, and of the generals. In the colored pictures the Russians were almost invariably represented with blue eyes and red hair — the conventional foreign devil. As for uniforms they generally had green or red coats and sky-blue trousers and wore riding boots. If the Cossacks and other soldiers of the Czar were such fools as those prints made them out to be, they most surely deserved to get beaten, for they never seemed able to make the slightest defence.

One of the best pictures was entitled "Japanese Soldiers Carrying their Bicycles in Korea." It was meant to be a perfectly sober appeal to the patriotism of the people by showing them the hardships the military had to undergo, but I could not refrain from smiling at the sight of Koreans bent double under the weight of the bicycles, while the soldiers were meandering through the mud with the air of conquerors. So much for the hardships of the soldiers.

For my own part, I seriously doubt if the Japanese "Tommy Atkins" had to stand anywhere near what Ivan Ivanovitch had to. This of course does not apply to the Russian staff officers, nor to the troops under Stœssel in Port Arthur.

But this is rather wandering from my text. To return to the subject of the press; it was rather strange that, with all these pictures, which showed no more good taste on the part of the artists than military perfection in the Russians therein portrayed, pictures of Admiral Makharoff and General Stœssel should be hung up alongside of those of Togo, Kuroki, Nogi, and Oyama.

But I fear I am taking up too much of your time with a recital of what you doubtless know.

Andrew D. White in his "Autobiography" speaks of having to wait for the American papers to get a good account of an earthquake which he himself experienced in Italy. So to a certain extent is the case as regards the Russo-Japanese War. Unfortunately some of the representatives of the Press in Japan took such liberties in their accounts that it is exceedingly difficult to weed out the fiction and find the truth.

But enough for the present. I fear I have wearied you already with this. Sometime, perhaps, the Editor will again allow my name to appear in print. — "Auf Wiedersehen."

The Breaking Up.

W. B. D., JR., C. L. S., 1906.

It was a comparatively warm May day on the banks of the Yukon River just below Sixty Mile Post, and although no bare ground was yet in sight, the ice was getting rotten and the current of the river was increasing.

A team of five dogs drawing a sled appeared on the summit of the last low rise on the eastern bank of the river. The dogs were tired and their heads hung low. The driver was running behind the sleigh, trying to urge the dogs to greater efforts. He had a haggard, hunted look and was continually glancing back over the trail he had traveled. At the sight of the river a sigh of relief came from his lips. But this was followed by a look of anxiety, and with one more backward glance, he commenced the descent to the river.

All the events of the past two days seemed like an evil dream. First he had shot Red M'cpherson for cheating at cards. The escape from the saloon, the stealing of the dogs and sled, the weary race for the American border, all seemed unreal and long ago.

He knew that the killing of M'cpherson was justifiable, but the majority of the little mining town was composed of typical "bad men" and therefore, for the sake of his family in Kansas, he was compelled to flee from the justice or rather the injustice of the little mining camp of "Paraguay." It had been given this name to make it seem warmer, although as one of the inhabitants had said: "the name was the only hot thing about the town."

Fortunately for him the fugitive had had a supply of food, in the shape of frozen seal-meat and grease, on the sled before the trouble, and in consequence was able to get away from town far ahead of his pursuers whom he had seen only at a distance of four or five miles. But this lead was fast dwindling because they had eight dogs to his five, and theirs were the pick of the camp.

As he picked his way down the steep bank to the river, he was filled with fear lest the ice be too rotten to cross, and as he finally stepped out on it, his fears increased. But considering that if he did not cross, he would lose his life anyhow, he decided to risk it, so crouching on the sled, he cracked his whip over the dogs, and commenced the perilous crossing. The ice cracked forebodingly and several times he had to drive around cracks, but he finally gained the other side safely.

As he looked backwards from the bank he saw on a hillside about two miles off a lot of black dots which at nearer view would have been men and dogs. At the sight of these the fugitive started the ascent of the steep river-bank with renewed vigor.

This proved steeper and more difficult to climb than he had expected and by the time he had reached the summit the other party was in plain sight. The trail from this point ascended steadily so that he could keep his pursuers in view.

By the time he was a mile from the river they had reached the further bank and started to cross. This much he saw and turned to the trail again. After about ten minutes he heard a roar like a thousand waterfalls, and recognizing the sound, he turned quickly.

The river had changed from a level expanse of white, to a jumbling mass of white and blue. From shore to shore it was filled with tossing ice-cakes. The spring breaking up had come!

The fugitive's first thought was for his pursuers, whom he perceived perched on a little island about fifty feet from the shore. This island was not more than twenty feet each way and less than three feet in height, so that the men were in danger of being knocked off at any moment by the huge ice-cakes which would sometimes strike the island with such force as to make it quiver. In fact, this accident did happen to the dogs, who, encum-

bered by the heavy sled to which they were still harnessed were soon drowned.

The five men clustered together on the down-stream end of the island and considered what was to be done.

"Can't swim," said one.

"Not in that mess," replied the one who seemed to be the leader.

"Right you are, Sheriff," replied the first speaker. "We're here to stay, unless some one gives us a line from the shore."

"Of course *he* wouldn't do it."

"Naturally not, but look! Isn't he turning?"

"He sure is; bless him. If we can only stick it out till he comes, we're safe."

"Hooray," and turning to the others, the sheriff called their attention to the approaching man on the hillside.

The fugitive had just passed through a horrible struggle with himself. It was hard to see fellow-men crushed by the ice or drowned in the rapidly rising river. But, on the other hand, the thought of escape and freedom was sweet, ah, very sweet! But finally, he turned to retrace the path by which he had come.

The trail was a steady descent and the dogs, urged on by the whip, fairly flew, and at the summit of the precipitous bluff on the edge of the river the sled rocked and swayed so that he was hurled from his seat and, striking his head on a projecting rock, was knocked unconscious.

* * * * * *

About half an hour later he awoke with a throbbing head, and somewhat weak from the loss of blood.

The dogs were lying in the snow around the sled which had been caught between two cakes of ice. The river had risen about a foot and a half; in consequence the dry part of the island was considerably smaller so that the men were almost struck by every ice-cake that was washed against the island.

Fifty feet further down the shore was a pile of logs, evidently about to be floated down to Dawson. The fugitive staggered to these and, with the aid of the powder from several cartridges and some seal-grease, succeeded in building a roaring fire.

Then he went to the sled and unharnessed the dogs. From their leather harnesses he made one long rope of about seventy feet. He coiled this carefully and carried it to a point on the bank a little above the island. He then searched for some heavy object to carry the line across to the island but, as the stones were covered with snow and ice, he had to use his revolver. He took out the cartridges and carefully tied the end of the rope to it. Then, twirling it several times around his head he let it fly. The first try was successful and the line went fairly into the men's hands.

They hauled in the revolver, untied it, and fastened the rope in a bow-line under the shoulders of the one who seemed most tired. He then took a deep breath and dived into the raging torrent.

The man on shore pulled in the rope hand over hand so fast that the swimmer was not more than fifteen feet from shore when he came up from his dive. He immediately plunged under again, but not before an ice-cake struck him in the head.

When the rescuer pulled him out on the shore he had a senseless body to deal with. He pulled him up to the fire and taking the unconscious man's revolver from his belt, he started on the rescue of the next.

The second man had better luck than his predecessor and was able to stagger up the beach to the fire, where he fell down utterly worn out. The next two were almost drowned in the transit, but the rescuer could not delay to resuscitate them till all were ashore.

There remained now only the sheriff who had waited till the last, as befitted the leader. By this time the waves had begun to wash over the very top of the island and the utmost haste was necessary to save the sheriff, who, waiting till there came a time when the ice-cakes were fewer, plunged in boldly and by swimming his best under water, was able to reach the shore without once coming up for air. But even his endurance was not sufficient

to keep him from falling in a dead faint as he reached the fire.

And now the man who had done all this, who had rescued his enemies, first saw to it that each sleeper was placed at a safe distance from the fire, put on a couple more logs, and then started to take up his journey to the American border where he would be safe from all English officials. But he had no more than started to leave the fire when he fell in a heap and, after a few futile efforts to rise, yielded to fatigue.

* * * * * *

In three hours the sheriff turned over and awoke. In a moment he realized where he was, and his first thought was for his rescuer. He found the latter sleeping soundly and brought him to the fire. Then he awoke the others. They were all recovered from the worst effects of their experience and were able to help prepare a meal from what they had in their pouches.

After their repast the sheriff addressed them for a few minutes in a low tone and, after they had discussed the matter thoroughly, they scattered to their work.

They untied the thongs which had been made into a rope, they fed the dogs and repaired the sled which had been smashed; they repacked the fugitive's stores and added to them; they placed a revolver in his belt to pay for the one which he had spoiled in their rescue; they combined their gold-sacks and left the gold-dust under the other things on the sled, and finally, they harnessed the dogs, fastened the sled to prevent a runaway and left a letter on the sled.

Hope you will arrive safely in American Alaska; will report you as drowned.

Fred Douglas,
Sheriff of Paraguay.

After an hour the fugitive awoke. The fire was burned down almost to embers and night was coming on, for he had slept four hours. He washed the sleep from his eyes with the icy river-water and looked around for traces of his late pursuers.

He saw nothing but the sled with the harnessed dogs lying in front of it. He went over to it and read the note. Tears filled his eyes. "Thank God I didn't leave them to die," he cried. Then he prepared a simple meal and started on his journey.

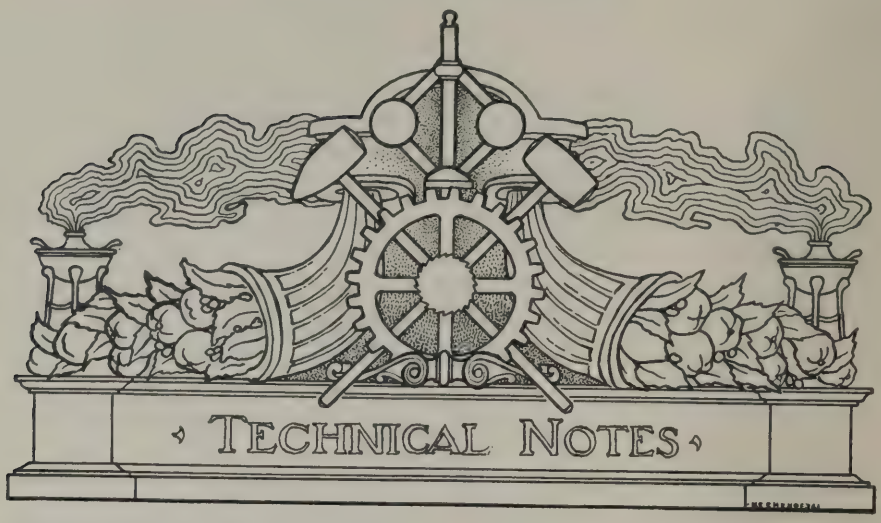
It was not till he reached the towns on the other side of the border that he found the gold which they had left him. He is now a successful corn-grower in Kansas.

A week later this notice appeared in the "Dawson News."

H—— L—— was drowned last Wednesday while attempting to cross the Yukon near Sixty Mile Post. He was being pursued by Sheriff Frederick Douglas of Paraguay for the murder of "Red" M'cpherson, and was so anxious to cross that he ventured on the rotten ice, and lost his life.

The wind blows chilly o'er the snow,
Bringing cold rain from oversea
And raging blindly to and fro
Tears the last leaf from off the tree.
To make poor cowering Autumn go
And force the lingering birds to flee
The wind blows chilly o'er the snow
Bringing cold rain from oversea.

But I before the fire's warm glow
Care little what the weather be,
For in the embers red I see
Your face, and take no heed although
The wind blows chilly o'er the snow.



One of Mr. Carnegie's latest gifts is that of the United Engineering Building to the American engineering societies. This building is now in construction in New York City and will be ready for occupancy by next fall.

The institution will be an ideal one of its kind. It will be the headquarters of nearly all the leading engineering societies of this country, will have consulting rooms and lecture rooms for the engineers, and will have one of the most complete libraries for engineering reference work in the world. An engineering center for this country has long been needed, and it is felt that we have it now in this building.

It is a question whether or not the great power obtainable from the waters of the Great Lakes can ever be utilized, for by the report of the American section of the International Waterways Commission, it is pointed out that the value of the Great Lakes cannot be jeopardized as a highway of commerce for water power. It is also suggested that it may prove necessary to dam the outlet from Lake Erie in order to keep the water in these lakes at a constant level.

It may never come into very universal use, but Mr. Hans Stauke, a German engineer, has hit upon a clever scheme. It is to connect a phonograph with a telephone. The call is made, the phonograph records it, and it can be repeated at any time.

The latest use of garbage is as a fuel in the manufacture of electricity. The city of Zurich, Switzerland, receives part of its supply of electricity from an electrical plant on the outskirts of the city which uses for its fuel garbage. This garbage, one can readily see, would not burn very freely, but an electrically blown blast of air is forced through it which gives the required result. As it is, large amounts of slag are reduced, which is in turn made into bricks and paving blocks. What next?

The railroad car of the future is to be made wholly of steel, or at least as nearly as can be with comfort. If railroad cars were made of steel in the place of wood, there would be no danger of fire, after the wreck of a train. This would save many lives, especially in tunnel wrecks, where lives are very frequently lost by suffocation caused by fire. Another feature of the steel car is its lightness, having a decided advantage over the bulky wooden car in this respect.

For local train service, electricity is fast displacing steam. Four of the largest railways in this country now operate all their suburban trains by electricity. It will only be a short while before electricity will displace steam wholly in railroads, which is still another proof of steam's slow but certain downfall.

One of the interesting engineering feats of this age is being performed now in the south. It is the building of a lock and dam in the Tennessee River, at a point some thirty-three miles below Chattanooga, Tennessee. From the dam, sufficient water power to supply all the manufactories and street cars of Chattanooga, and all other electric railway lines in the state of Tennessee is claimed will be secured, an engineering feat second only to the harnessing of Niagara Falls. The lock of this dam is to be the largest in the world and is to have a lift of forty feet.

The small hand cars operated so laboriously by the section gangs of railroads, are now in for an improvement. It is in the installation on each of a two cylinder eight horse power gasolene engine of a very simple construction, which it is estimated will carry fifteen men at a speed of fifteen miles an hour.

The United States is the leading oil producing country of the world. In 1904, this country produced 54 per cent. of the oil produced by the oil fields of the world. Some idea of the magnitude of the oil production of the world can be estimated when it is known that if the 219,000,000 barrels of oil produced in 1904 were placed end to end, they would extend nearly 130,000 miles.

Class Gifts at the Training School.

In past years, the graduating classes have not risen to the idea of leaving a memorial of themselves to the school. But of late, an unseen hand has opened the hearts and eyes of the graduates, and several gifts have already been placed in conspicuous places.

At a recent reunion of the class of '97, a motion was passed to present to the Rindge Manual Training School, as a token of appreciation for the benefits there received, a photograph of Guido Reni's "St. Michael and the Dragon." This beautiful picture now hangs in the Assembly Hall of the Washington Building.

The class of 1903 is planning a gift, the nature of which is not yet known.

When the class of 1904 was graduated, it added to the beauty of our school by making a gift of two colossal busts, one of Washington and the other of Lincoln, which have been placed over the door-ways in the Assembly Hall.

The class of 1905 presented to its alma mater a magnificent cast of "The Wrestlers." The original is considered one of the best groups of early Grecian sculpture in existence. The gift is at present in the lower hall of the Washington Building.

The Fifth Hour in Room Six.

Room six the fifth hour is a very interesting place. Pupils from both Fourth and Fifth Classes study there.

Burrage was telling us how he dreamed that he went shopping one day. He said that after crossing many *Brooks* he came to a little *Burrough* in Southern Massachusetts.

Entering the store he said to the storekeeper, "I want the *Bestwick* in the town." He then bought some *Black* ink, and two dozen *Bartlett* pears. Leaving the store he met the *Coleman* and ordered a ton of coal. Next he met the *Baker* and told him to *Cook* him some *Bean (s)*. Remembering that he broke his watch-*Cheyne* he took it to the jeweller to have it repaired, *Andrew* out his watch, but the *Cheyne* was stolen. He next went to the police and told them of his loss. They sent some men out to *Chase* the thief. He told the men to be sure and *Ketchem*. He then thought that he ought to buy some Bon-*Amee* to clean the windows but reaching for his money, he found it gone. "I have been *Dunn*," he cried, and woke up to find the bell ringing for dismissal.

THE
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The next issue of the REVIEW will appear on Thursday, February 15. All copy *must* be in by Wednesday, January 31. CLASS EDITORS PLEASE TAKE NOTICE.

The class of 1906, Latin School, will present "Mrs. Compton's Manager," on Friday, January 26, at the Newtowne Club. Drama, 8 to 10.30. Dancing, 10.30 to 1. Tickets, fifty cents.

The drama and dance of the class of 1906, High School, will be held at the Newtowne Club, on Friday evening, February 2. Not, as previously announced, on January 19. Tickets, fifty cents.

Mr. Gardner W. Chase, '07, has been appointed manager of the Latin School foot-ball team.

Mr. Harold C. Durrell, '01, has been elected graduate member of the Preparatory League executive committee.

The REVIEW may be found on sale at Amee's, Harvard Square; Beunke's, Central Square, and Parker's, Inman Square.

Latin School has entered the Interscholastic Ice Hockey League.

H. C. DURRELL, '01, EDITOR.

MARRIAGES.

'95. James Flint Bacon to Miss Helen M. Christie; November 30, 1905.

'95. Waldo Shaw Kendall to Miss Ethel Parker; November 15, 1905.

DEATHS.

Unrecorded. '70. Edward Franklin Collins. Died at Winthrop, Mass., September 8, 1899.

1875.

Mr. Edward I. Morse received the degree of A.B. (as of 1880) from Harvard last June.

1886.

The address of Otis L. Howe is, Care of Clark and Howe, Paris, Texas.

1889.

Dr. Roland J. Mulford is principal of the Cheshire Military Academy in Connecticut.

1893.

Mr. Sherman Campbell received the degree of A.M. (as of '03) from Harvard last June. He is instructor in the Polytechnic School, Peonia, Ill.

1894.

Mr. John E. Lansing is assistant in Chemistry at Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y.

1895.

The address of Mr. James F. Bacon is, "The Montford," Boston; and Mr. Geo. A. Goodridge has moved to 24 Park St., Winchester.

1897.

Mr. William C. Rice has entered the Harvard Law School.

1898.

Mr. Aldrich Durant is an assistant in Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.

Dr. Charles W. Adams has opened an office at 322 Broadway.

Mr. Henry J. Winslow has been elected common councilman from Ward Seven.

1899.

Mr. Parker E. Mareau is assistant in Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.

1901.

Philip R. Ammidon, Irving N. Linnell and S. Raphael Masstraugralo have entered the Harvard Law School; and Reginald S. James and Bronson Crothers, the Harvard Medical School.

Gustav E. Carstein is in business with his father.

Harold C. Chapin is head assistant in Chemistry 3 at Harvard.

Miss Flora E. Anderson is teaching day school in Revere High School, and night school in Somerville; Miss Lillian M. Barbour and Miss Madeleine Wood in the Wellington Training School; Miss Margaret Cotter in the Cambridge Latin School; Miss Mary S.

Flewelling and Miss Edith O'Brien in the Thorndike School; Miss Winifred S. Goodwillie in the Willard School; Miss Mary V. Sullivan in the Henry L. Pierce School, Dorchester, and Miss Eva R. Jackson in the Lee High School, Lee, Mass.

Miss Evangeline Hall is attending the Normal School at Cheyney, Penn., and Miss Bessie Ellsbree, The Boston Normal School.

Mr. William O. Hubbard is teaching at the Rindge Manual Training School.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lillian M. Barbour to Mr. Harold W. Bennett.

1902.

Mr. Walter J. Garfield has entered the Harvard Medical School; Mr. Chester Hartwell the Harvard Law School and Mr. J. Fred Murray, Jr., the Lawrence Scientific School.

Thirty-five members of the class enjoyed a reunion at the home of Miss Winifred H. Rogers, 55 Dana St., on Friday evening, December 29th. A part of the evening was spent in playing hearts. The following class officers were elected:

President, Arthur W. Burton; Vice-President, Winifred H. Rogers; Secretary, Archibald Graustein; Treasurer, Theodore Wilson; Fifth member of the Board of Directors, Eleanor S. Burton.

John DeQ. Briggs has been elected a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard.

J. Willard Hood has entered the Princeton Theological School.

1904.

Carlisle W. Burton is captain of the 1908 hockey team at Harvard.

1905.

The following are enrolled at Harvard: — Edward L. Bennett, George H. Brooks, Robert W. Byerly, Elwood S. Currie, Richard Ellis, Leslie F. Ellsbree, Merton L. Garfield, Louis Grandgent, Jeremiah A. Green, Edmund S. Kelley, Francis H. Kendall, Henry F. Nash, Norman S. Nash, John A. Paine, Robert E. Rogers, Thomas S. Ross, Carl R. Samuelson, Raymond W. Smyth, Ralph W. Williams.

James Hitchcock is attending Dartmouth.

Roger S. Taft has entered the Harvard Dental School.

The following are registered at Radcliffe: Miss Mabelle Adams, Miss Miriam A. Bentley, Miss Lucia R. Briggs, Miss Helen W. Dougherty, Miss Lucile Douglas, Miss Clara G. Jones, Miss Leita A. Kinsman, Miss Mary E. Murray, Miss Mary I. Tucker.

Miss Annie A. Brodeen, Miss Edna K. Dougherty, and Miss Alta M. Eaton are attending the Kindergarten Normal School in Boston.

The following are registered at Wellesley: Miss Jean A. Cross, Miss Edith F. Hursh, Miss Emily McFarlane, Miss Madeline Piper, Miss Eleanor A. Raymonds.

Miss Alma S. Olson is at Vassar.

Elwood Currie is captain of the Harvard Freshman basket-ball team.

A Plucky Swim.

C. MERRILL ROGERS, JR.

It was evening, and a few officers of the detachment stationed at the Philippines were seated around the camp-fire. They were mostly young officers, not the fierce bearded veterans that you think of as soldiers. Laughter and fun was at its height. There was cracking of jokes and the champagne bottles went round. Everything indicated that these young officers did not trouble themselves about the dangers of foes all around them. Indeed, they despised the natives and consequently had no thought of danger. Presently the conversation fell on the state of affairs in China; the Boxers, the missionaries, and the ambassadors besieged in the British Legation.

"I tell you what 'Uncle Sam' ought to do. He ought to send some troops over there to Pekin and wipe those Chinks out and get our ambassadors away," said Randolph, one of the youngest officers.

"That's all right," chimed in one of the older, experienced officers, "but it would take more than a small detachment to wipe out those Chinese. I don't say we couldn't make it pretty hot for them for a little while, but in the end we would be sure to get licked — one little force against the power of China."

"That's all very well, also," responded Randolph, "but who said anything about a small detachment? Couldn't the United States afford a large enough one to relieve the ambassadors? Or even if it could only send a small force, most of the other principal countries have got ministers and missionaries besieged in the British Legation, and I guess if everyone of those countries sent over a detachment there'd be enough to wipe out the Chinks."

At this moment Sergeant Bob Gordon, an old friend of Randolph's, came up to the campfire and beckoned Randolph to him.

"General Chaffee has received an order, from the Secretary of War, to embark with his men for Pekin and rescue the missionaries and ambassadors. I think that all the other countries who've got interests in China are going to send some troops. You'd better tell those fellows," pointing in the direction of the camp-fire, "it's probably news to them."

"Hey, fellows," said Randolph, turning around and walking in the direction of the camp-fire, "guess what news I've got."

"O, tell us, Randolph," said one or two of the men, impatiently, "don't keep us guessing. Out with it."

"Well, then," said Randolph, "we're going."

"Going where," demanded the rest.

"To Pekin, of course. Bob Gordon just now told me that General Chaffee had received an order from the Secretary of War to proceed at once to Pekin and rescue the ministers and missionaries. The other nations are going to send troops there too; and I tell you there's going to be some hot doings," he finished up.

"Hope there will be," said Bates, a young officer. "It's awfully monotonous staying here and doing nothing. Of course there are one or two brushes with the natives occasionally but those aren't worth much. There is not much chance of ever getting promoted out here. Give us a little bit of active service and you'll see me — "

"Come home a general," finished Randolph with a laugh, and the crowd dispersed.

Next morning all was bustle and confusion. There was little drill; the whole energy being put into getting ready for the embarkation.

At last the day came. Randolph, Bates and the rest of the young officers were aboard the same boat. Randolph's friend, Sergeant Bob Gordon, was also there.

About two days out, a heavy storm struck them. It was almost impossible to walk around the deck at least for the young soldiers, so they decided to stay below.

They were enjoying themselves, regardless

of wind or weather, in the seclusion of the cabin, when suddenly a cry from the deck was heard: "Man Overboard."

All the officers in the cabin jumped up and hurried to the deck.

"Who is it?" said Randolph, catching hold of the rail to steady himself, for it was of no use trying to stand without a brace.

"Bob Gordon."

Bob Gordon! Randolph's playmate from his boyhood days! Bob Gordon! They had enlisted and gone together to the Philippines! Bob Gordon! His almost constant companion when off duty!

Without a bit of hesitation he threw off his shoes and coat. Catching up a rope that lay near and tying it under his arm-pits, he said to a sailor standing near by:

"Pay her out slowly and if you see me raise my hands pull me in, but not until then."

"For heaven's sake don't go! Lower a boat; do anything; but don't jump into that water," implored the old sailor.

"No boat could live a moment in that sea," said Randolph. Then, glancing to see in what direction Gordon was, he jumped in.

It was almost impossible to keep afloat in that sea. As Randolph rose on the crest of a big wave, he looked towards Gordon. There he was exhausted and tired; he had almost given up hope. With a tremendous effort, Randolph reached him. Grasping hold of Gordon's shoulder, he began to swim back towards the ship. Glancing in that direction, he saw the sailors lowering the boat and preparing to come out and help him.

Gordon had become unconscious by this time from his long struggle against the waves; so that Randolph had to pull him through the water. This was too much of a strain for the young officer and unconsciously he began to lose his grip.

Suddenly a large wave came against them, which made Randolph lose his hold entirely. Gordon sank, and Randolph with renewed vigor dove after him; but it was of no use. Gordon was drowned. All Randolph's efforts had been in vain.

By this time the ship's boat, which had been making little headway against the waves, came up. Strong hands lifted Randolph into the boat and there he sank unconscious.

When he regained his senses, he found himself in the cabin. After a while he was able to move round a little bit. By this time the storm had cleared away.

In a few days the coast of China was sighted. Other transports, carrying foreign troops to look out for their countries' interests in China, were in the harbor.

For six weeks the allied army marched slowly towards Pekin, fighting with the Chinese army, steadily driving them back, until at last they came within sight of the city walls.

During the attack on the wall Randolph's captain fell. Randolph running forward took command of the company and was among the first to gain the gate.

A day or two before the army started back for the Philippines, the colonel called the regiment together and addressed them:

"Boys, you all, no doubt, witnessed the heroic, though unsuccessful, attempt of Lieutenant Randolph to save Sergeant Gordon. He has been promoted to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Captain Snyder. Three cheers for Captain Randolph."

And they were given with a will.

Chase & Hunt, well known opticians of Tremont Temple, have caused cards to be passed around in the Latin School that, on presentation, allow the holder to ten per cent. discount on the purchase or repairing of spectacles or eye glasses. They also give the athletic fund of the school fifteen per cent. of the net amount. They refer to any doctor for references and guarantee fine work. Here is your chance to show your school spirit and benefit yourself at the same time. If you do not use glasses give the cards to relatives or friends who do. Let them have the benefit of the discount and the skill of these opticians. Both members of the firm were formerly with Andrew Lloyd. Other schools are swelling the athletic fund in this means; why shouldn't we?

Exchange Notes.

The editor, in looking over the exchanges, feels that, except for the grammatical errors, which hang about school papers, cropping up here and there when least expected, the quality is remarkably high. Many of the papers seem to be struggling to maintain a high standard when they have little or no good material to draw from. Now a state of affairs like this argues a lack of support in a good many schools. It is impossible for a board of editors to write the whole of a paper and make it represent a school containing several hundred scholars. The result of their being compelled to do all the work is always the same, and then the subscribers feel that the paper is not what it should be. The moral of this is that every member of a school which has a paper should do his best to support it.

We have noticed this season that there has been rather a small crop of the standard foot-ball story. Most of the editors seem to have realized that well written athletic notes, describing games that have actually occurred, are far more interesting than the weird and impossible performances of some hero, who, in spite of the severest injuries is still able to manage a large part of the opposing team by his own efforts. Of course we do not deny that some foot-ball stories are possible, but we find it rather hard to swallow a good many of them.

Several exchange notes have appeared in different papers, condemning copious class or school notes in other school publications. We feel that, while it is certainly true that too many notes and too little other matter ruin the general interest of the paper, still it is not general interest that supports a paper, but the patronage of the members of the school which it represents. If the members of that school wish for school notes, the paper must, perforce, cater to their interests. The school notes should of course be bright and clever, but, if this is the case, it is unfair to criticise a paper for having to much local material.

The *Register,* of the Boston Latin School, has as usual brought out an interesting number. A special feature of this issue is the novelty and originality of its stories.

We feel it necessary to remind the *Tattler* of Nashua, New Hampshire, that it is not customary to introduce advertisements among the reading matter.

The *Crescent* of New Haven, Connecticut, is a very interesting publication. Its stories are deficient neither in quantity nor better yet, in quality. It lacks only an exchange column to make it complete.

Helios, published by the $\Gamma\ \Delta\ \Psi$ fraternity of Grand Rapids, can be compared, without disadvantage, to any of the papers supported by whole schools. It contains an inexhaustible fund of wit, humor, and originality.

The *Mirror* is a credit to its mother-institution, the Central High School of Philadelphia. It is filled to overflowing with excellent literary material.

For descriptions of foreign countries, we heartily recommend to our readers "In Venice," an article in the *Mirror* of Waltham, and "Leaves from my Diary," a series of articles appearing monthly in the *Pierce School Alumni Journal.*

The *Cricket* of Belmont, California, easily secures the place of honor among our exchanges. Its cover is excellent, its illustrations amusing, and its stories interesting. Its entire make-up, from cover to cover, cannot but secure it an enviable rank among papers of its class.

We admire the exchange notes in the *Cherry and White* of the Williamsport High School.

The Thanksgiving cover of the *Antler Fortnightly* is very clever and its contents do not fall far short of the cover in excellence.

The *Lowell High School Review* might be better arranged.

We take pleasure in welcoming the *Rayen Record* to our exchange list. This paper is excellent, but would certainly be improved by a few cuts.

We see that the *Tripod* has lately printed, in its exchange column, a reply to the attack made upon it by *Epsilon*. The remarks of *Epsilon*, if we are not mistaken, conveyed an impression that in a comparison between the two papers the *Tripod* must inevitably suffer. The latter replies in a vigorous vein, that it is just as good as *Epsilon* if not better. At the risk of getting our share of the *Tripod's* sharp tongue, we must volunteer that this is not the spirit in which to reply to an adverse criticism. *Epsilon* may or may not be right; but the response shows lack of dignity, unwillingness to admit a fault, and an indisposition to correct it if it exists. Are we meddlesome, *Tripod?*

A Snowshoe Tramp.

HELEN CAMPBELL, C. L. S., '08.

The quaint, old Canadian city of Kingston lies just where the lordly St. Lawrence flows out of Lake Ontario. In the winter time, when the cold winds and snowstorms sweep down from the North, these two great bodies of water freeze over and afford unbounded opportunities for winter fun.

To the east of Kingston are two points of land, on one of which is the Royal Military College of Canada, and on the other, on high ground, overlooking the whole expanse of lake, river, and city, is old Fort Henry, built in the early days of the Province to guard the channel from the invading enemy. This old pile of grey stone is interesting and amusing enough to deserve mention, for the reason that all its strong defences and guns are towards the land, while the side exposed to the river is so low and open that it would be utterly impossible for the defenders to prevent an enemy from pressing at once into the inner works. The explanation of this peculiar fact is that the architect who designed it went insane while drawing up the plans; nevertheless, I could never understand why the builders did not realize the absurdity of the structure before it was completed. The fort stands just on the brow of a hill, and here every year, during the cold season, the cadets of the Military College build a splendid toboggan-slide.

The greatest fun of the whole winter is a snowshoe tramp across the ice to this fort. If one can "waylay" a night when the moon is full and a good two feet of crusted snow covers the lake, that is the time of all times to make the expedition! During the winter of nineteen hundred and three, we were fortunate enough to have just such a night, and needless to say, we took advantage of it.

From the very moment that our snowshoes were tied on, the fun began. The silent moon was casting a glory over the great, unbroken, sparkling tract of snow, and the keen, winter wind blew an exhilarating blast into our faces as we started off. We tramped along through a deep stillness. Not a sound was heard, except the thud of our snowshoes on the snow, and occasionally the tinkling of a farmer's sleighbell, as he drove home to the island opposite the city.

Presently, however, we could hear merry shouts and laughter in front of us, and then as we rounded the college point, Fort Henry and its splendid toboggan-slide loomed up before us. What an animated scene it was! Swift toboggans were sweeping down the long hill, gathering speed as they went, and then shooting like meteors off on to the lake.

So anxious were we to join in this fun that we could scarcely wait to get to the hill, and the inexperienced ones fell all over their snowshoes in their endeavor to hurry. At last, we reached the top of the hill, and it did not take long for all of us to pile on to an empty toboggan and fly down with the rest. Who can describe the glorious feeling, experienced on such a slide? Whirling through the air, faster and faster — swift as the very wind that whistles by.

Again and again, we started from the top and whirled down the hill off onto the ice; but soon, when the walk up again began to tire us, we were reminded that there was a still longer walk before us, so we bade a reluctant farewell to the scene of our enjoyment, and started back to the city.

The walk home was easy and pleasant, for the wind was at our backs. Nevertheless, we were all glad when the house was at last reached and we sat down before a roaring, open fire to get warm and to talk over our delightful snowshoe tramp.

A Dearly Bought Championship.

M. R. F., C. E. H. S., '06.

* * * * * * * * *
* To-morrow, *
* Basket-Ball, *
* B. H. S., *vs.* L. H. S., *
* 3.30 P. M. *
* * * * * * * * *

Thus read the notice which met the eyes of the pupils of the Birmingham High School on one Tuesday morning. The girls were in a flutter of excitement, for was not Lincoln High School the mortal enemy of both the basket-ball and foot-ball teams of their school? Between the two schools lay the championship.

All that the girls talked of during recess was the game. The captain, Edna Sybley, better known as "Teddy," was the center of admiring groups, all day.

After school, she called a meeting of her team. "Now, girls," she said, "play together! Don't let them get the ball from you. Hold on to it, but don't be rough! Play square, and if we should win, let it be in a fair way."

On the following afternoon the nine girls, with their loyal supporters, showed up for the game. "Teddy" and her chums, May Wescott and Nettie Blaisdell, were the first to appear. What hearty clasping of hands and wishes of luck were exchanged among the girls! All were confident ofwinning.

Just as the signal to play was heard, May called out, "Look out for your ankle, Ted." "Never mind me, mind the game," was the cheerful reply. The girls lined up, Teddy's "Play fair" rang in their ears.

Immediately the game began in earnest. The ball changed sides, going from Lincoln to Birmingham and back again. The struggle was fierce, the battle long. Finally, with only two minutes of the first half to play, Lincoln got the ball, Birmingham's guard tried to get

it, but fouled, and with a line-up, Lincoln made the first goal. Then the whistle blew "time." The girls ran out of the gym. The first half was over.

At the beginning of the second half, Teddy did not feel as strong as before, in fact, her ankle was in very poor condition, but as she was a goal, and there were no "subs" present, she would not give up.

In the first few minutes of the second half the opponents again had the ball, but after a short struggle, Birmingham got possession of it. Back and forth, forward and backward it went, but only as far as the centers. May Wescott, with her blood up, was no slow player, passing it to another center and receiving it back again, she managed to pass it to Teddy. Teddy passed it to Nettie, who failed to catch it. It went to Lincoln.

With five minutes to play, Teddy again got the ball and again lost it, but her guards recovered it from Lincoln, passed it to the centers, who sent it flying to Teddy, so far above her head, however, that she could not reach it without jumping. Could she do it! "I must," she said, "I've got to get it," and springing into the air, she caught the ball. On striking the floor her foot slipped, her ankle snapped, and down she went in a heap, still holding the ball. Up she hopped! she *must*, she *would* make a basket.

The cheers of the spectators encouraged her; she hobbled a little nearer the goal, bouncing the ball, and after throwing it fell senseless, just as the whistle was blown.

Her anxious comrades crowded about her, all eager to help their plucky little captain, and as she was carried out by willing arms, she heard the referee announcing,

"Score 2 to 1—favor of Birmingham."

O K Π NOTES.

At a recent meeting of the Latin School Chapter of the O K Π the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: — President, Sidney C. Boyer; Vice-President, James A. Eccles; Secretary, Alfred M. Goodale, Jr.; Treasurer, F. Leon Foster.

The night before the Dartmouth foot-ball game, the members of the chapter were entertained by Mr. Cunningham and M. Harlow, both C. L. S., '04, in their room at college. There were many graduates present, and a very pleasant evening was enjoyed by all. During the evening an "O K Π Alumni Association" was formed, with Henry Hopewell, '03, as president, and George Rivinius, '03, as secretary and treasurer. The association was formed so that the graduates might keep in closer touch with the active members of the society, and be better able to advise and assist them in their affairs.

Mr. Porter Smith, Dartmouth, '08, a member of the O K Π Senate, gave an interesting account of the national convention, which met last year at Oak Park, Illinois. Messrs. Bodman, Curtis, and Starring, Harvard, '09, told something of the workings of the fraternity at the Chicago Latin School, of which school they are graduates.

Among those present were Messrs. Hastings, '02; Andrews, Boggs, Crocker, Russell, Ellis, Evans, Hopewell, Jameson, and Rivinius, '03; Arnold, Cunningham, Harlow, and Howe, '04; Richard Ellis, Hitchcock, and Williams, '05; Boyer, Foster, Graustein, Mason, and Small, '06; Sargent and Smith, ex-'06; Beard, '08; Goodale, '09; Porter Smith, Dartmouth, '08; Bodman, Curtis, and Starring, Chicago Latin School, '05, Harvard, '09.

BASKET-BALL.

LATIN SCHOOL.

December 7, at half after four the Latin School 'Varsity played a practice game with the Radcliffe Seniors in the Radcliffe gymnasium. Final score, 6 to 6.

The line-up was as follows: —

Radcliffe.	Latin School.
Goals:	Goals:
Ruth Wharton, Dorothy Kendall, Mary Minton	Irene Ketchum, Mary Howe, Marian Gragg.
Guards:	Guards:
Avis Kingston, Charlotte Adams, Helen Bridgham (Cp.)	(Edna Smith), Louise Clarke, Katherine Lawrence, Marjorie Smith.
Centres:	Centres:
Marion Churchill, Ruth Dallinger, Ethel Layton.	Marion Mason (C'pt). Gertrude Babson, (Constance Dougherty), Helen Blake.

Goals from the field, Kendall, Minton 2; Ketchum, Howe. Free goals, Howe 2. Time, two fifteen minute halves.

Wednesday, December 20th, the 'Varsity played with the Radcliffe 'Varsity in the Radcliffe gymnasium. It was the first League game of the season; all the girls played a good game and a steady one. Time, three ten-minute periods. Score, Radcliffe 30, Latin School 6. The line-up and scoring for Latin was as follows: —

Centres: Helen Blake, Gertrude Babson, Marion Mason.

Guards: Marjorie Smith, Louise Clarke, Alice Carleson.

Goals: Irene Ketchum, Marian Gragg, Edith Hubbard.

Goals from the field, Ketchum, Gragg. Free goals, Hubbard, 2.

After the game the Latin School girls were invited to tea at Agassiz House.

HIGH SCHOOL.

Posse 40. High School 4.

On Friday, December 15th, a picked team from the Cambridge High, played its first game of the season with Posse in the Posse Gymnasium, Miss Furfey acting as captain. The game was largely attended, High School being well represented. The Posse girls put up a fine game and were much too quick for our girls as was shown by the final score 40 to 4.

Cambridge. Goals: Miss Furfey, Miss Higgins, Miss Sullivan.

Posse. Goals, Miss Hicks (Capt.), Miss Rice.

Cambridge, Guards: Miss Maynard, Miss Porter, Miss Roberts, Miss Russell.

Posse. Guards: Miss Perry, Miss Quinlan.

Cambridge. Centres: Miss Doyle, Miss O'Connell.

Posse. Centres: Miss MacLaughlin.

Miss Furfey and Miss Roberts excelled for High School, Miss Furfey making our two goals, while Miss Hicks and Miss Rice excelled for Posse.

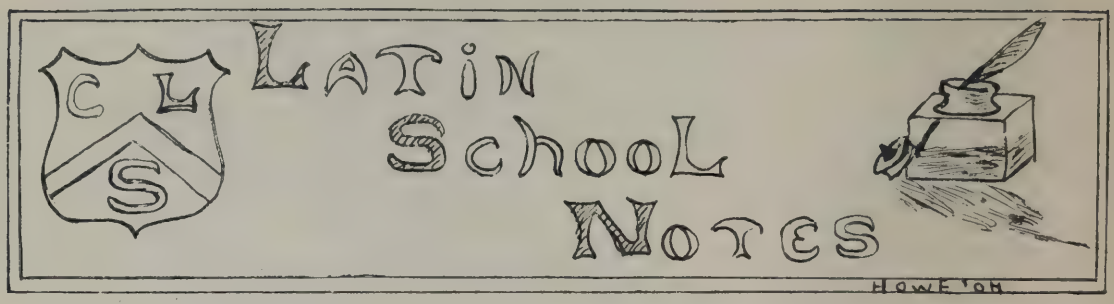
Time — Two 10 minute halves.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"John Fiske." By Thomas Sergeant Perry. Edited by M. A. DeWolfe Howe. Small, Maynard Co. 105 pp. $ .75. The Beacon Biographies.

The high standard of the Beacon Biographies is maintained by this book. It gives the life of John Fiske in a clear, concise manner.

John Fiske was born in 1842. His name then was Edmund Fiske Green but on his mother's second marriage he changed it to John Fiske. In 1860 he entered Harvard as a sophomore. He published a work before graduating. He took a course in the Law School and was admitted to the bar. In the same year he married Miss Abby M. Brooks. He became an instructor in history in Harvard. Later he visited Europe where he lectured. During the rest of his life he published several valuable works. He died in East Gloucester, Mass., on July 4, 1901. Several books were published after his death.



1906.

A very enjoyable social was held at the home of Miss Packer, on Friday evening, December 15. Miss Bachelder and Miss Baldwin added to the pleasure of the occasion by their presence.

By mistake, a notice of the pleasant social held at the home of Miss Doyle last month, was omitted.

river+let=rivulet=little river.
chap+let=chaplet=little chap.

Two bases having equal altitudes are to each other as themselves.
Really!

Πολυμήχαν' 'οδυσσεῦ.
=Ulysses of many dimensions.
Remarkable man!

Comus "enjoyed his gay rhetoric." (Comus Line 790.)
They had grinds even then.

L-c-e — "Permit me to kindle myself."
Suicide? And yet so young!

We have heard that Cyrus's army marched in dress suits!
This hardly agrees with the pictures in Room 28.

Query — "Are you reading Homer in Greek?"
D-a-y — "No, we are having the Iliad now."

The new class editor wishes that the '06 humorists would try to maintain their reputation. There is a great dearth of *good* jokes this month.

According to Miss S-p-d, when we speak of a mutual friend we mean one whose angles are equal.

Teacher — "Was that right, M — n?"
M — n — "I didn't hear it but it must have been wrong."

Christmas vacation has come. Hurrah! And gone. Alas!

What did Santa Claus bring you in the way of Latin marks?

1907.

Mangeant toujours=always eating.

B-l-y's favorite quotation — "I am not gamesome."

Fasces=faces.
Is, ea, *idem!*

H-b-d — "Romans, Countrymen, Lovers! — "
Heard at the farther end of the room — "Amen!"

"Now we sit close *upon* this taper here!"

The conspirators began to crowd about Cæsar *to press their suits!*

Miss F— to Ch-b-n — "You will break my heart."
Ch-b-n — "Ay, Sirrah, an you wish it."

Latest pronunciation of Mytilene: —
"Mighty Leany."

In German class: —
"What language are we now studying?"
Miss H — "French!"

Miss Reynolds has been obliged to leave school on account of ill-health. We shall all miss her, and hope to have her with us again soon.

He was accused of taking bribes from the Sardines (Sardians).

6-2 x 7=14.

L-h-e to Miss F —
"Did we have that selection to learn?"
"Did we have it when I was here?"
"Well, did I learn it?"

We wonder whom R. H-bb-d meant in Latin when he said, "O, dear!"

La colonne vertébrale=the vertical colonel.

We regret very much Miss Baldwin's absence, and hope that she will soon return.

1908.

Now for 1906!

Heard in Latin: —
"He washes his face with a flood of tears."

When we forget the principal parts of irregular verbs, we like to give them as "wanting, wanting."

Who said that there were nine hundred stanzas in the "King's Quair?"

Have you written a sonnet yet?

Teacher — "Does anyone know where the Amazons came from?"
Volunteer — "From the Amazon River."

Keep your pencil out of sight in History Class.

"Look pleasant" — but not at your neighbors.

Isn't there a rule or something about domus and rus?

Mr. D — "Themistocles was a very fast young man."

"Difficile emin esse."
"For it would be *easy*."

Overheard in French Class: —
"Quel age a-t-elle?"
"Quatre-vingt-seize ans! !"

Mr. P — y informs us that the girls don't speak loud enough. This might apply to some of the boys, as well.

Close, Chase, and Clark have made the hockey team.

"P — l, don't giggle. Only girls giggle."(?)

"Avez-vous envie de dormir?"
"Oui."

1909.

Miss Bestwick has been obliged to leave school on account of poor health.

Miss B- -k translating — "The song of the horse."

(Continued on page 32.)

1906.

Happy New Year, Everybody.

Nelson and Frank had quite an argument at recess one day not long ago. .

What did you find over at the Gym., girls?

Some of the senior girls have been promoted — (to the platform).

Who is the understudy in the drama?

What did Santa Claus bring you?

Lost! Strayed! or Stolen! Social Committee!

"— de drap corse plus epais que la toison de ses chèvres."
Translation — "Of Corsican cloth thicker than the wool of a horse."

Only six weeks before mid-years.

Look out girls! Miss Furfey is going to "shoot"! !

In a very kind note, Mr. Parker Webb thanks all of the scholars and especially the boys, who acted as pall-bearers at the funeral of his sister, Harriet Webb, whose untimely death on the evening of December 15th, while attending the first dance of the season given by her class at the Newtowne Club, has affected us all so deeply.

1907.

We wonder why Miss C-ai-g likes the geometry class.

What is the attraction in Room 5, Miss W-a-r?

Miss O'R- -lly, won't you please sing?

Miss Sh- -ky doesn't (?) like to play *wink*.

Ask Miss H-g-n what initials she wrote on the front of a Christmas card she made in Miss Jennison's room.

Ask Sk-l-on about his friend, who plays the piano.

Did you ever hear of "Fu-fu" the fighter of Training School, '07?

1908.

We extend our deepest sympathy to the class of 1906 in the loss of their classmate, Miss Webb.

Little boys should not quarrel in school, H-g-l-an.

Olson, can't you distinguish Mullins from a pair of lens?

"*Ain't* Connelly the good little boy?"

Miss M-rt-n is too busy talking to correct her French sentences.

We have one famous artist in our class, haven't we, Miss Furfey? ? ?

The girls of '08 are requested to contribute one penny each for the purchase of a knife for Miss Furfey, so that she will not have to borrow Miss R-b-rt's "sharp knife."

It seems to be a great fad to swallow the French endings the fourth hour.

How do you like your seat in Latin class, Miss Win-ow?

Miss S-u-rt, please bring your block to the desk!

Lost, a Social Committee!

Who is C-h-r-i-e "C," Miss Furfey?

Are you responsible for all that disturbance, R-a-en?

Teacher — "Put your eyes on the board."
Pupil — "It is an impossibility."

Heard in English:
Among those present at Hawthorne's funeral were Bunyan and Milton.

We are told that Homer was born in Ireland.

Hawthorne was a tall, thin man, and was not married until late in life.

Ask Miss F-r-ey how it seems to fall over two sleds and then land in a snow-bank.

Miss A. Nagle is getting to be quite a basket-ball player.

Miss Do-le and Miss Ha- -i-s are great basket-ball players, using the basket in Room 2 on Thursdays.

Miss Shaw: — How often do you receive those presents?

Teacher — "Give formula for velocity of sound."
Miss M-l-n-y — "If equals are added to equals their sum are equal."

1909.

What is the attraction for Miss F-s-er, over at Latin School?

Teacher (in history class) — "Give a fact about Elizabeth."
Scholar — "She was a croquet."

Ask Miss M-y-rs if she likes Algebra.

Is Div. I. smart in Algebra?

Ask Miss Rauhofer how many resolutions she made.

Heard in History Class:
Teacher — "Who was Richard III?"
Scholar — "A man."

We congratulate you, Miss H-g-r on your percent in French.

What is the attraction in Miss Moulton's room on Tues., 2nd hour?

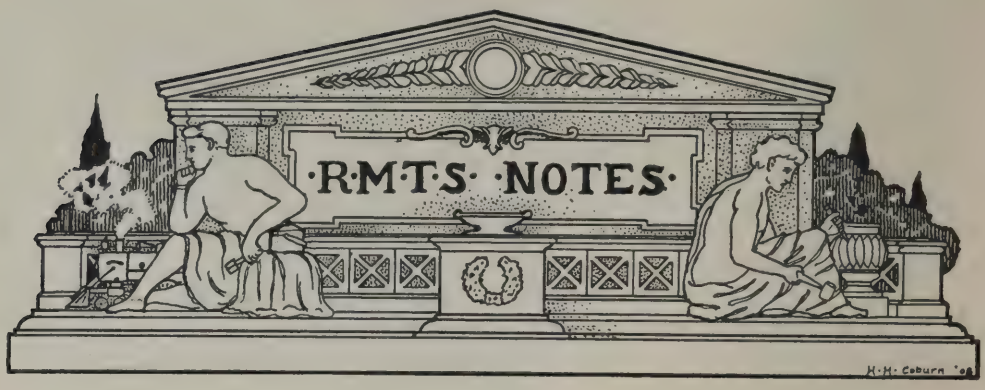
Miss Snow, we still like *fudge,* especially on Thursdays.

Ask Miss E. Lynch what the attraction is at the teacher's desk in Room 3.

Miss Snow, why do you look into Room I so often?

Miss S-o-b — "10 x 11 = 100, too bad we did not have more arithmetic in the grammar school."

Who likes "Necco Sweets" in Room 5, Miss M-e-s or Miss C-r-i-k?



1906.

This month's execution took place as usual. The victims chose their chopping blocks as follows: — Tabb, on "Mr. Lake's Submarine-Boat;" Grant, on "Musical Instruments;" Welsch, on "The Education of the Adult Blind;" Hussey on the "Indian Question;" Lindberg, on the "Two Hundred and Seventy-fifth Anniversary of Cambridge;" Lynes, on "Organ-Construction."

A problem from "Dudley's Physics;" "If a man is shot at, with a gun, from a point 1,100 feet distant, will he hear the report before or after the bullet strikes him?"

Mr. Hill has already begun to weed out the failers.

Grant can talk with both hands.

"Ich bin durch den Gang."
"I am one of the gang."

Beunke, can you explain the feminine singular, or is it the "singular feminine?"

Heard in Chemistry: —
"Mu-d-ck. Where can I get the water?"

The senior class extends its hearty sympathy and good-feeling to "Billy" Earl, and wish him a very speedy recovery from his present ailment.

Will our German tutor, Herr Griffin, return again to help us out of our difficulties? Yes?

Mr. Hill often uses the front black-board as a mirror.

The vacation hasn't benefited our lack of study, has it?

"There is fine skating, now."
What's that? Where?
Park Square Roller Skating Rink.

Look before you leap. (Into Spy.)

Teacher — "Why that scowl?"
Student — "I don't understand."
Teacher — "What don't you understand?"
Student — "I don't know what I don't understand, but I don't understand it."

1907.

"Sit down and make yourself homely."

"Little boys" look little to little folks.

According to the mark census, Powell is up to date.

Although Lot's wife turned to rubber she became a pillar of salt.

The fellows enter Mlle. Ellis's room like city men only on test days.

In the pipe line, there are rumors of graft.

Thompson says he is an historian. We anxiously await developments.

Echo from English room — "Take some feathers out of the wings of imagination and place them in the tail of judgment."

Lost — Mr. Brown's rule?

1908.

The class pins have arrived and most of them sold. It would seem as though those who ordered them and have not yet paid, would have honor enough to do so.

Teacher — Class, I will leave it to you: what shall we do with this fellow?
A bright pupil — Adjust the radiator and make it hot for him.

What other class can boast of a human automobile? Ours is on exhibition daily, in room J the last hour.

We hear through good authority that Green and Berry are exceedingly good hockey players — ?

Bol-n went to the Ladies and Gent's restaurant to get a dog.

Carr positively refuses to explain his method of skating.

You cannot get your geometry out of the vocabulary, you know.

All applications for seats in the outside row in Room J will be considered at 2 o'clock.

"Leave the room, B."
B. — "I wasn't laughing."
Teacher — "I said, 'leave the room.'"
B. — "I said, 'I wasn't doing all the laughing.'"

Anyone in Div. D who does not get a zero once a day must have been dreaming of his lesson the night before.

Heard between the shop periods — "Would you like to take my soap?"
"No, thanks, I never use it."

After a short vacation the class has gone at their work with renewed vigor. With such competent English teachers behind us the class should show now, more than ever, their literary talent. Let everyone contribute something toward the next REVIEW and those to follow.

Many in the class regret the leaving of Mr. Evans.

Skilton (our fluent French scholar) — Donné-moi un eraser?

Very successful debates have been held in Mr. H's room — ? — ? Yes? No?

Div. F is looking forward to the time when Williams, their prize package, comes back to school.

Abel says he will use the board he made for his double runner to press his clothes with. We understand that is what he made it for.

Make your resolutions now, and live up to them. So say we all.

1909.

The shops are becoming quite gory. Fellows seem to take a joy in hurting themselves. On account of this, Patterson and Loire are carrying carefully bandaged hands.

Why don't we leave off wearing Grammar School pins and appoint a committee to see about R. M. T. S. pins?

Sibley, of 4 F is training to be a locomotive engineer.

We have two new teachers. Mr. Getchell, in place of Mr. Evans, who has left and accepted a place in Boston; and Mr. Richert, as drawing teacher.

What happened to the much talked of meeting of Harvard School graduates?

The freshmen hockey players are saying things about the weather.

After Christmas many of the fellows will start making chairs, bookcases, tables, medicine cabinets, and magazine racks from their own design.

"Keep out of my locker." Common saying at noon hour.

Several fellows have cut themselves on rivets inside their lockers. Look out!

L-n-s-y says that the view from the drawing room window is not as good at two o'clock as it is at half-past one. Why?

C. L. S. NOTES.

(Continued from page 27.)

Fifth hour has lost its charm for Miss M. B-a-k.

There are always smiling faces in French when we get our papers back — until we are told that the marks are deductions.

Red hair-ribbons! !

"H-r-ow, stop looking at Miss N-e-a."

Teacher — "Give the principal parts of the verb 'to condemn.'"
Miss Ch-se — "Damno, dam —"
Teacher — "That will do, we'll have no swearing."

What's the matter with a class hockey team?

How we love (?) geometry, such high (?) marks.

"The-smile-that-won't-come-off" — C — n.

1910.

What about a social?

Do-ov-n has a Public Library in his desk in Room 7. So if you want any books he will let you take them on approval.

Ask Miss D-dm-n how she spends her time the last hour.

Colvin stays in Room 7 when the girls don't go to gym. I wonder why.

C-nn-l is fond of playing train with a magnet and pin.

Miss B — s puts her hand up to her mouth when she whispers, which is a very good plan, but it didn't work.

I wonder why Fl-nt-c turns around so much.

I wonder whom C-lv-n is going to take to the dramas.

Isn't it about time for some class pins?

Miss H — ll informs us that she would like to visit the Latinians to learn to speak Latin correctly.

Who is the duchess of Room 10?

"How much is 9 x 3?"
"18."

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LATIN SCHOOL.

BASKET-BALL.

On Tuesday, December 19, 1905, candidates for the basket-ball team were called out in the gym., by F. W. Marvin. Kelleher, '09, was elected captain. The following men reported: Crowley, Grant, Marvin, Kelleher, Pearson, Gray, Hales, Hickey, Horgan, Lynch, Maloney, Donovan, Douglass, and Patten. Of these candidates, Crowley, Grant, Kelleher and Marvin were regulars and Gray and Patten, substitutes of last year's team.

The following schedule, not yet complete, has been arranged by Manager Reardon: —

Friday, Jan. 5 at 3.30, Thayer Academy at South Braintree.

Wednesday, Jan. 10 (time undecided), Hyde Park High School at Hyde Park.

Friday, Jan. 12 at 3.30, Watertown High at Newton Y. M. C. A.

Friday, Jan. 19 at 8.00, Harvard Freshmen at Cambridge.

Thursday, Feb. 8 at 2.30, R. M. T. S. at Cambridge Y. M. C. A.

Tuesday, Feb. 13 at 2.30, Cambridge High at Cambridge Y. M. C. A.

Tuesday, Feb. 27 at 2.30, R. M. T. S. at Cambridge Y. M. C. A.

HOCKEY.

Candidates for the hockey team were called out on the ice December 11, by Captain Chapin. A. Chase and Beard are out for the same positions of forwards, which they held last year, and G. Chase and Chapin are back at goal and point respectively. Two forwards and coverpoint are open.

The following men reported to Capt. Chapin on Artificial Pond: — Close, Beard, A. Chase, Delaney, G. Chase, Chamberlain, Stratton, Clark, Gozzaldi, Mason, Eccles, Durant, Vickery, Boyer, and Olive.

The team made two trips to Southboro to play St. Mark's but on account of the poor condition of the ice, no game was played.

Pomfret 8. Cambridge Latin 2.

On the 16th of December, the team took the all-day trip down to Putnam, Conn., to play Pomfret. Pomfret played a fast game but Latin School was slightly crippled, owing to the absence of G. Chase at goal. In absence of Chase, a Pomfret man played goal for Latin School.

Beard made both of the two goals scored by Latin School.

The following men played for Cambridge Latin: — Beard, r w; Close, r c; Chase, l c; Goodale, l w; Clark, c p; Chapin (Capt.), p; Slater, G.

Cambridge Latin 1. Roxbury Latin 1.

Roxbury Latin and Cambridge Latin played a tie game on Spy Pond, December 20. A new formation of the forwards was tried and proved successful and quite effective.

Beard and Close were shifted. Beard was brought in to right center and Close was transferred to right wing. In this way, Chase and Beard, who are Latin School's fastest for-

wards, were able to work together and consequently better team play was evidenced.

For Roxbury, Wendell played the best game. His skating was fast and he followed the puck well.

Although a tie score, it was felt that Latin School played the better game.

The line-up: —

Cambridge Latin.	Roxbury Latin.
Close, r w	l w, Cairns
Beard, r c	l c, McLeod
A. Chase, l c	r c, Wendell
Goodale, l w	r w, Mosser
Clark (Mason) c p	c p, Fox
Chapin, p	p, Murdock
J. Chase, g	g, Hill

Two games, for practice, have been played with Arlington High. The first game resulted in Arlington's favor by the score of 4 to 0. The second game was won by Latin School, with the score of 3 to 1.

Latin School's forwards are playing well together. The defence is improving and the team gives good evidence of coming out near the top of the League.

TRAINING SCHOOL.

HOCKEY.

R. M. T. S. 0. Brookline High 0.

One of the surprises of the season was sprung on the Brookline High School Hockey Team by the R. M. T. S. Team, on Hammond's Pond, Brookline, Dec. 15.

Brookline High has long been recognized as having one of the strongest teams in the vicinity of Boston. After a hard and fast game, although they held Training School from scoring, they were unable to score themselves. Capt. Earl and Sweeney excelled for R. M. T. S., while Shine carried off the honors for Brookline.

The whole school regrets very much the loss of Capt. Earl of the Hockey Team, who has undergone an operation and will be out of the game for the rest of the season. Capt. Earl was one of the best forwards in the Interscholastic League, and was looked upon by his classmates as a winner of high honors in that line of sport.

During the absence of Earl, Sweeney has been appointed acting captain.

Wakefield 0. R. M. T. S. 0.

Wakefield put up the harder and stronger game, although Training School had the faculty of being on hand at the critical moment, and held Wakefield to a nothing to nothing game. Randall played well for Wakefield, while Lynch put up the best game for R. M. T. S.

Newton High 2. R. M. T. S. 2.

On Brae Burn Rink, Newton, Dec. 19, R. M. T. S. played a very fast and interesting tie game with Newton High.

Sweeney and Lynch excelled for R. M. T. S., and Glover did fine work for Newton.

The line-up: —

R. M. T. S.	Newton.
Elliott, l w	l w, Hobart
Allen (Webb), l c	l c, Pierce
Lynch, r c	r c, Glover
Sweeney, r w	r w, Roe
Hursh (Leavitt), c p	c p, Sprague
Hussey, p	p, Sherman
Skilton, g	g, Billings

Score, R. M. T. S. 2, Newton 2. Goals, Sweeney, Lynch, Glover 2. Referee, J. Palmer. Time, 10 minute halves.

R. M. T. S. 2. Medford High 0.

Training School played Medford at Medford on Dec. 27, and were victorious by a score of 2 to 0. A very much larger score was looked for but snow ice very much hindered the playing of both teams.

Pike played the best for Medford, while Sweeney played well for R. M. T. S.

A great many changes have been made in the hockey schedule, so that the remaining games are as follows: —

Jan. 10 Roxbury Latin at Cambridge.
13 Pomfret at Pomfret, Conn.
17 St. Mark's at Southboro.
19 *Melrose at Boston.
23 Winchester at Cambridge.
25 *Somerville at Boston.
29 Arlington at Spy Pond.

BASKET-BALL.

Melrose H. S. 16. Rindge M. T. S. 9.

On January 3, Training School was defeated by Melrose High in a fast and interesting game. The score at the end of the first half was 4 to 3, in favor of Melrose. In the second period, Melrose came back strong, and aided by a streak of good luck, clinched the game. Beunke and Coughlan excelled for Training School, scoring all of the nine points between them. For Melrose, Mitchell and Vaughn played well.

The summary: —

Melrose High.	Training School.
Mitchell, r f	l b, Coughlan
Loveland, l f	r b, Kane
Vaughn, c	c, Thompson
Bowser, r b	l f, Hawkes
Stantial, l b	r f, Beunke

Score, Melrose 16, Rindge Manual 9. Goals from floor, Vaughn 3, Mitchell, Loveland, Coughlan, Beunke 2. Goals from fouls, Vaughn 6, Beunke 3. Referee, Mosher. Umpire, Robbins. Time, 20 minute and 15 minute periods.

HIGH SCHOOL.

High School was called out about two months ago and since that time has been practicing in the Latin School gym. three times a week. Nelson F. Erikson has been elected captain and Francis R. Feeney, manager.

The team is somewhat lighter than in former years but is now developing into a fast team. Of last year's five there are Capt. Erikson back at centre, Murray at back and Holsberg at one of the forward positions. There are ten candidates for the other positions, among them being Beeching, Monahan, Williams, Grebenstein, Rourke and Cameron.

The following schedule has been arranged to date: —

Jan. 5 Boston College "Preps." Boston College gym.
8 Roxbury Latin School (afternoon), R. L. S. gym.
8 Norwood High School (evening), Norwood.
11 Lynn Classical High, Lynn.
13 Canton High School, Canton.
19 West Roxbury High School, West Roxbury.
25 Training School, C. Y. M. C. A.
29 Open.
31 Belmont High School, Belmont.
Feb 2 Watertown High School, Watertown.
8 Lynn English High, Lynn.
10 Belmont High School, Cambridge.
14 Training School, Latin School gym.
16 Wellesley High School, Wellesley.
20 Latin School, C. Y. M. C. A.
26 Open.
Mar. 2 West Roxbury High School, Cambridge.
5 Abington High School Abington.
13 Latin School, Latin School.
20 Open.
28 Open.

Winchester H. S. 15. High School 8.

High School played its first game of the season Dec. 8, at Winchester. The score was 15 to 8 in favor of Winchester. Winchester's team work was good and this, combined with the disadvantage under which High School

*League games.

played, owing to the small sized gym., enabled the Winchester fellows to roll up 15 points. High School played good ball at times but could not hold down their opponents.

Erikson and Murray played well for High School, while Hobbes excelled for Winchester.

Goals made by Erickson, 2; Murray, 2.

Cambridge High S. 16. Thayer Academy 16.

On Dec. 15, High School went to So. Braintree and played Thayer Academy. The game was fast and clean, but two fouls being called during the 30 minutes of play, one for each side. High School's team work showed up better in this game and they should have won, the score at end of the first half being 12 to 8 in favor of High School.

The features of the game were the shooting of Holsberg and Erikson for High School and the fast playing of Crocker and Richman for Thayer. The final score was a tie, 16 to 16.

The score: —

Cambridge High School.	Thayer Academy.
Monahan, Williams, r f	l b, Sprague
Holsberg, l f	r b, Remick, Capt.
Erickson, Capt., c	c, Carson
Murray, r b	l f, Shea
Beeching, l b	r f, Crocker

Score, 16 to 16. Goals from floor, Holsberg 4, Erikson 3, Murray 1, Richman 3, Crocker 3, Carson 2. Referee, McKinny. Scorer, J. L. Rourke. Timer, Hunt. Time, 15 min. halves. Attendance, 100.

Melrose H. S. 31. C. H. S. 9.

Dec. 20, High School received its first bad defeat at the Melrose Y. M. C. A. by Melrose High School by the score of 31 to 9. During the first few minutes of play it looked as though it might be an even game but towards the last of the first half Melrose made many baskets.

Vaughn and Loveland played fine ball for Melrose, while Monahan and Holsberg played well for Cambridge.

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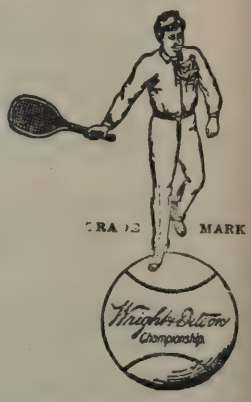

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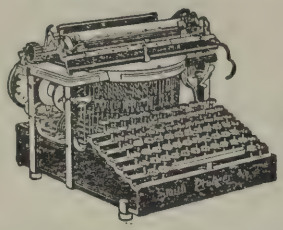

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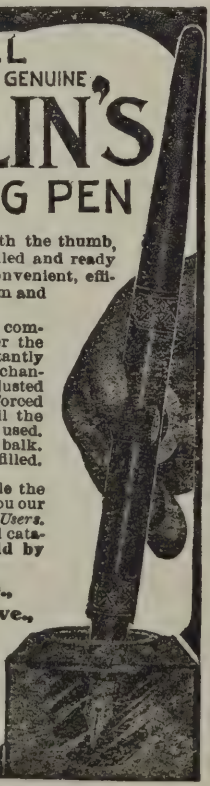

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CONTENTS.

Editorials	3 — 5
Communications	6
To California by the Panama Route	7 — 10
Exchange Notes	10
Senior Speeches	11 — 14
The Half Back Auction	14
Resolutions	15
Fire Pictures	15
The Earnest Student	15
Announcements	16
Alumni Notes	17 — 18
A School Boy's Evening	18
C. L. S. Chess Club	18
Evening	18
Dramas	19 — 24
Technical Notes	24
Latin School Notes	25 — 27
Training School Notes	28 — 29
High School Notes	30 — 31
Latin School Foot-Ball Team	32
Athletics	33 — 37

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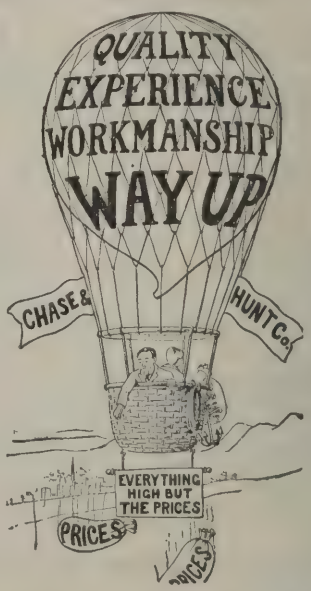

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THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

Vol. XX No. 5

Representing the Latin, High and Rindge Manual Training Schools

Cambridge, Massachusetts, February, 1906

EDITORIALS.

When the new Latin School was built, there was great rejoicing because it contained a fine gymnasium which was to be fitted up with suitable apparatus, and where instruction was to be given to those members of the high schools who desired it. The gymnasium — it might as well be called a wood-shed — was a fact; the apparatus and instruction a fallacy. It is now some eight years since the school was first occupied; for eight years the high school scholars have used the hall in the basement for dancing and basket-ball, looking and longing in vain for signs of anything that would furnish a sufficient cause for dignifying that hall with the name of gymnasium.

Some years ago the city very kindly furnished the boys' dressing-room with lockers, which extend in three tiers from the floor nearly to the ceiling, and which were purchased by the city for next to nothing from the Y. M. C. A., when that organization gave up its old headquarters to go into its new building. These lockers, "rejected by the builders," and two basket-ball baskets, provided for girls and not for boys, are the only pieces of "apparatus" of which our gymnasium can boast. The top tier of the lockers, because of its height, is absolutely worthless; for the others, the members of the various teams have been obliged to provide their own locks. At least once, a public-spirited graduate has engaged, at his own expense, a carpenter to put the lockers in good condition. The next time the members of the city government go on a junket, we wish they would give us a call and inspect our gymnasium. Its neat, whitewashed walls, its baskets, hanging one at either end, its dilapidated and battle-scarred lockers stand as mute witnesses of a city's beneficence.

Several times there has been introduced at City Hall, a bill appropriating a sum of money for fitting up the Latin School gymnasium. In the stress of political campaigns and of more important matters, it has been buffeted about from committee to committee, to be referred finally to "the next city government." We have yet to hear any argument against this bill which cannot be satisfactorily answered. There are two objections. The first of these is the expense. The bills introduced have called, we believe, for an expenditure of about fifteen hundred dollars. Not a sum sufficiently large materially to increase the city debt, we imagine, or to burden unduly the tax-payers. It seems strange that a city which provides so liberally for the educa-

tion of her sons and daughters does so little for their recreation.

"If we fit up the gymnasium," say the city fathers, "it will necessitate the engaging of a competent instructor to see that the apparatus is used as it should be and that no harm is done." Very true. But if the city government considers it good policy to pay an instructor to teach the girls how to play basket-ball, — and they play it in school hours at that —, should it not, to be consistent, be willing to hire an instructor for the boys as well? Are there so few forms of exercise open to the girls that it is necessary to provide gymnastic instruction for them more than for the boys? Boys and girls alike receive the same mental instruction. Why should they not be treated the same in regard to their physical education?

What has Cambridge done in comparison with its neighbors for the recreation of its high school scholars? At Somerville the city has taken a lease of a large enclosed field owned by Tufts College. Besides providing ample facilities for playing base-ball and foot-ball, it contains dressing-rooms, box offices, and some ten thousand seats. The High School Athletic Association has sole control of this field, to use it as it sees fit. It may be used for practice or for match-games, or it may be rented to outside teams. At Brookline, in addition to the excellent swimming-tank owned by the town, there is a large field directly in front of the High School where foot-ball and base-ball practice is held. Both Brookline and Newton have salaried athletic instructors for the high school boys.

And Cambridge?

We remember that some ten years ago, before the new Latin School was built, the large lot where this building now stands, was an admirable place for Training School to practice, while the High and Latin School Teams used the Common. After the Latin School was built, permission was obtained from Harvard University and from Professor Norton to use the two large adjoining lots known as Divinity field and Norton's field. Here there was plenty of room for all the various teams to play, and the high schools were well provided for, though not through any aid from the city. Then a six-foot fence was erected between Divinity and Norton's, and a large excavation was made along one side of Divinity. The Common and Rindge field were left.

The Common would make a very fair base-ball field in pleasant weather, were it not for the fact that the trees in the out-field interfere sadly with any hits sent in that direction, and that the stones scattered about the field make it impossible to tell how a ball is going to bound; but after a light summer rain the pitcher's box is a mud-hole, home plate is a small frog-pond. Rindge field would make an excellent cinder track, but its gravel-strewn surface is rather hard on a fellow's side and elbows when it comes to sliding bases or falling on a foot-ball.

There is one thing that the city has done for us, and for that we will give them credit. The hockey management persuaded them to build early in the season a fine hockey rink on the Common. It is not their fault, we suppose, that the weather has been such that there has been just one day when the ice in the rink was suitable to skate on. Even then, however, it was filled with a crowd of men, women, and children, so that hockey playing was extremely dangerous. The rink was not for our use any more than the Common is.

To sum up, then, it seems to us no more than just, it seems not a favor but a duty, for the city to furnish us with up-to-date lockers, to supply the gymnasium with dumb-bells, chest-weights, and a few of the more necessary pieces of apparatus, and if

need be, to provide a competent instructor to have the gymnasium in charge.

On February 28, Latin School is to hold an athletic meet with Newton and Brookline at Mechanics Hall, Boston. Because of the great expense the athletic committee was by no means anxious to undertake the affair; but as Brookline and Newton, each with a fine track team, voted to hold the meet, it goes without saying that Latin School will be represented.

It has been many years since the school has supported a successful track team. Although we have had a relay team each year, there has been no representative track team since the old C. H. & L. days.

Newton and Brookline both expect to win this meet. They are figuring out the events that each will win; they are not considering us at all. It took us about three years to get started in foot-ball. When we once did get a start, we got a good one, and we haven't stopped going yet. Let us see if we can't get started in track athletics the very first year, and get such a good start that the others will never catch us.

The other two schools will very likely enter eight or ten men in each event, — we shall be lucky if we can enter two or three. But no matter how many they enter, it's the first three men to cross the tape that win the points, and whether there is one man entered or fifty, there is just one who can win the race.

There's a championship crew, a championship base-ball team, and two championship foot-ball teams hanging in Mr. Cahir's room downstairs. There's a bare spot, however, over by the clock, that spoils the symmetry of the room. A picture of a championship track team would fill this space beautifully.

So if you can run, or jump, or put the shot, Captain Beard would be more than pleased to see you on Monday, Wednesday, or Friday, at the Cambridgeport gymnasium. As for those of us who can't do any of these things, Newton promises to have five hundred leather-lunged spectators at the meet. Are we going to let them beat us in *anything?*

Captain Stiles expects to call out the Latin School base-ball team, February 17. As usual practice will be held Saturday mornings in the Harvard cage, until the weather is suitable for out-door work. It is absolutely imperative that every boy in the school who has any ability as a base-ball player should report at the cage on Saturday morning, if we are to have a winning team.

Five members of last year's team are no longer in school. With the exception of Captain Stiles, the in-field will be entirely new, and as it is very probable that the out-fielders will be called in to do the pitching, there will be a chance for at least two new men in the out-field. The team, then, will be composed almost entirely of inexperienced men, and of the veterans some will be playing in new positions. An unusually attractive schedule has been arranged, so that by the time the league games are due, the team should be playing well together.

In our January issue appeared a poem entitled, "Under the Goal Posts," signed by George L. Connor. This poem we have since discovered was copied verbatim from the *Youth's Companion* for November 26, 1905. The school committee at its last meeting, suspended Connor for one month, and directed that this notice be inserted in the REVIEW. We regret exceedingly that a thing of this kind could happen in the Cambridge Latin School, and we apologise to the editors of the *Youth's Companion* and to the author of the poem.

COMMUNICATIONS

To the Pupils of the Latin School:

The prospects for a championship crew this year are not exceptionally bright. Three of last year's men have graduated, and the coxswain's position must also be filled. There is a good chance for new men who are anxious to make the crew and are willing to work faithfully for its success.

Light work in the gymnasium will begin February 21, and practice on the machines will follow later. As this preliminary training is *most* important, all candidates must report *regularly*. All fellows weighing 145 lbs. or over are especially urged to hand their names to the captain or manager before February 19.

The school-spirit shown this year in other branches of athletics has been excellent, and this is expected to increase toward the crew. We believe that with this spirit and the material that is in the school, a championship crew must result.

E. LEONARD BEARD, *Capt.*

I want to say a few words to the fellows of the Latin School, concerning our debating. We are all aware, I think, of the exceedingly low state of affairs prevailing in the society. At the last meeting there were only ten members present! This state of affairs cannot and must not continue; either the society must be built up again to its former high position or it must disband. We do not want this last thing to happen. Let us be patriotic. It seems strange that Cambridge Latin School pupils, preparing for Harvard, the home of debating, either forget the society entirely or else think about it but little.

Weigh the advantages and the disadvantages of the society. On the one side we learn how to express our thoughts clearly and forcibly, and meet schoolmates in good fellowship and friendly rivalry; on the other hand what disadvantages are there? — unless the time spent in preparing the debates, in learning what to say and how to say it is an advantage.

It is a strange thing that while we fellows will give many, many hours of our time to athletics, we can spare none for the Debating Society.

If you believe in upholding the Latin School, won't you, yourself, try to be present at the next debate, the first of the camp debates? It will be held on February 16, 1906. You won't feel you have wasted that evening.

The main thing needed to build up the society is earnest members — members who will take an active interest in the society, who will do all they can to further the welfare of the society and the school. We want at least ten out of each class to join the Debating Society; so I ask you again, be sure and be present at the meeting on the sixteenth. Bring a friend and join if you will, but above all, *come!*

At the last meeting, it was decided that a mock trial be held at as early a date as possible. To do this we need fellows to take part, especially the larger fellows from the upper classes. If we could get as much spirit in it as in the class dramas what a success it would be! In view of this, I ask every one in the school to be around at the next meeting and make a bid to be one of the cast.

W. C. HALES, *Secretary.*

To California by the Panama Route.

STEPHEN ROYCE.

Upon leaving New York for Panama by the steamer, one is plunged into a perfect babel of languages: English, French, German, Spanish in all kinds of dialects, Italian, and modern Greek are spoken on every side. When people of different nations try to speak to one another French is most commonly adopted. Sometimes one finds a man who can speak only his own unintelligible dialect of Spanish, and it is then almost impossible to converse with him. Games, of course, begin as the passengers settle down for the voyage, and when any discussion arises, it is ludicrous to see the efforts of the players to make themselves understood.

About one day out, Cape Hatteras is sighted and passed, the last United States Territory to be seen for several weeks. From here the course is laid almost due south for San Salvadore, the first landing place of Columbus, a distance of about one thousand miles. This is the longest space of open sea on the entire Panama route. But it is by no means dull on such an ocean. Even if it is midwinter in New York, the air is now so warm that a coat becomes burdensome. The water assumes a most vivid blue, caused by the Gulf Stream, and a bucketful of it feels even warmer than the mild air. Now and then a flying fish darts up from the waves and flashes his gleaming course for several hundred yards. Sometimes a school of porpoises appear and gambol about the ship as a group of children play about their father. Suddenly they dash away at tremendous speed and one sees the triangular fin of a shark jogging away as if it had not meant any harm. So the days pass with none of that monotony which some travellers associate with the sea.

Three days after Cape Hatteras has been left behind, San Salvadore is passed on the port side. It is a low, flat island, as the sun sinks behind it, casting in silhouette the button-like tops of the palms, and as the lonely light-house gleams in the twilight, one is reminded of how the great discoverer must have felt when he approached this place and saw the far-away gleam of a torch.

The course now lies past Rum Cay and through the Crooked Island Passage, both of which are passed in the night. The next day the great mountains of Cuba rise out of the southern horizon. As the steamer comes closer, the beautiful formation of this part of Cuba becomes evident. From the brilliant white beach rises a great natural terrace, which is succeeded by another and another until all merge in the distant mountains. The whole country is covered with a dense green tropical jungle — the verdure of which is beyond the conception of anyone who has not seen it. The whole scene is a fitting introduction to the tropics.

After Cuba has faded away astern, if the weather is clear and one looks hard, the high mountains of Hayti are just discernible for a short time and then blurr away to the color of the sky again as the course is turned to the west of south and the ship starts across the Caribbean Sea for Colon.

Now the full strength of the Trade winds is felt and quite a sea is kicked up, necessitating the use of the "fiddles" at table to hold the dishes straight.

After three days on the Caribbean, the ship enters Colon harbor. As the view of the great bay bursts upon one's eyes, one is impressed with its magnitude and its symmetry. High hills surround it on every side, all clothed in tangled masses of vivid green.

The steamer ties up at the wharf of the Panama Railroad Steamship Company, and soon the derricks are hard at work getting the cargo out. The passenger now has some time to himself to explore the town.

Let us suppose that, as was the case with the writer, the boat which should be ready on the Pacific side has already sailed. This means a delay of nine days. If the rainy season is not on hand at the time, this time may well be employed in examining the isthmus and the canal.

Colon is the first place to be noticed. At present a great deal is being done, both here and in Panama, to improve the sanitation and to make some attempt to reduce the ravages of the numerous diseases which make the death rate so enormous in these towns. But when the author was there in 1903, both towns were in their pristine state of squalor. Colon is built upon a low marshy piece of ground which is completely flooded with water from the swamps of the interior during a large part of every rainy season. The inhabitants have no idea of hygiene or of sanitary conditions. The people are of a most frightfully mixed race, and one cannot help being reminded of the proverbial "yaller dog" whenever one looks at them. Spanish, Indian, Negro, Chinaman, and numerous other races all enter into their composition.

One cannot but feel that the influence of the United States has been beneficial in one way at least, for there is now no more necessity for the maintenance of those boy armies which were a disgrace to the government of Columbia. The author saw boys of thirteen and fourteen everywhere doing duty as soldiers. Grown men were the exception save as officers. Sometimes one would see the soldiers off duty playing marbles. This may seem hard for the reader to believe, but it is nevertheless true.

Leaving the town and strolling along the shore towards the head of the bay, the entrance to the canal is soon discovered. Here lies an enormous amount of discarded machinery, exposed to all the decaying forces of a tropical climate. Upon the shore of the bay outside lies an old steam dredge, driven ashore helplessly by the trades; yet this dredge was once able to cross the ocean under her own steam. This is what has become of nearly all the canal machinery that De Lesseps used for work on this canal. Nearly $100,000,000 have been thrown away by neglect. The canal on the Colon side extends inland for several miles in what appears to be a finished condition. It was once complete for these few miles, but is now silted in by the Chagres River until it is not deep enough to float a large vessel.

By far the most interesting part of the canal is the Culebra Cut. Here the French Company under De Lesseps expended their strength, and here the work is of the most importance.

To reach the Cut it is necessary to take the train on the Panama Railroad for Culebra. Immediately after starting, the train plunges into the jungle, and one begins thoroughly to understand what the hardships were when the forty-niners came across before the building of the railroad. Here and there a little patch of gravestones, almost buried under the tangled underbrush, appear as reminders of what sacrifices the race has had to make for the railway, and what immensely greater sacrifices it will have to make for the canal. As the jungles flashes by, interrupted here and there by some little village with a picturesque Spanish name, one thinks of the terrible hardships the early explorers underwent in those trackless tangles. The train passes close by the hill from which some authorities assert that Balboa first saw the Pacific.

When the train reaches Culebra, a visitor to the Cut is transferred to a hand-car, which takes him rattling merrily down into

the Cut. Here he finds himself in a teeming swarming atmosphere of work. The heat in the Cut is immense, as the sun beats down with all its force on the bare sand and gravel which form the bottom and sides of the Cut. Upon tracks in the bottom great steam shovels are working, hoisting dirt into little cars, which when full are hauled away by busy little locomotives. Farther down the Cut, toward the Emperador, or Atlantic end, great overhead trolleys are carrying loads of dirt across the Cut to the dumps. Everywhere there is bustle and noise, the shouts of men, the hiss of steam, the throb of engines, the shriek of whistles, broken now and then by the dull report of a blast. The Cut is so gigantic, however, that the apparatus that has hewn it out seems puny and inefficient. Its depth is from seventy to ninety feet, and its width at the bottom is about 200 feet. Allowing for the angle necessary to prevent caving, the top must be over four hundred feet wide. A piece of excavation like this, continuing for about two miles, is a work whose equal has probably never been performed before and probably never will be again.

The author was reminded of the fact that blasting was much in use, when he was invited to rest from the heat in a shed some distance from the main works. As the party entered the shed, one of them who was smoking a cigar was asked to put it out. Not understanding why he should, he threw it down. A dull bluish flame appeared. One of the engineers calmly put out the flame, and when asked the cause of this phenomenon replied casually that we were in a dynamite shed and that the earth had a little touch of nitroglycerine in it. Then, seeing a blaster approaching for a charge of dynamite, he picked up a stick and threw it to him. When the man saw the black, wicked-looking bar flying at him, he did not even wink, but picked it up and went away. As is rather natural, the author very shortly felt that it was even cool outside compared with what it was inside that shed.

After Culebra Cut has been thoroughly examined, the next part of the canal that is of interest is the Panama end. Here at La Boca the canal runs inland a few miles in a faint-hearted sort of a way. The most impressive feature on this side of the isthmus is La Boca pier, a great structure of steel built on solid eliptical concrete piers, sunk deep in the bottom. The wharf extends out three quarters of a mile from the shore, and is covered all the way down on both sides with hoisting machinery. The railroad trains run out upon it to discharge and take on their loads from the few ships that come there. This was an enormous and magnificent preparation of De Lesseps for that commerce which was to come upon the completion of the canal.

Panama itself, about a mile from La Boca, is a picturesque town in many parts, with its white stucco houses, its tiled roofs and its public gardens and cathedrals. But where the poorer classes live it is just Colon on a larger scale, only if possible a little dirtier.

A cruise in the great island-studded Bay of Panama is a great pleasure. One may approach some little island and, going ashore, make friends with its inhabitants. A small sum will procure immense quantities of the most delicious fruits. A walk in the forest on one of these islands is not made terrible by the poisonous snakes which infest the forest of the mainland. It is impossible to go off the path here, for the trees and underbrush, interwoven with heavy creepers make it impossible to move a step without hacking the way with a machete.

Another place which is best approached by water is the ruins of old Panama. The principle remains are about five miles from modern Panama. The city was destroyed by Sir Henry Morgan, the bucaneer, in one of his greatest and most cruel expeditions. As one lands at the ruins one feels that he

did his work with great thoroughness. The main feature of the ruins is the cathedral tower, which stands alone, looking mournfully down upon the ruins about it. Shattered, and broken, it still, after nearly one hundred and fifty years, stands as a reminder of the cruelty of the pirate Morgan. Around the old fort, the remains of the gun-mounts are still visible, and here and there, buried in the tangles of vegetation, a few stones or a crumbling wall show the site of a house.

The isthmus as a whole seems like a place with a past, a crumbling, decaying place where all the people are too sick, or too lazy, or both, to do any work of importance. As laborers on the canal the people are of little value. Nearly all the work has been done by Jamaica negroes. The climate well up in the hills is said to be good, but in most places the greatest problems will have to be faced in order to keep alive the enormous force of laborers which will be employed to complete the canal. On the whole the prospects of success are much better here than at Nicaragua.

(To be continued.)

Exchange Notes.

In the December number of the *Voice,* of Colby Academy, a story appeared entitled, "A Double Hamilton Victory." This story bears such a resemblance to a well-known play, called the "College Widow," that it appears that the readers of the *Voice* have been imposed upon. If the author intended to give an outline of the "College Widow," he should not have changed the names throughout. The plot is very unskillfully handled, and the story as a whole is hopelessly weak. The changing of names seems to be a very weak attempt on the part of the author to conceal the source of his story. If the editors knew that this story was not original, they should not have allowed it a place in their pages. If they did not, we offer them our sympathies.

This brings up the time-honored subject of originality in school papers. A school paper may have little or no matter of interest in it. Its standard may be far below what it should be; but through good and evil it should stick to originality. Papers should realize that to make use of unoriginal matter is to trick themselves out in a false show of ability which is not a gauge of the literary talent of the school.

"When Men are Friends," in the *Cutler Fortnightly,* is an excellent story. We find it hard to understand how this paper can so completely fill its large space with interesting matter, and yet appear every fortnight.

The *Clarion,* of Arlington High School, is a good paper, but its appearance would be improved by the separation of the advertisements from the reading matter.

We feel that the *Eastern District Daisy* has made a mistake in having green printing on white paper. This produces a striking effect but is very tiring to the eyes.

A very interesting article entitled, "Russia and Her Jews," has been published in the *Central High School Monthly.* Though rather overwrought at points, it conveys an appeal to the humanity of the world which should certainly not pass unnoticed. It is a desperate plea for the rescue of the Jews in Russia from the atrocities known to be now in vogue in that country. The plan of a guaranteed refuge for Jews in Palestine is certainly quite visionary.

The *Orderly,* of Hill Military Academy, has a well-designed and handsomely executed cover, and its paper, printing, and general appearance are excellent. Its reading matter shows the loyal support of genuine talent.

Senior Speeches.

Once a week, at the Training School, some member of the Senior class speaks before the whole school on some topic of timely interest. We do not know where the practice originated, or who is responsible for it. Its benefits are many and obvious. It would be an excellent idea if the custom might be extended to the other two schools. There are few persons who are not frightened at the idea of standing up and speaking before a roomful of people. The sooner a person becomes accustomed to it, the better it is for him.

Each month we shall endeavor to print one or two of the most interesting of these speeches, trusting that our readers will consider the space well occupied.

THE ASSOCIATED CHARITIES OF CAMBRIDGE.

PHILIP A. SHINN, R. M. T. S., '06.

Anyone who may be skeptical about the good accomplished by charity, who is basing his knowledge upon the results of the so-called "charity," which consists essentially of almsgiving, has a happy surprise in store for him in comparing those results with the wonderful accomplishments of societies for organized charity, which exist in most of our large cities to-day. The city of Cambridge has a most prosperous "Associated Charities Society," which deals with about six hundred cases annually.

The first question met with in such work is "How can the poor really be helped?" Modern charity answers: "Help them to help themselves."

The work of the Associated Charities is founded upon sound common-sense, and true religious principles. Its aim is to help men out of their poverty; to enable them to take care of themselves. A man's ability to take care of himself depends almost entirely upon his equipment, his knowledge, and his experience. The work of the Associated Charities then resolves itself into an educational enterprise. But the question arises, "What has education to do with misery and suffering, sickness and hunger? What has cold education to offer to a family in distress? — Give them food, clothes, coal, and money to live with!" It would seem so at first thought. But things are not always what they seem.

Poverty is usually the result of some defect of character, — laziness, shiftlessness, intemperance, vice. The permanent remedy, then, lies in correcting the moral conditions. The most common method of administering to the poor, by almsgiving, is very often followed by harmful results. For if poverty is the result of a defect in character, it is only making a bad matter worse to give material aid, as that tends to ease the natural consequences of the fault.

To illustrate this principle, suppose a man applies at your door or to a charitable institution for a coat, telling a sad story of his misfortune and suffering. It would be a very natural impulse to give the poor fellow a coat. But if he turns out to be a shiftless, lazy person who works for a few weeks and then spends all he has earned in drunken debauchery, it is obvious that to hand him cheerfully whatever he asks for would be simply to encourage him in his shiftlessness and vice. If the lazy man finds that he gets along just as well without working, through the generous donations of churches and charitable societies, he will be less inclined to work.

To help the poor really, charity must remove the root and cause of poverty. This is obviously impossible unless the cause is known.

Investigation, therefore, is one of the three great divisions of the work of the

Associated Charities. It consists of the study of the character, history, and resources of the whole family, and the gathering of facts from every possible source. Often former employers, landlords, churches, public records, friends, and relatives are consulted in the search for anything which will throw light on the true state of affairs.

The two great levers of this department of the work are the "long look" and the "short look." The "long look" to get at the root of the evil and lay plans for permanent help. And the "short look" to find if it is necessary to relieve any immediate distress. In all the work of the Associated Charities you will never find the question, "Is he worthy or unworthy?" Its place is taken by the question, "Will this aid do harm or good?"

The first visits are made by specially trained workers and demand great power of insight, resource, and good judgment. It is almost always the case that thorough investigation requires weeks and months of patient work. That the people may not suffer in the meantime, the first step taken is very often to visit the corner grocery for provisions to keep the family out of distress until important facts can be learned. This aid, however, is never given from the funds of the association, but is often contributed by private individuals.

The next step is taken by men and women who are willing to give a little of their time to studying the problems of individual cases, and is called friendly visiting. The friendly visitor is generally a volunteer who is willing to go into the family as a friend and study its individual members and all the conditions which influence them. These volunteers meet at stated times and discuss as a body the separate problems of each member before action is taken. They do the greatest work of the association in counciling, advising, and uplifting those with whom they labor.

The third topic of co-operation is a many-sided one. In general it has two important phases. First, co-operation with all other philanthropic and relief work in the city. Second, the correction of public evils brought to light by individual cases.

Some idea of the varied character of the problems met with in this work may be gained from the annual report for the year 1904. " . . . for the most part the usual things have been done for the usual kind of people in the usual kind of difficulties. Tired women and delicate children have been sent into the country for a part of the summer, in several instances to relatives. Patients have been sent to Convalescent Homes, to the State Sanatorium for Consumptives at Rutland, and to other hospitals. Medical aid in the homes, medical apparatus, and special nourishment for the sick, have been procured. Legal advice has been secured several times in cases of severe accident. In several instances loans have been arranged to help people in business or over special emergencies. Employment, temporary, regular or permanent, has been procured ninety-three times, in several instances out of town. Aid has been obtained from relatives, and sick and discouraged people have been sent to their relatives — not merely for a vacation as already mentioned, but perhaps to end their days among their own people. Several wayward boys and girls have been in our care. One family has been re-united, and several have been broken up for the sake of the children, — not, however, till every other means of bettering their condition had failed. Many families have been tided over temporary difficulties until they regained courage to stand on their own feet again, and then we have continued to be their friends."

Among the special movements which have had their origin in the Cambridge Associated Charities are the Anti-Tuberculosis, The Visiting Nursing and the Stamp Savings Associations.

The whole thing in a nut shell is this:

"The Associated Charities is a group of men and women who work together to try to be useful in any way they can to anybody in need, but who have no funds for relief." All action is based on complete knowledge of conditions and unbounded sympathy. Co-operation with every influence in lifting the miserable out of their distress is their motto.

Tolstoi says, in discussing the cause of great cruelty to certain Russian prisoners, "It all lies in the fact that men think there are circumstances when one may deal with human beings without love; and there are no such circumstances. If you deal carelessly with bees you will injure them, and will yourself be injured. And so with men."

The problems of the poor and needy are solved only by brotherly love, helpfulness, kindness, service!

NORWAY'S NEW KING.

GUSTAF S. BOHLIN, R. M. T. S., '06.

One of the great events in the history of the world, which has been set before the people of the east in the recent past, has been the separation of Norway from Sweden. This has led to the election of a king for Norway. The crown was offered by the Storthing to Prince Charles of Denmark, who has accepted, and once more the ancient throne of Norway, which has been vacant for more than five hundred years, will hold a sovereign. The approval of the election took place on November 12 and 13, 1905.

Prince Charles is by nature well fitted to rule over the stubborn Norsemen, because when young he had to endure all the hardships of real life as a midshipman. While a midshipman he was not favored and given any extras, as might be expected, but he had to eat the same kind of food and live the same hard life as the other midshipmen, although everyone knew that he was a prince of the realm. If he had been on land, he could have demanded a salute from every sailor or officer of the navy. It is said that this is what has made a man of Prince Charles, who before was nothing but, as they say, "a piece of court furniture." The very thing that is going to make him popular in Norway, is the fact that he, as a typical "sailor prince," is a natural and proper connecting link between the old Viking spirit of feudal Norway and her present-day peaceful love of the sea.

Through his marriage with the second and favorite daughter of the king of England, the Princess Maud Alexandra, Prince Charles brings with him a practical guarantee that the enormous Norwegian coast-line will never lack the protection of the British fleet in time of trouble. Strategetically considered, he is a very important acquisition for Norway. Diplomatically considered, his family relations with foreign courts is a political asset by which Norway is destined to benefit in more ways than one.

Here is the family roster of Prince Charles, the future King Haakon VII of Norway: Father and mother—Crown prince and crown princess of Denmark. Grandfather—King Christian of Denmark. Uncles—King of England, King of Greece, Duke of Cumberland, Prince Waldemar of Denmark. Aunts—Queen of England, Empress Dowager of Russia, Queen of Greece, Princess Marie d'Orleans. Cousins—Czar of Russia, Prince of Wales, Prince George of Greece, Prince Aage of Denmark. Brothers and sisters—Princes Christian, Harald, and Gustaf. Princesses Ingeborg, Thyra, and Dagmar. Brothers-in-law—Prince Frederick of Germany, Prince Charles of Sweden.

Prince Charles has a great love for nautical matters and can command any naval craft from a torpedo boat to a battleship, and can lead them in actual battle.

There are a great many things for the coming King Haakon to do in the way of increasing Norway's wealth. We shall mention some of the most important ones. The first thing he might be expected to do is to develop Norwegian shipping and maritime trade. Norway's fleet now numbers 7,203 vessels with 1,443,308 total tonnage, and her exports to England are in excess of $21,330,000, to Germany about $6,750,000, and to Sweden and the Netherlands about $1,050,000 each. Those are her chief markets, and by encouraging shipping and the home industries, the exports could be carried still further.

The chief employments are agriculture and domestic work. Think of what this means, as only three per cent. of the area is under cultivation. The rest of the country is unproductive by 75 per cent, the remaining 22 per cent. being forest. Here is a chance for a far-seeing king to turn the manifold water-power of the waste lands into industrial uses, and partly by tree-planting and irrigation, endeavor to reclaim as much of it as possible. Another opportunity for advancement is in the lumber business, as 73 per cent. of the 26,330 square miles of woodland in Norway is under pine trees. Next to lumbering come the fish industries, which net about $7,850,000 annually, and counting in the whale, walrus, and seal fishing in the polar regions another $2,000,000 must be added. The fishing revenue could be increased twice or thrice if canneries were established along the coast and the business of exporting the fish begun.

Gaps like these are everywhere met with in Norway and could be remedied by proper government support and guidance, and it is sincerely hoped that this will be done after the coronation of King Haakon and Queen Maud on the 24th of June, 1906.

THE HALF-BACK AUCTION.

"What am I offered for this prime New England half-back?" asked the auctioneer briskly of the assembled managers and alumni. "Fresh from his prep. school! A fine line bucker! Follows his interference like a leech! Weight, 170 stripped; Come now!"

"Free tuition during his whole college course," cried the manager of the Yale-yard eleven.

"Free tuition," repeated the auctioneer, "during his whole college course. Do I hear free board? Remember, gentlemen! He has a record of sixty touchdowns in one season. Do I hear it?"

"Free tuition and board for four years," shouted the Princeylvania manager, "and we'll toss in the college agency for Doper's cigarettes!"

The auctioneer waved his gavel in preparation for the final bang.

"Tuition, board and an agency," he shouted. "Do I hear free clothes? Remember! Half-backs are scarce! This one is guaranteed for four full years and a post-graduate course. Going — I am astounded — going, go —"

There was a rustle in the throng. A breathless man burst through.

"Free tuition, board and agency," cried the newcomer, "free clothes, rent free in Vanderground hall, free text books, free trip to —"

"Gone!" shrieked the auctioneer. "He's yours. What name!"

"Manager Hale University. Last June by graduation we lost our whole back field and six of the linemen. The honor of our alma mater is at stake."

"Report for practice," he said to his purchase, "next Saturday morning in the gym lot."—*The Apokeepsian.*

RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, By the Divine Providence, our classmates, Margaret and Josephine Furfey, have lost their sister after a short illness; be it

Resolved, That we, the classes of 1906 and 1908, of the English High School, of Cambridge, do hereby extend to them our most sincere sympathy in their bereavement and sorrow; be it

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered on the records of both classes, and be printed in the CAMBRIDGE REVIEW.

FIRE PICTURES.

Very quietly the old man sat in his chair by the fire and watched it slowly die. As the sinking flames, once gay with many a shade of red and green and yellow, wavered feebly, so feebly that the room was hardly lighted by them, and no one but the old gray-haired man knew that they were there, dim visions of a far away youth floated upward with the light-winged smoke. Visions of a happy time, they were; of a time when life was colored with the bright tints of the rainbow; when grief was not yet a reality. In the smoke clouds that curled upward, the old man, watching, smiling, saw a gay youth, heard him laugh — exclaim ecstatically at nothing.

More slowly the smoke curled up from the dying fire and the old man's head drooped gently forward. A smile, a faint echo of long ago, rested lightly on his face — such an expression of sweet sadness as comes from far, far music as you sit and dream and listen. Silently the fire forms changed.

"Elsbeth," said the old man, "Elsbeth!" and each hand slightly tightened its hold on the arm of the chair.

"Elsbeth," he said gently, and a little line of pain crept among the wrinkles on his forehead. A last flash of bright flame wavered and was gone; the man who was watching laughed — a quivering laugh, but it frightened away the thought that had pained, leaving only the smile that was sad. Like such a flash of bright light had Elsbeth swept over his life, dimming the rainbow colors into a dull, even gray.

Lazily the faint smoke crept upward; wearily the old man smiled, and sighing, closed his eyes.

"Oh, Elsbeth, Elsbeth," he murmured aloud, and through the room swept the still echo, "Elsbeth!" Long after the flames had died did the old man sit there. "Elsbeth," he murmured again. "Elsbeth," came from the still dark room till the fire in the grate was dead.

L. N., C. L. S.

THE EARNEST STUDENT.

What is This behind the Big Book? Hush! It is an Earnest Student. He is feeling Sorry because he got Three Remarks on his Report last Month. That is why the Earnest Student is Sitting on a Soft Cushion. If the Earnest Student gets many More Cards like that Last One, Dear Father will have to buy a new Pair of Slippers. What is this Small Book with the Pretty Green Cover? Let us see if we can Spell out the Name. L-I-T-E-R-A-L. Yes, you are right, but do not go any Farther. It might Embarrass the Earnest Student. Would it Embarrass him if Teacher read it? Oh no! The Earnest Student would pass it off with a Smile.

THE
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The next issue of the REVIEW will appear on Thursday, March 15. All copy must be in by Wednesday, February 28.

The class of 1905, Latin School, will present "The Elopement of Ellen," on Friday, March 30, at the Newtowne Club. Drama at 8. Dancing until 1. Tickets, fifty cents.

The class of 1906, Rindge Manual Training School, will present a drama entitled, "A Victim of Circumstances," on Friday, March 9, at the Newtowne Club. Drama, 8 to 10. Dancing, 10 to 1. Tickets, fifty cents.

Don't forget the track meet with Newton and Brookline. Wednesday afternoon in Mechanics Building. Tickets, fifty cents.

We need some good stories and interesting articles for March and April. Will you write one?

The REVIEW may be found on sale at Amee's, Harvard Square; Beunke's, Central Square; and Parker's, Inman Square.

LATIN SCHOOL.

H. C. DURRELL, '01.

1879.

Dr. Sumner Coolidge has founded a hospital in the Canal Zone, Panama, where cases of yellow fever, malaria and the like are treated.

1894.

Mr. Goran P. Stevens has just returned from a two years' course of study in architecture at Athens. His engagement to a Greek girl of patrician family is announced. Mr. Stevens returns to Athens in the spring to continue his studies.

1901.

Mrs. Hattie Boynton Howard has moved to New York City.

Mr. Harold M. Jones is principal of the Wayland, Mass., High School.

Miss Marguerite L. Beard has just composed a new song entitled: "The King of Love My Shepherd Is." Her song, "I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say," has been published and is on the market.

1902.

Miss Camille F. Wheeler spoke at the banquet of the Woman's Club of Boston University on Thursday evening, February first.

1903.

On the evening of December 30, 1905, a very pleasant reunion was held at the home of Miss Mary Johnson, on Summer street. There were about twenty-five present, and the time passed very pleasantly. Action was taken on the death of Miss Webb's sister. There was no election of officers.

1905.

The engagement is announced of Miss Marion Elizabeth Kendall to Elbert H. Dyer, Harvard 1904, of Framingham, Mass.

The class held its first reunion on Saturday night, January sixth, at the home of Roger B. Taft. About thirty were present. Various games were played until a late hour. No election of officers was held.

The December *Harvard Monthly* published a poem by Robert E. Rogers.

TRAINING SCHOOL.

GEORGE E. GREGORY, '05.

From the class of 1905, the following have entered Harvard University, Lawrence Scientific School: Edward N. Davis, Webster Jones, Edgar T. P. Walker, Edwin L. Derby, Jr., George E. Gregory.

Lester W. Ladd is at Bussey Institute.

The following are at Massachusetts Institute of Technology: John F. Davis, Joseph W. Parker, Eugene A. Hunt, Francis H. Bishop, '04.

Elmer F. Hathaway is at Amherst.

Ivan A. Blake, Albert M. Sweeney, and Thomas W. Barrington are taking post-graduate courses at the school.

Winthrop Adams is at Brown. He is president of his class, and played full-back on the 'Varsity foot-ball team.

Eugene Brooks, '03, is captain of the Dartmouth hockey team.

A SCHOOL-BOY'S EVENING.

The clock strikes nine from the steeple;
My work is still undone,
And yet this bosh I'am writing
With my Virgil not begun.

Now through the night the clock strikes ten,
Yet still I'm sitting here
As though I'd no recitations
For another quarter-year.

Hear, the bell sounds eleven;
My work is not done quite.
I'm afraid if I don't hurry
I'll be grinding here all night.

Confound that clock! It's striking twelve,
This work is dry as dust,
I guess I'd better turn in now
And sleep the sleep of the just.

A. H. S.

C. L. S. CHESS CLUB.

In its first match, the Cambridge Latin School Chess Team was defeated by the Newton Y. M. C. A. Team by a score of six to three. Our team was accorded a very cordial reception and enjoyed the match very much. The match took place Monday evening, January fifteenth.

The score:

C. L. S.

	Won.	Lost.
Durant	1	2
Royce	1	2
Parker	1	2
	3	6

Newton Y. M. C. A.

	Won.	Lost.
Gilfeather	3	0
Field	3	0
Brown	0	3
	6	3

EVENING.

A little while the sweet gay songs of birds;
And as the sun rests on the gold-crowned hill
The softened lowing of the distant herds
Ere the night winds disturb the midnight still.

A little while glad converse with a friend,
And then the mutual wishes of God speed
Ere the refulgent sun his light shall spend
And to the purple night his kingdoms cede.

L. N., C. L. S.

C. L. S. Senior Drama and Dance.

The class of 1906 gave its drama and dance at Newtowne Hall, Friday evening, January 26, with a very large attendance. The hall was full when the play began, and the dancing floor did not begin to thin out till late in the evening. It was altogether a most successful affair and reflects great credit on the management.

As for the drama, the general opinion was that it was a very good production of a rather insignificant play. Class dramas seldom deal in heavy themes, the audiences would not stand it if they did, but "Mrs. Compton's Manager," was lighter and more incoherent than the usual run of them. The theme was composed of farce, a thread of love-making, and a little melodrama, all mingled together in curious fashion. The plot dealt with the story of Elphron Vartray, a landscape gardener, who is mistaken by Miss Durand, a companion, for Leonard Barring (Mrs. Compton's nephew whom she wants to marry to Miss Durand), and the usual complications result (farce). Jackson, the butler, an old-time convict, robs the safe, is accused by Vartray but turns Mrs. Compton against him, and Vartray leaves in disgrace (melodrama). In the last act everyone makes up and marries, four couples in all, as usual. Besides the fact that the story has few possibilities, there is almost no characterization for the actors. There are merely conventional types with little differentiation. The ending of the play was also very weak and had to be tampered with a good deal before it reached effectiveness. It can be seen then, that all the credit of the evening must rest with the actors and the coach, for the good showing they made.

The cast follows:

Mrs. Helen Compton (a widow) . Marion A. Mason
Leonard Barring (her nephew) . . Clifford O. Mason
Ethel Durand (cousin to Mrs. Compton),
Marion F. Gragg
Elphron Vartray (landscape gardener),
James A. Eccles
James Heaton (architect) . . . . . E. Leonard Beard
Frederic Lowell (Bishop of Hoboken),
Sidney C. Boyer
Margaret Roswell . . . . . Hilda F. Russell
Jackson (Butler at "Fairthorne"),
T. Lambert Small
Marie De Marque (an actress) . Edith M. Burrage
Mrs. McGillion (housekeeper at "Fairthorne"),
Alice L. Burrage
Tompkins (a butler) . . . . . Eric H. Hall
Williams (a maid) . . . . . Alice L. Burrage
Watkins (a farmhand) . . . . . Eric H. Hall

Synopsis of Scenery.

Time — Present.

ACT I. At "Fairthorne," Mrs. Compton's Summer Residence. Evening in April.
ACT II. The same. Morning, one week later.
ACT. III. At Mrs. Compton's Town-house, New York. An afternoon the following October.

The details of the production were very good. First the play gloried in two sets of new scenery, a thing most strange at the Newtowne Club, which were supplied by Mr. Dugan, and which, especially the drawing-room in the last act, made splendid backgrounds for the actors. The costumes were well-chosen and effective, and the stage-management very good, though the scene-shifting took some time.

The acting was uniformly excellent. The play required a good deal of action, very difficult to show effectively, but the members of the cast worked well together and gave a smooth performance.

Miss Mason had the part of Mrs. Compton, the widow, who has a very sure mind of her own, but who is also young enough to see things in their true light. Miss Mason made a very personable widow, and showed clearly her strong will, as well as her more feminine side, in her scenes with Vartray and the Bishop. Her fainting scene was natural and effective.

As Leonard Barring, the nephew, Mr. Mason did not have quite such a "fool" part as he did last year, that is, it was the same style of character, but more natural

and Mr. Mason presented the young society man "who is a good deal of a duffer," very well. His excited entrances and languid exits, as well as his praise-worthy affection for his aunt, were all laughable. And in the last act, with Marie, he appeared more of a man than before, so giving a good finish to the character.

Miss Gragg had a part which did not equal her abilities. It was a conventional young girl part with very little tangible to do, but Miss Gragg worked it up by careful elaboration to a high place. She made a very lively character of it, and was bubbling over with ideas and amusement most of the time so that she could hardly keep still, especially at the altar decoration in the last act where she pranced about like a delighted child. Her more serious moments were an effective contrast, and in her love-scenes she displayed a serio-comic emotion that was thoroughly delightful. She was perhaps the most satisfying in the play.

Mr. Eccles had the hero part, that of a hard-working, practical, landscape gardener, not inclined to frivolity, but able to carry out a love suit successfully. Mr. Eccles looked the part remarkably well, especially in his corduroy gardening suit, and acted it with ease and understanding. The part is very business-like and serious, rising to strength in the investigation with Jackson. Mr. Eccles played the part forcibly, giving it dramatic strength. His love scenes were earnest and very definite in purpose. He had the surest and easiest appearance among the boys.

The Heaton of Mr. Beard was the exact opposite. The slow-spoken, slangy young man, who never sees the gravity of things, but has a joke for all occasions, was made very amusing by Mr. Beard who worked easily and obtained his effects with commendable quietness.

Mr. Boyer made of the rotund, sleek, "don't-worry" Bishop, a good impersonation. His appearance was redolent of self-satisfied sanctity, and his voice and manner kept up the illusion very well. His importance over his "personal convert" and the subsequent meekness he showed at the wedding were excellent pieces of work.

As the butler, Jackson, the "personal convict" of Dr. Lowell, Mr. Small humorously twisted the character from a melodramatic villain, to that of a comic servant. It was very amusing, but it made the robbery and exposure scenes rather lose their effect. The safe scene instead of thrilling one had the effect of a funny monologue, and in the second act, Jackson's habit of making faces at his enemies, Vartray and Heaton, upset the equilibrium of the audience. But it was all good and took well with the spectators, who did not know whether the play was serious or not.

Mr. Hall "doubled" in two parts, as a butler and farm-hand. The first was colorless, but as Watkins, Mr. Hall made a good effect as the awkward, stammering rustic.

Miss Russell, as the mischievous friend, Margaret Boswell, made an excellent impression. She rose to the playfulness of the part really well and made a good foil for Miss Gragg. Her quarrel scene, and later her reconcilation with Heaton were also well done.

Miss Alice Burrage had two parts. One of an old housekeeper, the other of a maid, which she differentiated well, in make-up and manner.

As the actress, Marie, Miss Edith Burrage shared the feminine honors in good measure. According to the book, Miss De Marque was a self-possessed, rather forward person, but Miss Burrage made her very sweet and womanly, even during the tawdry fire of questions in the last act. She realized splendidly the emotional possibilities of her disclosing and confronting Jackson in the second act, and gave a tinge of pathos to the character that was extremely well done. It was a pity she had no more

to do, for all her work was artistic and pleasing.

In short, if the actors had had a good play, acting as well, individually and collectively as they did, the drama would have been a thorough success, all round, not merely in the acting.

Mention must be made of the neat program, with its well-drawn cover design by Mr. Eccles. R. E. R. '05.

Latin School Junior Drama.

On Friday evening, January 12, the class of 1907 gave its first drama before one of the largest audiences we have ever seen at a Junior affair. The hall was crowded beyond its seating capacity, and a great many remained to enjoy the dancing after the performance. The affair was, as usual, half-an-hour late in starting, but this may be partly accounted for by the difficulty of providing accommodation for all those present.

The management is to be congratulated on the neat and atractive program issued, as well as on the manner in which the whole evening's entertainment was conducted. Had a little more attention been paid to details, it would have been unnecessary to have directions given *sotto voce* on the stage, to "Pick it up: Pick it up: Never mind if there isn't anything there;" or to have a long love-letter read from the palm of a young lady's hand, instead of from a sheet of note-paper. The actors, however, deserve great credit for the readiness with which they met these omissions.

The play itself, entitled "When a Man's Single," was a bright little three-act comedy with a rather improbable plot concerning the love affairs of a widow and her children. The play was well staged and the performance reflected great credit, not only on Mr. Walter H. Dugan, under whose direction it was produced, but on all those connected with it.

The cast was as follows:

Jim Horton, a Widower.....George K. Higgins
Pete Adams, a Countryman....Michael Corcoran
Paul Briscoe, a Lawyer.....Edward W. Ellis
Winthrop Briscoe, half-brother to Paul, Gardner W. Chase
Mrs. Albert Briscoe, a Society Leader, Roxie Odiorne
Evelyn Briscoe, Mrs. Briscoe's Daughter, Amanda R. Webber
Norah O'Neil, an Irish Maid.....Marian Blackall
Eleanor Horton, an American Beauty, Marjorie E. Smith
Prompter.....Corinne W. Huling
Assistant Prompter.....Ellen K. Eayrs

Synopsis of Scenery.

ACT I. The Kitchen of Meadow Farm.
ACT II. Lawn of Mrs. Briscoe's House at Newport.
ACT III. Library in Mrs. Briscoe's Town House.
Time — The Present.

Mr. Higgins, as Jim Horton, a country widower, was easily the star of the performance. His acting, his voice and accent, and his make-up all contributed to make an excellent farmer, who becomes an extremely good "catch" when Mrs. Briscoe discovers, or thinks she discovers, that he has come into the possession of a fortune. Save at the beginning of the third act, when Mr. Horton bids farewell to "widower-hood," and when all the fellows were rather stiff and unnatural, Mr. Higgins was very much at ease, and his impersonation was all that could be desired.

Mr. Corcoran made his Pete Adams just what it was intended that he should be, an awkward farmer lad, intent on imitating the manners and customs of such city folk as he had seen, and eager to prove to his city cousins that he was just as good as they. It was rather difficult to imagine him as being a suitable match for Evelyn Briscoe under any circumstances, but with Mrs. Briscoe, money covered a multitude of sins, and under its influence Pete Adams, coun-

tryman, blossomed out suddenly into Mr. P. Livingston Adams, "nephew of Mr. Livingston of Massachusetts," who, with his pockets filled with gold, was a suitable match for any girl.

The Paul Briscoe of Mr. Ellis was admirable. As the young society man, head over heels in debt, and anxious to obtain a wife whose one absolutely necessary qualification is that she shall be able to satisfy his creditors, Mr. Ellis gave a most pleasing performance. His love-making with the Irish maid was very funny, as was also his relief when he found out that he had made a mistake, and that his cousin, whom he was determined to marry, whatever she might be, was really not so bad after all. Although he did not make himself quite the unprincipled fortune-hunter he was meant to be, his treatment of the part was very satisfactory throughout.

Mr. Chase was very good in a part which offered few opportunities. His passiveness formed a great contrast to all the scheming and planning which went on about him, but all things come to him who waits, and in the end Winthrop won out.

As Mrs. Briscoe, a society leader, Miss Odiorne was very pleasing. She depicted very consistently the cold, scheming widow, who is out for money, and intends to get it, either for herself or her daughter, both if possible. Jim Horton, the farmer, was beneath her notice; Mr. James Horton, the possessor of a fortune, was a most desirable husband. When she discovered that it was the Adams' farm and not Mr. Horton's which had been sold, she immediately transferred her attentions from the latter to Mr. Adams, who, too young for Mrs. Briscoe herself, must be obtained for her daughter. Through it all she remained the same cold, calculating widow, with her nose ready to turn up at anything or anybody which displeased her.

Miss Webber, as Mrs. Briscoe's daughter, was very good. It was rather too bad that she did not have more to do. She entered into the spirit of the play for all she was worth. She gives her brother Paul some very good advice in regard to mercenary and loveless marriages, but in the end she, too, falls a victim to the prevailing malady, and yields to the charms of Mr. P. Livingston Adams, once the object of her mirth and ridicule. Miss Webber was natural and unaffected throughout the play, and made a very favorable impression upon the audience.

Miss Blackall shared the honors of the evening almost equally with Mr. Higgins. She had mastered the difficult brogue, and every speech was the signal for a fresh burst of laughter from the audience. Her sage bits of advice to "Miss Nilly," her love-making with Mr. Briscoe when he mistook her for his cousin, her "high-strikes," all were well-executed and clever bits of acting. Although an Irish comedy part is one of the most common ones seen on the amateur stage, it is also one of the most difficult, and Miss Blackall gave a very creditable performance.

As Eleanor Horton, Miss Smith was the center about whom the whole play revolved. In the lighter portions of the play, where she was her natural self, she was excellent, but in the more serious parts, she was inclined to treat the play rather as a melodrama than as a comedy. This was especially noticeable in the scene where Paul, by deceiving her in regard to her aunt's will, gains her promise that she will marry him, and again when she discovers his deception. At these times her somewhat affected delivery marred the effectiveness of her lines.

The Virginia Reel at the end of the first act, and the card party in the Newport garden, were effective and well-executed stage pictures, and added much to the attractiveness of the production.

High School Senior Drama and Dance.

On Friday evening, February 2, 1906, the Senior class of the Cambridge English High School held its drama and dance at Newtowne Club Hall. The play was a comedy drama in four acts entitled, "Down in Maine." It was well within the limits of high school pupils and though somewhat stiff the actors acquitted themselves very creditably. The scenery was as good as could be expected at the Newtowne Club, and the costumes above the average.

The cast:

Zeph Cummings, of Hardscrabble farm, John F. McNamee
Ralph, his brother, a New York millionaire, Francis R. Feeney
Neil Wentworth, a young inventor, Nelson F. Erickson
Bingle, an old fisherman.....Joseph L. Rourke
Tomps, the hired man.....James Crawford
Mr. Holden, a lawyer.....Henry G. Angus
Jimpsey, a "Fresh Air" Kid.....J. William Hunt
Mose Gossin, a stuttering lover..Edward Williams
Susie Cummings, Ralph's daughter..Jennie Kelso
Mrs. Cummings, Zeph's wife.....Ida R. Cox
Keriah, "forty-three and desperate"..Edna Knight
Betsey Tomps.....Alice Field

Time — The Present.
Place — Down in Maine.

Synopsis of scenery.

ACT I. The Hardscrabble Farm in June.
ACT II. The Picnic in the Woods.
ACT III. Sitting-room at Uncle Zeph's.
ACT IV. Scene, the same.

To take up each actor:—

Mr. McNamee, as Zeph Cummings, took his part well and naturally. His attitude toward his rich brother was well carried out. He had a fine make-up and costume, and his voice had the true drawling nasal twang of the down-east farmer.

Mr. Feeney, as Ralph Cummings, was perhaps a close second to Mr. Williams in the quality of his acting. His interpretation of the hard, money-grasping New York millionaire was excellent. He was natural and easy all through the play, and did not once hesitate or forget his lines.

Mr. Erickson, in the part of the young inventor, was at first somewhat stiff, and spoke his lines as though reciting them. In his love making with Susie, his acting lacked sincerity and conviction. As the drama went on, however, he warmed up to his work and was much better.

Mr. Rourke had the part of the old fisherman, with a make-up that was worth while. He put feeling into his words and his whole heart into his acting. He imitated the drawl and walk of a husky old salt to perfection.

Mr. Crawford, as Tomps, the hired man, did not have much to do except sleep, something which he was evidently much used to. What he did have to say and do, however, was quite up to the mark.

Mr. Angus, in the character of the young lawyer, was a little too slow for the part. He had none of the brisk walk and sharp, crisp speech of the successful American lawyer. He had very little to do and, doubtless, a larger part would have brought out his good qualities.

As Jimpsey, the "Fresh Air" kid, Mr. Hunt, gave a great deal of life to the play. He entered into the part with spirit. His slang and mischievous pranks were well carried out. When he and Bingle brought in the bags of cats(?), someone in the audience was heard to remark: "How cruel!" His wholesome fear of Keriah was well simulated.

Mr. Williams was the hit of the evening. As Mose Gossin, a stuttering lover, he was simply great. His brick-red hair, his ill-fitting clothes, and his awkwardness was typical of the country bumpkin. He put all his spirit into his acting and never let his own personality show through the character. His attempts to cure his stuttering by whistling were ludicrous in the extreme. The way he made love to Betsy was decidedly novel, though very successful. He was the best of the boys.

Miss Kelso, as Susie Cummings, was

very good. She was a little stiff at first but soon got over it. She showed good talent.

Miss Cox looked too fresh and young for the buxom farmer's wife. She showed none of the stiffness that was apparent in the others and spoke her lines most effectively.

Miss Knight, in a character part, was convincing and natural after the first act. Her accent was forced at first but grew better in the second act. The simpering and ingenious ways of the old country girl were true to life.

Miss Field had a colorless part in that of Betsy Tomps, but she did what she had to do very creditably. She was entirely natural and free from stiffness. None could have done better.

As a whole the drama went off very well, although it was late in starting. It was well attended and a large number enjoyed the dancing afterward. It seemed to us that it would have been much better if smoking had been prohibited in the corridor. The cover of the program had a very neat design. A. C. G., '06.

Technical Notes.

The new post-office in Chicago is one of the most interesting in the world, and is an excellent proof of Uncle Sam's advance along postal lines. In this office, the work formerly done by scores of clerks is now performed by machinery. The machines were inventions brought about by the need of floor space in the post-office building, and by the need of speed in handling the mail of this great city. The machines are in many instances complicated, but their efficiency has been proven, and their value as labor savers established. The great success of the machines used in this office may lead to the adoption of similar systems in the large cities of this country where, as in Chicago, more than a billion and a half pieces of mail are handled during a year. But this advantage may be wholly overshadowed by loss to men now holding the positions filled by the machine.

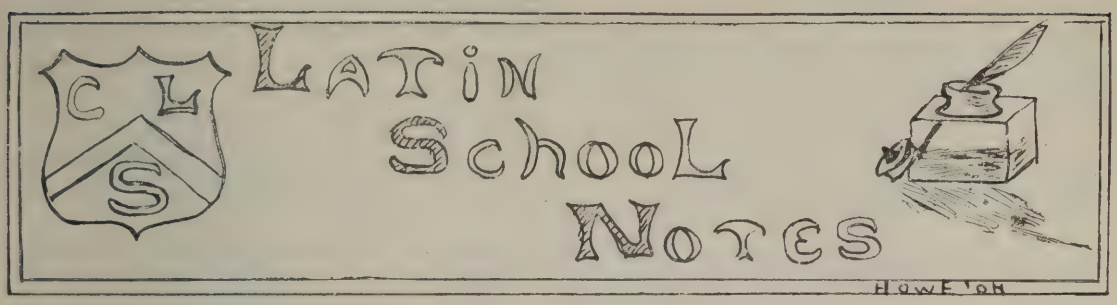
As a guard against strikes, railroad tie-ups, and other exigencies leading to scarcity of coal, and consequent shutting down of business, the Calumet & Hecla Mining Co. keeps constantly on hand about 600,000 tons of coal. Some idea can be obtained of the bulk of this coal from the fact that it is kept in sheds with a floor area of more than five acres, and is piled up in them to a height of twenty feet.

There should be plenty of harmony in this country if the number of pianos produced last year counts for anything; more than 200,000 were manufactured and sold during the last year.

It is a peculiar fact that rails wear out more quickly, and break more easily from wear on bridges, than in any other place.

A varied form of the old motor-tricycle called the tri-car is very popular in England. It has two wheels in front, with the third, a driving wheel, behind. It is equipped with an eight-horse power motor which is quite sufficient for good speed on level road, and for mild hill climbing. Perhaps the best feature of this machine is its cheapness; its cost ranging from 250 to 600 dollars.

One of the latest foreign inventions is one by Dr. Carl Brendel of Russia. It is a chair designed to prevent sea sickness. It is so designed as to conform itself to every motion of the boat and to make an opposite one, thus overcoming the long motions of a boat, which cause sea sickness. The worth of this chair has been tested, and it will now probably become a part of every up-to-date steamship's equipment, as one more luxury of these floating palaces of the sea.



1906.

A horse! A horse! Thirty-five cents for a horse!

Milton is gone. Long live Macaulay!

At times the Aeneid resembles the sporting page of the "Journal."

Our Latin lessons are so long that many have to ride to get over them.

New words invented by '06:
Misfortunately.
Beautifulness.

What kind of an angle is one inscribed in a right angle?

Heard in Greek: "Don't run but keep in line."
This sounds familiar somehow.

How many own "rough horses?"

How does the class of '06 know so much about mixed drinks?

Teacher: "What is the word?"
Pupil (half asleep): "Ah,— Err,—"
Teacher: "Yes, you are right, desistere. 'What does it mean?' "
Pupil (still asleep): "Er,— Ah,—"
Teacher: "Yes, it means, stop. 'What does it govern?' "
Pupil (suddenly awakening): "I don't know the place."

Pupil: "Pass a plane through AB and AF."
Teacher: "Pass away."

Each hand=uterque ambos.
It is time for a new lexicon.

It is wise to be economical, but not wise to save your own books by borrowing someone else's.

Miss Flanders wishes that all her class might be gentlemen. Cheer up, girls!

The Senior drama was very successful. We all have good reason to be proud of our class.

How many fire drills a day is the maximum?

Pupil: "May I have my trot again after school?"
Teacher: "νήπιος = little thing that couldn't talk."
Pupil: "Does Nepos have anything to do with that?"
Teacher: "The family of Nepos might all have been born dumb, I suppose."

"What is an obelisk?"
Pupil: "A mummy."

We respectfully suggest to the chess club that the teachers be made honorary members. They are certainly adepts at "checking."

1907.

We were informed by Miss W-b-r, in History, that the Arcadians were strong, vigorous, and *very fresh!!!*

Der Hund, die knurrende Bestie.
The dog, the purring beast.

In English:
"Comment upon 'It is good for us to be here,' Ch-m-b-n."
Ch-m-b-n: "No it isn't!"

Quorum opera utor praesidio.
Whose *pains* I use as a guard.

Miss F—, having asked Hubbard a question which Miss Martin answered: "Miss Martin, your name isn't Hubbard, *yet!!*"

"What was the famous labyrinth of the world?"
K-t-g-e: "The Subway."

"Where are the Appalachian mountains?"
Young day-dreamer: "Apple what?"

A recent meaning of *litigious* is *tough!*

"Oh, that I were where I would be,
Then would I be where I am not!"

"Aus das für den Gernal servierte Frühstück—"
"For the fourth breakfast of her husband."

We learn from good authority that Cicero's wife Terentia was — a woman!

"They were upon us before we knew it!" — The Harvard papers.

A very pleasant social, in the form of a Book party, was held on Friday evening, January nineteenth, at the home of Mr. Herbert Boynton. Mrs. Burton played the accompaniment for a Virginia reel which everyone heartily enjoyed.

Our drama was such a success that we want another one next year.

Teacher: "For what was Praxitiles noted?"
Miss Bl-s-l: "He moulded the head of Hermes in *Greece.*"

R. H-b-d: "Phocis was on her last legs."

R-l-y: "Alexander built a moat from the mainland to the island of Tyre."

aughul=awful.

1908.

We are told that the Saxon god Scoetre corresponded with the Roman god Saturn.

Männergestalt = feminine for Mann = woman.

"A full jolly knight he seemed and fair did sit."

Scene: Div IV, reciting Ancient History.
H.: (reading from the book).
Teacher: "You aren't reading that in a very interesting manner.
H.: "I can't. It isn't interesting."
Teacher: "Go on."
H. (continuing): "It is interesting to see —"
(Plaudits).

Is *mal à la tête* the same as *mal de mer?*

We respectfully suggest that D-w take up teaching as a vocation.

Gr-st-n's only two objects in life, as he tells Miss D-t, are foot-ball and hockey.

Who is the *Dichter* who writes personal poems on the recitation room boards at recess?

"Elizabeth let her hand fall into the water."
Query: "Was it detachable?"

1909.

Miss A-a-s is very fond of dog biscuit.

Why are Miss C-w-i-h-w and Miss D-l-i-g-r so interested in Training School Class Notes '09?

Beware of a check!

Mid-years are over, Next — Finals.

A very enjoyable social was held at the home of Miss M. Wood. It was a great success and every one had a good time.

Frequently heard in Latin Div. I:
"Amee, hurry up!!!"

S-i-h, don't you enjoy Dana street very much, afternoons?

All fellows should join the Debating Society.

What has become of the Σ Σ Σ?

Miss C-a-e, what does A. M. C. stand for?

Coleman has gone to R. M. T. S.

Warning!
Boys, keep out of the dressing-room on the middle corridor.

Miss H-n-t is compiling a new Latin Grammar. One of the new constructions is "Ablative of Ease."

Miss H-l-es (translating): "He climbed up on his desk."

Did it do any good to change your seat second hour, Miss La P - - - - e?

Now, Miss E - - h, will you do it again?

Div. I must not forget that "to see the sun is pleasant."

1910.

At a class meeting held in the hall, under Mr. Bradbury's supervision, the following class officers were elected: president, Mr. Power; vice-president, Miss Adams; secretary, Miss McKusick; treasurer, Mr. Rogers. Social committee: Miss Rindge, Miss McCoy, Miss Davis, Mr. Mason, Mr. Manett. Executive committee: Miss Dadmun, Miss Whiting, Mr. Kimball, Mr. Gozzaldi, Mr. Cheyne. Class Pin committee: Miss Palmer, Mr. Davis, Mr. Maricle.

The social was a great success. It was greatly enjoyed by all, and the social committee, together with Miss Rindge, deserve much praise.

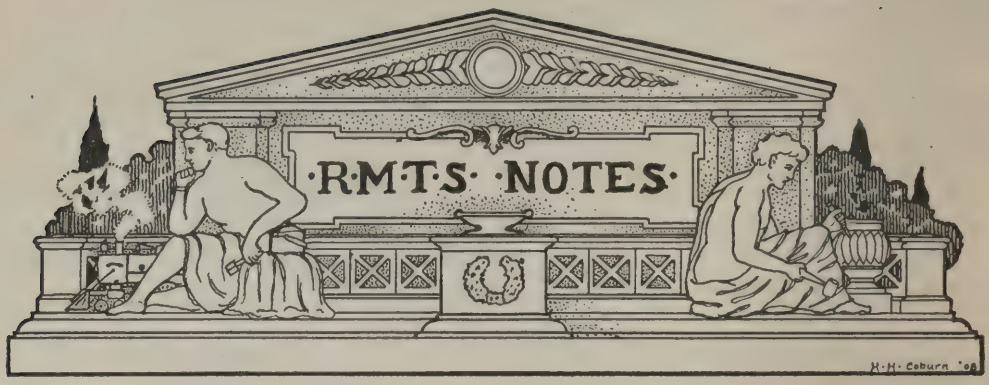
The class pins are finally here. They are the best ones in the building.

Mc A - - r likes to play with tin automobiles.

Where does B-l spend his leisure moments?

A familiar question: "Have you any check yet?

Too bad, Miss F-d, isn't it?



1906.

The following have ridden the flood safely: Bohlin choosing for his barque, Norway's New King; Dayton, President Prichett, M. I. T.; Hursh, The Homestake Mine; Kinsman, William Lloyd Garrison; Sibley,

The Agony Trio holds rehearsals on alternate days in the machine shop, the first hour.

The "Garbage Fraternity" is exclusively for the Freshman Class. The charter members are the most select element in the entire school(?).

Nobody loafs in our class,
But we plug hard all day,
Making a bluff at German,
Or Physics if you say,
English and Trig. are easy,
And so is Geometry,
What's the name of our class?
First College B.

A perpendicular to a point in the center of a circle is the shortest straight line that can be drawn on the surface of a sphere. Reference: "Griffin's Solid Geometry."

"I couldn't do that example," is getting old, isn't it?

The annual January mark-downs occur about every two months with a favored few.

Some of us already see the image of our coming college examinations impressed on our minds.

Question: Is the image real or virtual?

When we see the irresponsible looking Freshmen making idots of themselves, in and about the building, we can hardly imagine that we were once in their predicament. But only once!

"Nothing personal, Griffin."

Gibby, the grind.

We can trust Henley to look after the bell(e)s.

Who said that the teachers could bowl?

Come "Bill," just a little more time on your lessons, and we will not worry about your leading the foot-ball team next year.

Hursh will tell all inquirers what they *ought* to know in German before studying any verbs.

1907.

Mr. Stratton: "Clavell, you seem to get your attention out in the street."

Clavell: "Oh, I just happened to look out this time."

Mr. Norton: "Cunningham, what to do with you is more of a 'Perplexity Puzzle' than that which you are playing with."

"Elle a les mains tendres."

Miles: "You can call me anything."
Miss Ellis: "Monsieur, que ne chose."

Churchill suggests that we use green lines for fellows who know very little about construction lines.

II College A division held a funeral the other day. Davis and Shaw went below.

Does Henderson find time to have "Alices?"

We "Keep A Plugging Away."

1908.

Mr. Norton (during history recitation): "It is True, also, (pause) that is bothering us."

Mr. Hubbard: "The test on Friday will cover —"
Voice from the class: "The blackboard."

We should advise Wright to take the first two hours in getting to history class on time.

Willis ending his theme: "The story leaves him in the woods."

Roffe is trying to learn to shave with his knife. Keep it up and sometime you will be able to use the real thing.

Teacher: "Weber, if you want to sleep you may go into the office, where you will find a lounge. You had better take your shoes off first."

A third fraternity has been recently formed in our class. The charter members are toughs (Tufts).

Teacher: "You cannot get this, Carr."

"What did Washington do after his retreat?"
Pupil: "I was absent."

We are pleased to report that Davis is gradually recovering from the severe shock he received near the library recently.

The day after the shop exams:
"How did you come out yesterday?"
"Oh!"

E. Thompson keeps his knowledge on his finger tips. We wonder why.

Mr. Rich: "Come here, Chris.! You leave B. alone."
Chris.: "I didn't touch him."
Mr. R.: "Well, don't look at him."

1909.

The History hours have lately been enlivened by a debate on "Resolved, That The Execution of Charles I Was Justifiable." The decisions were awarded in Div. B to the negative, in Div. C to the negative, and in Div. E to the affirmative. The debate in Div. F was a deadlock as the class was judge and it voted six to six.

Exhibitions on the bar in the basement at noon. Admission free.

Teacher: "Now then, Missouri, take your seat."
Sn-ls-n: "I ain't no Missouri."

(Continued on page 31.)

High School Notes.

1906.

Do you belong to the B. B. S.?

Miss S.— (after finishing three quarters of an orange): "My gracious! that orange had seeds in it!"

Mr. Huling has appointed four firemen. Hail to the Chief!!

Don't play horse any more, girls.

Who made the doughnuts used in the drama?

Speed work is good fun, isn't it? (Except in examinations).

Teacher: "What animals are raised on these plains?
Pupil: "Goats."
Teacher: "No, goats are raised in the mountain where they feed on minerals." (Tin cans?)

Apple pie and cheese, please.

What person in English 4th hour, said: "Shakespeare wrote in the time of Milton?"

Miss ———: "What would you do if you were told you were to be valedictorian?"
Pupil: "Drop dead."

Miss Davidson, did you get "un petit zéro" in stenog., — or was it Miss Furfey?

The "gym" girls have missed Miss Howard very much during her short illness.

1907.

We hear that Miss Riley is becoming a very fine public reader.

Isn't it about time, Miss Royce, to make some more fudge?

A social was held at the home of Miss Bates, January 26th, and a very pleasant evening was spent.

We are very glad to see Miss Galvin back after her long illness.

How do you like the fire drill, girls?

We all regret that Miss Rogers has left us, and hope to see her back next year.

A meeting of the V. K. C. was held at Miss Fairbrother's last week. A lunch was served and all spent a very pleasant afternoon.

The V. L. C. is still alive and gaining new members.

Ces gueux sont pincés.
The beggars are pinched.

1908.

Fancy wall paper is taking the place of balance sheets in Room 3.

Miss D-wd, has Dora been to see you lately?

When shall we three meet again?

Why does Miss L. Harries like "Social Teas?"

Whose French Dictionary does Miss F-r-ey use?

Miss D-yle's favorite song, "Don't you see I'm lonely?"

We wonder how Miss Doyle likes her new seat! Not so near the window, is it, Miss Doyle?

Who does all the whispering during French recitation? Certainly not Miss H-ll or Miss M-r-tn.

Kirby has not grown out of his childish ways yet. He still drums on his desk, and plays "peek-a-boo" behind the cover.

Will our social committee ever be found?

We have at least one brilliant French translator, haven't we, Miss K-ll-her?

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to Miss Furfey in the loss of her sister.

Who said that Roderick got up, drew his last breath, and died?

Ask Miss P-ior if she enjoys writing poetry better than her lessons?

We wonder who the pupil is that needs two French readers because he is so studious.

Miss W-bb-r and Miss Do-le must not try those sleight of hand tricks in French.

Another contribution is to be taken up for Miss Furfey. She is in need now of a pair of shears.

We wish to inform some of the class members that the Miss Roberts, who played in the game with Possé Gym., was not Miss Cora Roberts.

1909.

Who is "Pinch" in Room 7?

Who said they liked French verbs?

paquet de voyage.
a bundle of travels.

Miss S-h-e-i-g-r: "How many times is A^3 contained in A^5?"

There is a limit to everything, Miss Schlesinger. Beware!!!

How did you like the Mid-years?

TRAINING SCHOOL NOTES.

(Continued from page 29.)

Pugilistic exhibitions in small drawing-room, third hour.

In drawing:
Teacher: "Where's your eraser?"
M-l-i-s: "Dead and buried."

How about that reunion?

Teacher: "I presume you have all heard the proverb, 'People who live in glass houses should not throw stones."
M-l-i-s: "Its people who live in glass houses should dress in the dark."

Mr. H—d: "Make the same amount of noise but in a less noisy way."

Heard in History:
Teacher: "What was the most famous battle between Cromwell and Charles?"
Pupil (sleepily): "The Battle of Crecy."

CAMBRIDGE LATIN SCHOOL FOOT-BALL TEAM.

Champions of the Preparatory and Triangular Leagues.

LATIN SCHOOL.

HOCKEY.

Brookline High 1. Cambridge Latin 0.

In the first game of the Preparatory League, Latin School was defeated by Brookline on the Chestnut Hill Reservoir. The game was immediately protested by Latin School, for in spite of the goal umpire's decision, the puck struck the goal post, and instead of shooting through the goal, caromed off to one side.

This is the third time in recent years that the Brookline game has been protested. Three years ago, the puck missed the Latin School goal by at least a foot, and yet it was called a goal by the umpire. The protest committee of the New England Skating Association awarded the championship to Latin School. Two years ago, when Brookline scored two goals to our one, it was claimed that the second goal was kicked in and not shot. This year the referee, and practically every one of the spectators, including several former Brookline players, agreed that the puck did not go through the posts. Yet the Brookline official called it a goal.

The goal umpires are just as important in many ways as the referee, and we fail to see why as much care should not be taken in their selection. The matter is generally not given a thought, however, until just before the game is called. Then each captain picks out some one from the crowd, usually a member of his own school, or some personal friend. The result is often unsatisfactory.

The ice was in poor condition, and long shots were impossible. The game was hard and fast throughout, though not as rough as the game between these two schools is apt to be.

There was no scoring during the first half, although Latin School was on the defensive most of the time. In the second half, Jones secured the puck from a scrimmage near the side of the rink, and made a pretty shot for the Cambridge goal. The puck struck one of the uprights and — so the umpire says — caromed through for a goal. This was the only point scored.

Too much praise cannot be given to the three Latin School defense men for the magnificent game they played. The two teams were scrimmaging about the goal most of the time, and it was only by the fastest kind of work that several more scores were prevented. Beard was the best of the Latin School forwards.

The summary:

Brookline High.	Cambridge Latin.
Cady, f	f, Goodale
Shine, f	f, A. Chase
Caffey, f	f, Beard
Jones, f	f, Delaney
Brackett, c p	c p, Clark
Fletcher, p	p, Chapin
Andrews, g	g, G. Chase

Score: Brookline High, goal made by Jones. Referee: Whittemore, Stone's. Umpires: Foster and Hill. Time: 20 m. halves.

Cambridge Latin 2. Newton High 1.

On January 5, the hockey team defeated Newton High at Brae Burn in the second

Preparatory League Game. The team played well together and showed good form. Beard played well for Latin School, making both goals scored.

The Cambridge line up: Goodale, l e; A. Chase, l c; Beard, r c; Delaney, r e; Clark, c p; Chapin (Capt.), p; G. Chase g.

The score: Cambridge Latin 2; Newton High 1. Referee: Howe. Goals made by: Beard 2. Goal Umpires: Small, Cambridge Latin, and Chase, Newton High.

Hockey jerseys have been awarded members of the team who did not receive them last year. They are Goodale, Delaney, Clark, and G. Chase.

TRACK TEAM.

The following candidates have reported for work on the track team: Hickey, Pearson, Marvin, Kelleher, Crandon, Crowley, Huling, Fogg, Gozzaldi, Riley, Walton, Beard. Practice is held three times a week at the Cambridgeport gymnasium, and an instructor has been engaged.

BASKET-BALL.

Thayer Acad. 19. Cambridge Latin 17.

Latin School opened the basket-ball season with Thayer Academy at South Braintree, December 20, 1905. It was a close game, resulting in a victory for the home team by a score of 19 to 17. For Latin School, Capt. Kelleher and Grant played the best game, while for Thayer, the stars were Shea and Richmond.

The line up:

Thayer Academy.	Cambridge Latin.
Shea, l f	r b, Pearson
Richmond, r f	l b, Grant
Carson, c	c, Gray
Sprague, r b	l f, Marvin
Remick (Capt.) l b	r f, Kelleher (Capt.)

Score: Thayer Academy 19; Cambridge Latin School 17. Goals from floor: Shea 4, Richmond 4, Remick, Kelleher 2, Grant 3, Marvin 2, Gray. Goals from fouls: Carson, Kelleher 2. Referee: Hadfield. Timers: French of Thayer, and Patten of Cambridge. Time: 15 m. halves.

Hyde Park 64. Cambridge Latin 14.

On January 9th, Cambridge Latin was badly beaten by a team supposed to be composed of men from Hyde Park High School which, it developed later, was made up of members of the Hyde Park Y. M. C. A. In spite of the hard men against them, Crowley and Kelleher played an excellent game.

The line up:

Hyde Park.	Cambridge Latin.
Johnson, l b	r f, Kelleher (Capt.)
Alexander, r b	l f, Marvin
Brown, c	c, Grant
Towle, l f	r b, Crowley
Brooks, r f	l b, Pearson

Score: Hyde Park 64; Cambridge Latin 14. Referee: White. Time: 15 m. halves.

The game scheduled with Malden High for January 9, was cancelled.

Watertown High 24. Camb. Latin 15.

Cambridge Latin was defeated Friday, January 12, by Watertown High School at Newton Y. M. C. A. building. The best playing for Cambridge Latin was done by Ponce and Crowley. Coon was easily the star for Watertown.

The line up:

Watertown High.	Cambridge Latin.
Brown, l f	r b, Crowley
Coon, r f	l b, Pearson
Mayo, c	c, Grant
Wicks, l b	r f, Kelleher
Norcross, r b	l f, Marvin, (Ponce)

The score: Watertown High 24; Cambridge Latin 15. Goals from the floor: Coon 5, Brown 2, Mayo 2, Wicks 1, Norcross 2, Kelleher 2, Crowley 3, Marvin 2. Goal from foul: Kelleher. Fouls called on: Coon, Mayo, Wicks, Norcross, Marvin, Grant 3, Crowley and Pearson. Referee: Larose. Time: Two 15 m. halves. Attendance 350.

TRAINING SCHOOL.

HOCKEY.

Arlington High 3. R. M. T. S. 0.

On December 22, 1905, at Spy Pond, Arlington, Arlington High defeated R. M. T. S. by the score of 3 to 0. The Arlington boys were much superior in team work and the victory was due to the excellent efforts of Sloan, Clifford and Hicks. For R. M. T. S., Sweeney, Webb, and Skilton played best. The line up:—

Arlington High.	R. M. T. S.
Sloan, f	f, Lynch
	f, Stone
Hicks, f	f, Sweeney
Clifford, f	f, Webb
M. Taylor, f	f, Stone
	f, Elliott
T. Taylor, c p	c p, Hursh
Grey, p	p, Hussey
Bullard, g	g, Skilton

Goals made by: Clifford 2, Hicks. Referee: Cushman. Umpires: Rolfe, Francis. Timer: O'Brien. Time: two 10 m. halves.

R. M. T. S. 4. Winchester 0.

On January 3, R. M. T. S. defeated Winchester High School 4 to 0. The match was played on Mystic Lake, Winchester. Rindge scored three goals in the first half, but in the second half the home team played much better, and held them down to one score.

The playing of Richardson, Wingate and Grant was the best for Winchester, while Lynch, Sweeney, Hursh and Skilton excelled for Rindge. The line up:

R. M. T. S.	Winchester.
Webb, f	f, Larivel
	f, Wingate
Lynch, f	f, Hunt
Stone, f	f, Richardson
Elliott, f	
Sweeney, f	f, Dotten
	f, King
Leavitt, c p	c p, Grant
Hursh, c p	
Hussey, p	p, Barr
	p, Carpenter
Skilton, g	g, De Bussey

Score: R. M. T. S. 4; Winchester High 0. Goals made by: Lynch 3, Hursh. Referee: McCall. Umpire: Caldwell. Timer: Ames. Time: 15 m. halves.

BASKET-BALL.

Melrose High 16. R. M. T. S. 9.

Melrose High defeated R. M. T. S. on January 3, in a very uninteresting game. The game in the first half was very close, ending with the score 4 to 3 in favor of Melrose. In the second half it was entirely a battle between the officials and the score was piled up on fouls. The line up:

Mitchell, r f	l b, Kaine
Loveland, l f	r b, Coghland
Vaughn, c	c, Thompson
Bowser, r b	l f, Parks
Stantial, l b	r f, Beunke

The score: Melrose 16; R. M. T. S. 9. Goals from floor: Vaughn 3, Loveland, Mitchell, Beunke 2, Coglan. Goals from fouls: Vaughn 5, Loveland, Beunke 2, Coghland. Referee: Mosher. Umpire: Robbins. Scorer: Ward. Timer: Eaton. Time: 20 and 15 m. periods.

BOWLING.

On Saturday, January 20, ten of the instructors played ten of the Seniors in a bowling match.

The total for each side were very close, although the Seniors are able to put one more scalp in their belt. We are now waiting to play the instructors in base-ball.

The bowling score was as follows:

	1st String	2d String	3d String
Mr. Wood	63	77	59
Hodges	74	72	72
Mr. Gallagher	56	50	53
Dudley	77	68	58
Mr. Griffiths	68	73	75
Park	57	76	69
Mr. Markham	46	59	55
Burns	54	72	63

Mr. Stratton	72	62	64
Kinsman	47	75	43
Mr. Ely	77	74	76
Dayton	62	59	64
Mr. Rich	63	67	71
Hursh	65	66	77
Mr. MacWhinnie	47	59	73
Leavitt	72	67	61
Mr. Brown	61	62	78
Beunke	75	52	76
Mr. Watkins	50	59	
Lynes	64	81	

The largest single string was bowled by Lynes, 81. The highest score for three strings was bowled by Mr. Ely, 227.

Total number points: Seniors, 1,918; Instructors, 1,849.

BASE-BALL.

A. M. Sweeney has been a member of the base-ball team for the last two years, and his recent appointment as Captain of that team, in place of Murphy, who did not return to School this year, is felt by all to be well earned. The team could not have drawn a better leader, and it is to be hoped that he will have the loyal support of every fellow in the school.

TRACK.

Captain Kaine will call out the candidates for the track team this month. In all probability, the team will have the use of the Y. M. C. A. track for training for the school-boys' meet in March. From the large number of fellows in school it does seem as if we could develop men, not only for the relay team, but for many of the individual events. Get a little nerve, fellows, and come out and try your ability.

HIGH SCHOOL.

BASKET-BALL.

Boston College "Preps." 17. H. S. 10.

High School was defeated by Boston College "Preps." on the evening of January 5, in the Boston College Gym., by a score of 17 to 10. The game was clean and fast and not until the last minutes to play, when Boston College secured the lead did it look as though the "Preps." would win.

For the "Preps." team McCaffrey played fine ball, while Williams and Beeching excelled for High School. Between the periods the Boston College basket-ball team defeated the All-Stars of Cambridge.

High School 39. Roxbury Latin 5.

High School's first victory came January 8, when it defeated Roxbury Latin School at Roxbury. The team-work of the Roxbury fellows was poor while High School's passing was the best they have done this season. In the first half, the team scored at will and at the end of the half the score was 22-0.

In the second half the R. L. S. team managed to score 5 points, and High School made 17. The final score was 39 to 5. Holsberg and Williams played well for High School, while J. Connolly excelled for Roxbury Latin School.

The line up:

High School.	Roxbury Latin.
Williams, r f	l b, B. Connolly
Monahan, r f	
Holsberg, l f	r b, J. Connolly
Erickson (Capt.), c	c, Milk (Capt.)
Murray, r b	l f, Richardson
Beeching, l b	r f, Welch

Score: High School 39; Roxbury Latin 5. Goals from floor: Holsberg 6, Erickson 4, Williams 3, Beeching 3, Murray 2, Monahan, J. Connolly, Richardson. Goals from fouls: Holsberg, J. Connolly. Referee: Cavanaugh. Umpire: Rourke. Scorer: Hunt. Timer: Mullins. Time: two 15 m. halves. Attendance 100.

C. H. S. 18. Lynn Classical H. S. 8.

Lynn Classical High School was defeated by High School at Lynn Y. M. C. A.,

on January 11, by the score of 18 to 8. At the beginning of the second half, High School secured the lead and held the Classical team down to 2 points. Erickson played well for High School and Leonard for the Lynn team.

Between the periods the Lynn English High School team defeated Brighton High School 25 to 14.

The line up:

High School.	Lynn Classical High.
Williams, r f	l b, Webber
Holsberg, l f	r b, E. Green
Murray, c	c, Leonard
Erickson (Capt.), c	
Monahan, r b	l f, Moulton
Murray, r b	
Beeching, l b	r f, A. Green

Score: High School 18; Lynn Classical High 8. Goals from floor: Erickson 5, Holsberg 2, Williams, Leonard 2, E. Green, Webber. Goals from fouls: Holsberg 2. Referee: Rourke. Umpire: Featherstone. Scorer: Murray. Timer: Southrope. Time: 15 m. periods. Attendance 200.

Canton H. S. 21. C. H. S. 14.

Canton H. S. defeated C. H. S. at Canton Town Hall, on the evening of January 13, by a score of 21 to 14. Canton High School's team played fast ball, their teamwork being far superior to High School's.

Beeching and Holsberg excelled for High School.

Harvard Freshmen 16. High School 14.

On the evening of January 23, High School played a fast game with Harvard Freshmen in the Harvard Gymnasium. The game was exciting throughout and only in the last minute to play did the Freshmen score the winning basket. The best playing for the Freshmen was done by Currie, and for High School by Holsberg.

High School 23. Belmont H. S. 12.

At Belmont, January 31, High School defeated Belmont High School 23 to 12. The team played a good passing game and at no time were they in danger of being beaten. The playing of Williams and Monahan was good for High School, while Moriearty excelled for Belmont.

GIRLS' BASKET-BALL.

LATIN SCHOOL.

January fifteenth, the 'Varsity played the Radcliffe Sophomores in the Radcliffe Gymnasium. Final score, Sophomores 18; 'Varsity 13. Time: 15 m. halves.

January 22, the High School and Latin School played a game which was even in the first half but very different in the last.

Final score: Latin School 17; High School 8. Line up as follows:

Latin School.		High School.
	Guards.	
Miss M. Smith		Miss Roberts
Miss Lawrence		Miss Russell
Miss Clarke		Miss G. Ivers
	Centers.	
Miss Mason (Capt.)		Miss Van Horn
Miss Babson		Miss Husband
Miss Blake		Miss Brannen
	Goals.	
Miss Howe		Miss Furfey (Acting Capt.)
Miss Ketchum		Miss Sullivan
Miss Gragg		Miss Higgins

Linesmen: Misses Wilson, Purcell. Timer: Miss Ivers. Referee: Miss Howard. Time: 15 m. halves.

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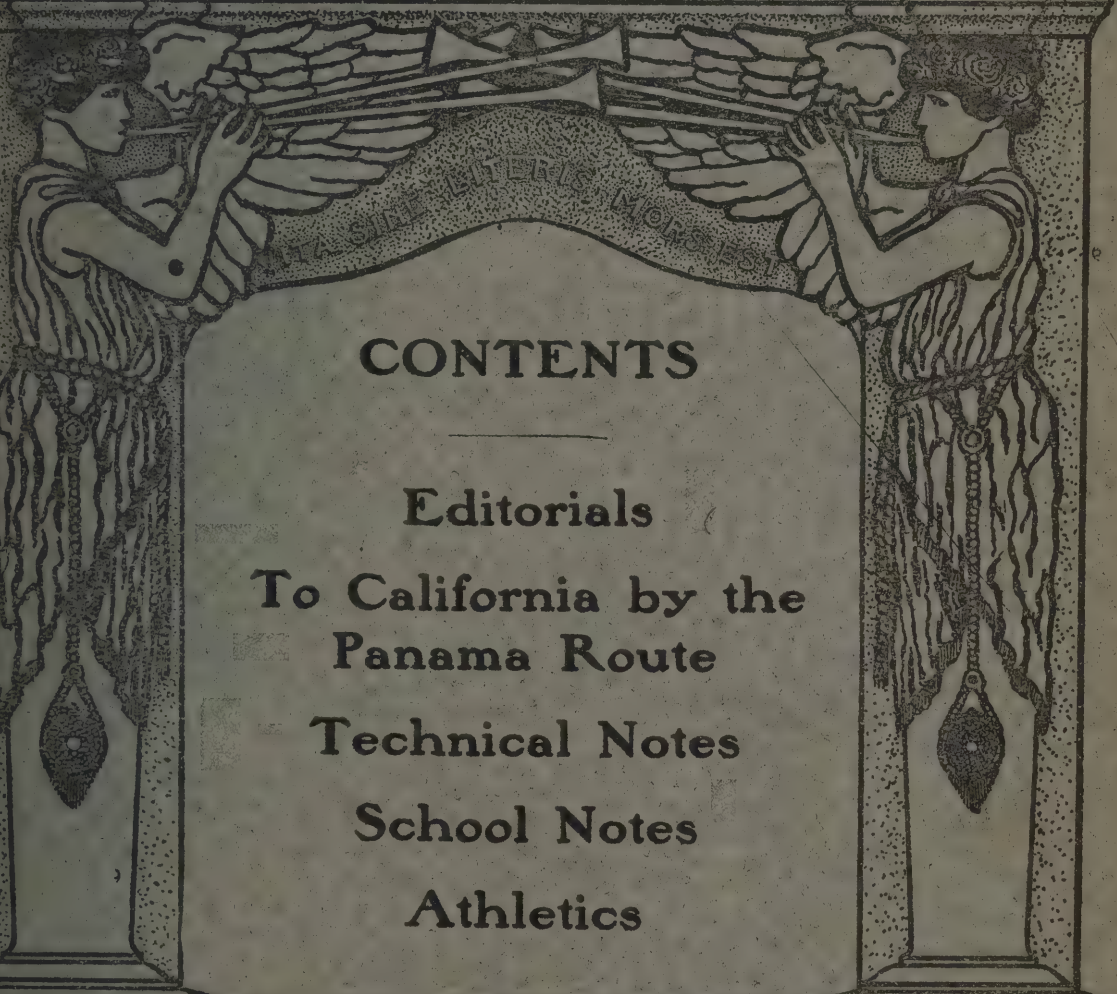


CONTENTS

Editorials

To California by the Panama Route

Technical Notes

School Notes

Athletics

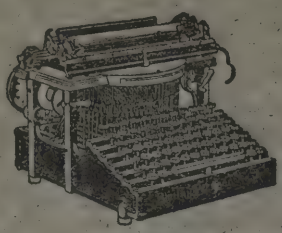
Number 6

MARCH

Volume XX

JOHN P. DAVIS R.M.T.S. '05

There must be some advantage



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CONTENTS.

Editorials	3—5
Communication	5
To California by the Panama Route	6—8
Alumni Notes	9—10
1906 C. L. S. Election	10
O K II Notes	11
A Visit to the Lunch Room	11
Charade	11
Technical Notes	12—13
The Station Master's Story	14—15
Girl's Basket-Ball	15
Announcements	16
Exchange Notes	17—18
Sir Roger and the Blind Beggar	18
Juan Tul's Crop	19—20
Witty Words	20
The Ascent of Fuji	21 — 22
Oil Wells	23—24
Book Review	24
Latin School Notes	25—26
Training School Notes	27—29
High School Notes	30—31
High School Concert	31
Athletics	32—36

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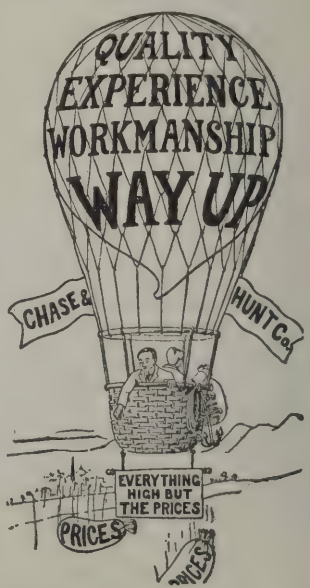

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THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

Vol. XX No. 6

Representing the Latin, High and Rindge Manual Training Schools

Cambridge, Massachusetts, March, 1906

EDITORIALS.

Nineteen years ago this month, the first issue of the LATIN SCHOOL REVIEW was presented to the public. School papers were a comparatively new thing in those days, and it was with more or less trepidation that the originators of the scheme entered upon their task. For the first few years the REVIEW led a precarious existence, it being thought more than once that publication would have to be suspended. Friends of the paper were never lacking, however, so it struggled on with more or less difficulty, until, in 1891, Mr. Fred P. Bonney became editor-in-chief. While the paper was in his control, High School was admitted to an equal share in the publication, the size of the paper was increased to thirty-two pages, its name changed to the LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW, and the REVIEW was placed on that firm financial basis which it has since enjoyed almost without interruption.

Last year still another change was made, and another step taken in the growth of the REVIEW. There had always been more or less talk about admitting Training School to a share in the paper, although no definite steps had ever been taken. Several times a valiant attempt had been made to publish a separate Training School paper, but with the REVIEW already strongly intrenched in the field, it was found impossible to get a sufficient amount of advertising to make the paper financially successful, so that each time it had to be abandoned. Last fall, however, at the urgent request of several scholars and teachers in the Training School, the paper was enlarged to forty pages, the name changed once more, this time to the CAMBRIDGE REVIEW, and all three of the Cambridge High Schools became equal sharers in the paper.

Just here, although we dislike to do it, we feel called upon to say a word in regard to the manner in which Training School supports the paper. It costs the REVIEW fifteen dollars each month to print the eight extra pages that were added last year. Besides this, there are the cuts of the various teams, and of the graduating class, each of which costs in the neighborhood of five dollars, and there is a tremendous amount of extra work made necessary by the increase in the size of the paper.

Considering the fact that Training School asked of its own accord to be admitted to representation in the paper, it seems to us that the members of the school are not doing their share toward its maintenance and support. Including both regular subscribers and month to month purchasers, there are just about one hundred and fifty REVIEWS disposed of each month at the Training School—barely enough to cover the cost of the mere printing.

Now why is this so? We were told last month by a member of the school, that he had heard several fellows remark that they

weren't going to spend good money to buy a Latin School paper. The REVIEW is a Latin School paper only just so far as the members of the High and Training Schools make it one. Each school has an associate editor, each has an athletic editor, High School has a girl's basket-ball editor, and Training School an editor of Technical Notes; but it seems to us that it is not a matter of editors, it is rather the scholars themselves. They seem to think that the editors are there for the purpose not only of superintending their various departments, but of furnishing all the news as well. This is where the mistake is made. Naturally the editor-in-chief is better informed concerning the affairs of his own school, and is closer in touch with its interests, so that if the other two schools fail to furnish their share of material, it is natural for him to fill in with matter concerning the Latin School. If the scholars of each school would take it upon themselves to see that one-third of the space each month is filled with matter appertaining to their particular school, there would be no room for the charge that the REVIEW was a Latin School paper. Until the time comes when each scholar realizes that the REVIEW is his paper, and that to make it what it should be, he must do his share, the paper can never be truly representative of all the interests of all the schools. Let us all take hold and pull together from now on, so that when next year the REVIEW celebrates its twentieth anniversary, it will be one of the oldest, one of the largest, and absolutely the best school paper in the country.

The editor extends a most cordial invitation to every fellow in the junior class of the Latin, High, and Training Schools to try for the position of editor of the REVIEW for the year 1906-7. All fellows who have given the matter any thought are requested to confer with the editor; all who have any literary ability whatsoever are earnestly urged to give the matter their careful consideration. The editor can say with all truthfulness that he is absolutely unprejudiced, and has formed no opinion as to who the next editor will be. There is a fair field for all, and the best man will surely win. If you can write a story, a poem, or an article on some affair of general school interest, do so. From now on, the choice of next year's editor will be constantly in our mind. The three schools have equal shares in the paper; the editor will be appointed irrespective of the school which he attends.

In the same connection the business manager desires to state that all fellows who wish to try for the position of manager should speak to him at once. The business manager, like the editor, is by no means necessarily a member of the Latin School, and in fact, High School fellows have several times held the position.

The first indoor athletic meet of the Preparatory League is now a thing of the past. Although from the first Latin School had no chance of winning the meet, what chance they had of making even a fair showing was spoiled when, on the day before the meet, Mr. Bradbury did not sign for nine boys who had not fulfilled the scholastic requirements of the school athletic committee. This made it absolutely necessary to withdraw the relay team, although the remaining five men on the team competed in their respective events. Captain Beard's tieing for third place in the high jump saved us from a complete whitewashing. From the standpoint of the League, the meet was an unqualified success, and will doubtless be an annual affair hereafter. It was unfortunate that Latin School could not have made a better showing, but there is some satisfaction in knowing that once again we have upheld our reputation for gameness and for doing our best, no matter how adverse the circumstances.

Just a word as to the support of last year's base-ball team. The first game was played under adverse circumstances at

Riverside grounds in Auburndale. A very fair-sized crowd of girls made the trip to see the game. Aside from those connected with the team, there were less than ten boys. The large crowd from Newton cheered constantly; the only support we received was an occasional, though much appreciated, cheer from the girls. Again at the second Newton game in Boston, there was scarcely a handful of Cambridge people. There was no excuse this time, of the long trip. It was the deciding game of the league. Yet when one of our men was hurt, there weren't enough Latin School people there to give him a cheer, and we felt humiliated when we heard a Newton crowd giving a Latin School cheer for a Latin School man. We lost the game and the championship.

This year we trust that conditions will be different. Make it a point to go to every game. Don't go when it's convenient, or when you haven't anything else to do. When there is a game, make it convenient, and don't have anything else to do. A big crowd and a good cheer make more difference in base-ball than in any other game. All this may seem rather previous and out-of-season. But before another issue of the REVIEW appears, the team will have begun its schedule, and it will be none too early for us to begin to show our appreciation of its efforts.

We desire to call the attention of the readers of the REVIEW to the drama and dance to be given by the class of 1905, C. L. S., on the evening of March 23, in aid of the athletic treasury. For the last three years it has been the custom to give a graduate drama for athletics, and if those who have left the school are willing to give their time and trouble to help out undergraduate activities, the least that we can do is to give them our most liberal patronage. So remember the date, Friday, March 23, and see to it that the Newtowne Club is crowded to its utmost capacity.

Editor of the Cambridge Review—

DEAR SIR:—After Mr. Hale's letter in the February REVIEW it may seem unnecessary for me to write about the Debating Society. The fact has been pointed out that the average attendance at the meetings this half year has been under twenty — as low a number as ten being at some meetings. Now it is very remarkable that in an institution like the Latin School so few fellows should care enough about a Debating Society to come to a meeting once a fortnight. There must be something wrong somewhere. To a certain extent it may lie with the officers, but the President and Secretary, even with the aid of the Rhetorical Committee do not constitute the Society, and can hardly be expected to go into the high-ways and by-ways and force men to come in. Any teacher of English will say that Debating Societies are valuable auxiliaries, and besides that school organizations of all sorts tend to promote school spirit. The Society in question is called the "Cambridge Latin School Debating Society," but its membership includes only one fellow from '06, two or three from '07, the same number from '08, a half dozen perhaps from '09, and a handful from '10. The class which should be most largely represented is represented by only one! There should be *at least ten* fellows from each class, and they should attend regularly. For, with due respect to the studious habits of the C. L. S. students, I very much doubt their being unable to give up a couple of hours every other Friday to the Latin School Debating Society.

Very respectfully,

A DEBATER.

To California by the Panama Route.

(Concluded.)

STEPHEN ROYCE.

When the steamer leaves Panama, she passes out through the great bay, almost directly south until she can round the great cape which forms the eastern boundary of the gulf. Here is the nearest point to the equator that is reached during the whole voyage. One may here obtain some hint of the beautiful southern heavens. The Magellan clouds are sometimes dimly visible, while Canopus, which holds the same place in the Southern heavens as does Sirius in the Northern skies, is plainly visible. All this is true of course, in case this point is reached by night. Near the entrance of Panama Bay, one may often see huge whales, whose exuberant gambollings lash the water into foam on all sides of them.

All through the day after leaving Panama the ship moves along gently, occasionally approaching the coast closely enough to make out the mountains clearly visible.

Early in the morning of the second day after leaving Panama, the ship enters the Gulf of Nicoya. The shore here is very beautiful, consisting of a low, jungle-covered, alluvial plain, which merges in the distant mountains. The dominating feature of the landscape is a great mountain, of unmistakable volcanic origin, which rears its symmetrical, beautifully formed cone to a height of several thousand feet. It is said to be extinct now, but volcanoes in this part of the country have a very unpleasant habit of waking up and deluging the whole country with mud.

The steamer keeps on in a leisurely manner until it reaches Punta Arenas, a little town which appears to have been put there simply because there was no reason why it should not be there as well as anywhere else. There are a few hovels here, a barn-like railroad station, a tiny locomotive, a wharf, and a few lighters. There is nothing else, except those three buildings which are indispensable in every Central American port, the *cantina* (saloon), the house of the *commandante* (port official), and the *calaboze* (jail.) These buildings are said by the irreverant foreigners to be the constant round of every citizen. One first gets drunk in the *cantina,* is next hailed before the *commandante* at his residence, and finally broods over one's wrongs in the *calaboze.* Such is life in a Central American port. Punta Arenas is in Costa Rica.

Our next Port is San Juan del Sur, in Nicaragua. Here we see the first active volcano of the journey. It is really the only active feature of the landscape. A deep, unfathomable laziness seems to hang over everyone in the place. When the steamer has entered the tiny harbor, she whistles until the rocky walls of the place ring again. On shore, everything remains still as the dead. Finally the captain, using much "scriptural language," orders the first officer to lower a boat. He then passes each member of the boat's crew an iron belaying pin and tells the first officer to go ashore and "set up the town," and to tow the *commandante* out on a grating, adding many strange oaths and horrid imprecations upon the Nicaraguans in general, and the *commandante* in particular.

The boat is only halfway to the shore when a number of figures appear running, gesticulating, towards the beach. The boat is recalled, to the great disappointment of the men, who were looking forward to a glorious fight.

Soon a boat from the shore reaches the gangway, and before the assembled passengers appear the dignity of Nicaragua, in the shape of a swarthy little man, with fiercely-curled black mustaches, and tiny, piercing black eyes like boot-buttons. His feet are bare, his clothes much frayed and worn, and he wears an enormous cocked

hat with gold lace enough to fit out two men of his size. At his side hangs a sword so enormous that he has to hold it up to keep it from tripping him.

Casting a keen glance about the smiling circle of passengers, he stalks importantly up to the captain and addresses him in atrocious English, mixed with still more villainous Spanish. The captain with difficulty restrains his laughter and gravely asks permission to land some freight. This permission is most graciously accorded by the *commandante* who then steps into his boat and is rowed ashore by his motley crew.

The day passes in loading cargo, and near sunset the steamer is ready to depart. Some trouble occurs in getting the *commandante* to sign the ship's manifest, in order that she may leave, but this ended by the captain stooping his tall form to the level of the *commandante,* and, shaking his fist in the unhappy man's face, calling him a great many unmentionable kinds of a dago. The papers are signed without more ado by the terrified *commandante.*

A short distance to the north-west from San Juan del Sur is the proposed Pacific entrance of the Nicaraguan Canal, at a town called Brito. When asked his opinion on the possibilities of the canal being completed, the captain indulges in uncomplimentary remarks about the engineers who planned the canal, and goes on to denounce in the strongest terms the harbor of Brito. There is considerable ground for these prejudices on the part of this skipper, as will be shown in a brief description of the proposed canal.

On the Atlantic side the entrance to the canal is on a perfectly open shore, with no shelter for shipping. It lies between the villages of Greytown and America. From here the route heads slightly to the south of west for about thirty-seven miles until it reaches the San Juan River. On its way it passes through Lake San Bernard, a shallow body of water lying a few miles west of Greytown.

At Ochoa, its point of junction with the San Juan, a great dam is to be built, to deepen the San Juan River and consequently Lake Nicaragua, which furnishes the San Juan River with water. This dam, if it is ever built, will be a tremendous engineering feat, hardly second to any in the world. A lock will be built in the dam to allow vessels to pass it.

From Ochoa, the canal follows the course of the river San Juan to the northwest until it enters Lake Nicaragua. In both the river and the lake, enormous amounts of dredging must be done to render the canal suitable for large vessels. Leaving Fort San Carlos, the point of entrance to the lake, the route keeps on to the northwest, across the lake, past the volcanoes Omatepe and Medera, both situated on an island, until it reaches La Virgen, at the eastern shore of Lake Nicaragua.

From here a canal must be constructed for about twenty miles to the Pacific. The whole number of miles of canal to be built is about fifty-five, or considerably greater than the length of the Panama Canal. Besides this, Lake Nicaragua, and the San Juan River must be dredged out. But the greater length of the route is to some extent offset by the fact that it does not reach such heights as the Panama Canal.

There are, however, three difficulties which appear insurmountable. In the first place the Pacific harbor is so exposed to the fury of the frequent gales that blow up without warning at all seasons, that no sailor would for a moment think of anchoring his ship there. The construction of a break-water for the protection of the port is rendered impossible by the exceeding depth of the water which in a very short distance reaches several hundred feet. And the Atlantic entrance is almost as bad. Secondly, since a large part of the route lies through natural waterways, the canal will always be in danger of being filled up by alluvial deposits, a fact which will make its maintenance exceedingly expensive, in case it is ever constructed. In the third place there is no point on the canal above sixty miles from volcanoes which are inclined to be very lively. Thus the canal may at any time be injured, if not totally destroyed. All these objections the Panama Canal lacks, and when to these superi-

orities is added the fact that much valuable work has been done at the Isthmus, while at Nicaragua only a little experimental work has been done, there is little doubt as to the superiority of the Isthmian canal.

The next port after San Juan del Sur is Corinto, still in Nicaragua. When a person has described one Central American port, he has practically described all. Each seems to have a lazily puffing volcano as its own especial property, each one is a group of wretched huts on the seashore, with a background of vivid green jungle, in fact they are all about what we described Punta Arenas as being. Corinto is different from some in that it rejoices in a real railway, all its own.

After Corinto follow various ports in Honduras, Guatemala, and Mexico, with whose names and descriptions the reader need not be troubled. There is one characteristic of all these countries which it would have been excellent for the people of the United States to have known in 1896. They have all debased their currency with a consistent "free silver" policy, until in Mexico, a United States dollar is worth about two Mexican dollars, and in Central America the difference is still greater. Guatemala, not content with free silver, has multiplied her paper currency so enormously that a United States dollar is sometimes worth as many as sixteen of the Gutamela variety.

The only port worthy of mention besides those we have already spoken of is Cuapulco, in Mexico. The remarkable feature of this port is that its existence would never be imagined if one were not actually brought into the harbor. One is surprised to find the ship running directly into the shore, as far as the eye can see. When told that there is a harbor there, one smiles a superior smile and is sure that the captain has made a mistake. Suddenly the course is turned obliquely towards the shore, and the steamer shoots into a narrow channel, turns sharp to port and comes to anchor in a land-locked harbor. It is hard to believe that one has come through the solid green hills which surround the place. There is an air of mystery about the whole affair which reminds one of the private rendezvous in any novel.

The last stopping-place before San Francisco is Manzanillo. From here the steamer crosses over to Cape St. Lucas, the southern point of lower California. There is great deal of phosphyric formation here, with huge hexagonal columns, much like the famous Giants' Causeway in Ireland. In one place there is a huge natural arch, so big that a ship could pass under it. The ship passes along the coast of lower California, and one sees an endless panorama of sterile, desert shore, whose only vegetation is a dark, olive-green chaponal, which seems only to add to the desolation of the landscape. The only inhabitants here are hostile Indians, whose cruel treatment of the few white men that stray in among them is every now and then reported in the newspapers.

The Santa Barbara Islands were next seen, the first United States land since Cape Hatteras. The mountains of Southern California, with their snow-capped peaks shining in the sun, are sometimes visible. Finally the famous Golden Gate is passed, and one sees the magnificent Tamalpais rising out of the bay. The whole beautiful panorama of San Francisco forms a fitting climax to all the wonderful sights of the tropics.

After the formalities of quarantine, all the passengers are landed at the custom-house and the voyage is finished.

LATIN SCHOOL.

HAROLD C. DURRELL, '01, EDITOR.

Marriages.

'89. Rev. William Henry Allison to Mary Emily Mills, July 31, 1905.

'95. William Lee Raymond to Phebe Teresa Candage, August 31, 1905.

Rev. William Henry Allison, 89, received his Ph.D. degree, Magna Cum from the University of Chicago last June. His primary subject was, "Church History;" his secondary subject was, "New Testament," and his thesis was entitled, "Baptist Councils in America."

At present he is Professor of History and Political Science in Franklin College, Franklin, Penn.

Mr. Edward Bliss Day, '92, is with the Missouri Lumber Company, Grandin, Missouri.

Dr. Bernard Sutro Oppenheimer, '93, has located permanently at Euclid Hall, Broadway and 85th St., New York City.

Mr. Hugh Bancroft, '94, has resigned as Assistant District Attorney of Middlesex County, Mass.

Mr. Donald C. Barnes, '98, is with Stone and Webster, electrical experts, Boston.

Mr. Aldrich Durant, '98, is Assistant in the Lawrence Scientific School.

Mr. Philip Adams, '99, is a private tutor in a family in Newport, Rhode Island.

Mr. Harold W. Bennett, '01, is staff critic for the *New York Dramatic Mirror*.

Mr. W. H. H. White, '01, is teaching classics at the Wilmington, Delaware, High School.

Letters are being sent to all the members of the class of 1901, asking for information concerning degrees received and present occupation and address. In a few weeks a printed slip containing this information for the entire class will be sent to each member.

Miss Marguerite L. Beard, '01, wrote the "Anniversary Hymn," sung at the Prospect St. Congregational Church on the twenty-first anniversary of the Y. P. S. C. E.

Mr. Edward A. Connihan, Jr., and Mr. Clifford H. Walker, both C. L. S. 1900, and members of the Senior class of the Harvard Law School, have passed the examinations for admission to the Massachusetts Bar. Mr. Walker has also been elected to the Harvard Law Review, a recognition of his excellent scholarship.

On February 27, Mr. A. H. Elder, C. E. H. S. 1902, Harvard, 1907, was selected for the team that is to debate against Yale on March 30. Mr. Elder also received the Coolidge Debating Prize of

$100 for the best individual work done in the three trials. Mr. Elder was manager of the REVIEW for the year 1901-02.

Miss Florence French, '02, and Miss Alice Adams, '03, were attendants in the Greek play "Atigone," given recently at Radcliffe.

The following members of 1902 have been elected class-day officers at Radcliffe next June. Miss Charlotte Adams, prophet; Miss Anna Davenport to the invitation committee; Miss Laura Dillingham and Miss Gertrude Montague to the baccalaureate committee, the former to the chairmanship; and Miss Harriet Parmenter to the Senior class luncheon committee.

The engagement is announced of Miss Annie Moore, C. E. H. S., *ex*-'08, to Mr. Thomas F. Conlin, *ex*-'05.

Mr. Robert E. Rogers, '05, has been elected an editor of the *Harvard Monthly*. Poems by him appeared in the February and the March numbers.

The following graduates and undergraduates took part in the Tableaux given by the D. A. R. at Brattle Hall in February in commemoration of the 275th anniversary of the founding of Cambridge. Mr. Donald C. Barnes, '98; Mr. John Ded. Briggs, '02; Mr. Allston Dana, '02; Mr. Henry Durant, '03; Mr. Russell Ellis, '03; Miss Lucy Dougherty, '03; Miss Ethel Lyons, '03; Miss Pearl Brock, *ex*-'03; Mr. F. Stanley Howe, '04; Mr. Norman C. Nash, '05; Mr. John A. Paine, '05; Mr. William Graustein, '06; Mr. Eric Hall, '06; Mr. William Durant, '06; Miss Mary Howe, '07; Miss Laura Woodworth, '07; Mr. Austin K. Wardwell, '08; Miss Margaret Chase, '09; Miss Dorothea Wentworth, '10; Miss Mildred Palmer, '10; Miss Lucy Bacon, '10; Mr. Richard Gozzaldi, '10, and Mr. Chester Erickson, '10.

LATIN SCHOOL SENIOR CLASS ELECTION.

On Friday, February 2, the senior class of the Latin School met together to elect their officers for the last half-year of their school course. A large majority of the members showed their interest in the affairs of the class by remaining throughout the meeting.

Unlike most of the final elections that have taken place in recent years, there were no "party lines" drawn, and everything was most harmonious. The four principal officers were all the unanimous selections of the class, which speaks volumes for the good feeling and fellowship which exists among the members. For the social and reception committees there were several close but friendly contests.

In thanking the class for his election, Mr. Eccles expressed his appreciation of the honor conferred upon him, and his hope that the remaining meetings of the class, which would be most important ones, would be fully attended.

The following officers and committees were elected:

President, James A. Eccles; Vice-President, Marian F. Gragg; Secretary, Marion A. Mason; Treasurer, Sidney C. Boyer. Reception Committee: Mr. James A. Eccles, Chairman; Miss Gertrude M. Beard, Miss Irene L. Ketchum, Mr. F. Leon Foster, Mr. E. Leonard Beard, Jr. Social Committee: Mr. Sidney C. Boyer, Chairman; Miss Marion C. Woodworth, Miss Irene L. Ketchum, Miss Alice M. Yeager, Mr. William C. Graustein, Mr. Edwin H. Jose, Jr.

O K Π NOTES.

At the January meeting it was decided to hold a dance at the Newtowne Club, on the evening of March sixteenth. The graduates were very enthusiastic about the matter, and promised to do all in their power to make the affair even more successful than it was last year. The following committee of active members was appointed to have charge of the arrangements: President Boyer, Messrs. Foster and Mason, all '06; Messrs. Evans, '03; Hopewell, '03, and Smith, *ex*-'06, were appointed from the Alumni Association. Over five hundred invitations have been sent out, and the dance bids fair to be the most successful ever given by the chapter.

At this same meeting, the committee appointed to consider the nomination of new members reported favorably on the following fellows, and they were elected members of the fraternity: E. Leonard Beard, Jr., '06; Edward W. Ellis, '07; Alden C. Chase, '08; Edward A. Graustein, '08; and Reginald S. Parker, '08.

We desire to correct the list of officers of the O K Π Alumni Association, published in last month's REVIEW. The officers are as follows: President, Henry C. Hopewell, '05; Vice-President, Albert L. Harlow, '03; Secretary and Treasurer, Frederick S. Howe, '04.

A VISIT TO THE LUNCH-ROOM.

I. A. W.

There is the bell for recess! Now we go downstairs with a rush, for we are as hungry as bears after three long hours of study. What is it that smells so good? Tomato soup! That certainly sharpens our appetite and we wait where "patience is a great virtue"—in the line at the counter.

Finally we are served, and then a group of girls cluster round a table and one can hardly understand the conversation on account of the great clatter and buzz which the girls make as they eat, compare notes, giggle, drop boxes and spoons. But if you could only hear the great topics they converse so learnedly on—Cæsar, Virgil, Homer, and Geometry!

After lunch we start for the hall, but when about half way up, the bell rings and we are met in the corridor by a teacher who rings a tiny bell with great force. But how much that little bell accomplishes! We do not wait to see from whence it comes, but rush to our rooms, and recess is over.

CHARADE.

HELEN CAMPBELL.

With my first, great works have been wrought,
'Tis small, but much good it has taught,
It is wielded by many,
And costs but a penny,
And by scholars it's eagerly sought.

My second is useful, no doubt,
But what e're is put in falls right out —
It is wielded by many,
Costs more than a penny,
And is something we all know about.

My total is how a poet seems,
When with inspiration he beams,
He's oblivious to all —
For at genius's call,
The muse is disclosing sweet dreams.

During the war just closed, in the Orient, English officers were stationed upon the war vessels of the contesting nations. The information gained by them in the art of management and of construction of war vessels has led the English government to design a battleship such as will meet the requirements found necessary in this war.

This battleship is the "Dreadnought," and she is in many ways a novelty, having many new and promising features.

It is the largest vessel in the English navy, being 2,000 tons larger than the "Lord Nelson," and has a total displacement of 18,500 tons. Its cost when completed will approach $8,500,000.

Perhaps one of the most glaring faults of the modern battleship as found in the late war was the almost utter uselessness of the secondary batteries. It was found that the 6-inch gun was altogether too light, owing to the distance at which engagements took place, and that this same gun was not needed for defense against torpedo boats and destroyers, for a 3-inch gun being most easily handled and sufficiently heavy was found to be the most effective for this work.

Thus in the Dreadnought, we have one radical change. It has no secondary battery, and in fact has but two sizes of guns, 12 and 3-inch.

It has ten twelve-inch guns, whose range and weight were found most advantageous in the Russian War, it being about the only gun effective at anything like a long range. These guns are arranged in turrets, two guns in each of the forward and aft turrets, and one gun in each of the three single turrets on each side, the turrets all being on the upper deck, on the same level. Then eighteen three-inch guns complete its armament. These little guns are of the rapid fire nature, and are of a recent English make, and are said to be wonders for simplicity of handling and mechanism.

Another new departure in this ship is the result of experience in the late war and is the placing of just as heavy armor protection below the water line as above; for it was found that shells striking the water short of the ship exploded under the water and opened up great holes, and cracked the thin plating in use. In fact, more Russian ships were disabled by the explosion of the highly explosive Japanese shells which fell short of their mark, and exploded under water near the hull of the vessel than from direct contact with the parts above the water.

Still another invention, not a result of the war, but of the development of the steam turbine, is to be given its chance here. This ship is to be propelled by four shafts connected to turbine engines, and if

her estimated speed of twenty-one knots per hour is realized, she will indeed be formidable from a speed point of view.

Perhaps the greatest test this ship will provide is the effectiveness of a hastened construction. It is the purpose of the British admiralty in building this boat to find out in just how short a time a battleship can be constructed, and so in the construction of this boat, all haste has been made, and although it was estimated that at least six months would be necessary to launch this vessel, it has only taken four, and it is thought that she will be ready for service in another year.

Thus we perceive that England with its fifteen or so of ship-yards would be able to turn out a very formidable fleet of vessels every year and a half, which is very near perfection in the art of shipbuilding, and behooves other nations to wake up.

Reinforced concrete as a building material for wet districts where a great deal of rain falls is rapidly being introduced with great success, and especially so in the western states so troubled. One reason for its success is that material for part of its manufacture is to be found in any sand or gravel bank.

Sauterbrunnen and Mürren, two towns of the Swiss Alps district, are connected by a "Gravity Cable Railway." This form of railway is very unique and is certainly a credit to the Swiss engineer who designed it.

These towns are on the side of a steep mountain, or comparatively so, for it is said that the railroad has an average rise of 55 ft. in a 100. One town is about 2,400 ft. above the other, a straight path between the two being corrugated by deep ravines and mountain streams. Thus it may be seen a railroad bridging all these difficulties would present many difficulties in construction and, when completed, much convenience to those interested.

This railroad, after the road-bed construction is taken care of, is thoroughly in concord with its name of gravity.

It has but one track which has a turnout half way between its two terminals. But two cars are operated upon this road and they are connected by a steel wire cable which extends over a drum at the upper station. One car ascends while the other descends, passing of course at the turnout, where a third station is located.

The translation along the track is gained by gravity. The cars have water compartments. The compartment of the car at the top is filled with water, and this additional weight overcomes the friction, inertia, etc., of the car below and draws it up. As the car descends, the water is gradually let out. This is necessary that the speed of the car may be kept uniform, for as the car descends, the steel cable adds to its weight, and helps the gravity.

To prevent an accident in case of cable breakage, each car has powerful brakes which connect with the cogs of the track.

This railroad is, as can be seen, very economical after its institution, but the enormous cost of its construction renders it necessary to charge a rather expensive fare.

Speed might be thought to be jeopardized by this method of locomotion, but such is not the case for the rate of 226 ft. per minute obtained on this road is some 40 ft. faster per minute than the speed of the mountain locomotives used in the same district. About twenty minutes is necessary for the journey between these two towns by this means of locomotion.

German silver, often thought to have been originated in Germany, was first made in China, and contains no silver in its composition.

Oiling the hulls of vessels is the latest method for increasing the speed of ocean travelers. Seems plausible, and would also calm the waves.

French scientists present the following alarming data: Milk kept one hour contains 6,250 microbes to the sq. cen. at the end of that time; 25,000 per sq. cen. four hours later; 310,000 after eight hours, and 11,250,000 at the end of twenty-four hours. Don't be alarmed. There are microbes in lots of your other so-called health givers.

The Station Master's Story.

P. Dee, '08.

One wild, stormy night, I alighted from the Lansing Express at a little town fifteen miles outside that city, entered the little station, and threw my drummer's bag on the floor. A tall raw-boned Kentuckian, who had been resting his legs on the mantelpiece, now brought them down with a bang and extended a hand, which might easily have been taken for a flail, with a "Howdy, stranger," — then fishing out a large, black plug of tobacco, — "Chaw?" On my declining, he bit off half of it, and again resumed his position. An innocent soap-box, which stood quietly in a corner now attracted his attention, and he immediately began a fierce fusilade on it. Attacks, counter attacks, flank movements, storming the centre, — all entered into this great war game, so that at the end of five minutes, that box could scarcely have been recognized. It had actually changed its color from a dirty white to a delicate brown! After this victory the victor fell asleep.

I remarked something about inclement weather to the station-master, "Well," said he, "it's nothing to what it used to be." His head drooped a little and when he raised it again, a bright tear shone in each eye and a smile wreathed his countenance. "Not so very long ago either; but this weather reminds me of a story of those times." He stopped, but as I pressed him to continue, he began.

"One night in the early eighties, — a particularly stormy night in January, — I was reading in the caboose of a long freight, heading for Chicago, when, as we were about fifty miles from Lansing, the caboose door was suddenly flung open, and a woodsman burst in.

" 'The bridge has been swept away,' he shouted.

"We were just then entering a tunnel about a mile in length. On the other side of this tunnel, about a hundred yards from the opening was a swift-flowing stream over which was a wooden railroad bridge. This was the bridge spoken of. The engineer knew nothing of this accident and if not notified would probably plunge into the river. Still worse there was no way of notifying him!

"The tunnel was scarcely higher than the top of the freight-cars. Then I could not walk on the tops to the cab. That was disposed of. Still there was a question of four or five human lives, perhaps more! But how to prevent it? Already a minute had gone by! Suddenly the shrill whistle of a local was heard behind, above the din of the storm. An idea came to me! 'Drop off!' I yelled to my companion, and as he immediately obeyed, I dropped off after him.

"We started plowing down the track through the blinding snow to the switch at the entrance of the tunnel. Here the ordinary one track became two and continued so through the tunnel. When the trains entered the tunnel, they invariably slowed up to avoid accidents. Here we planned to catch it. And we had exactly one minute to do the 100 yards in! This may seem apparently easy. But in a blinding blizzard and running in snow almost two feet deep, it was no snap.

"We did not quite make it, but I was known pretty well for my ability in train-stopping. The train had just begun to set off at its fast clip again, when it reached me. I had stopped and had poised myself ready for the plunge. As it crashed ahead at twenty miles an hour, I made a grab for a handle and swung my left leg clear up to the top step. I lay there in a huddled

heap. I pulled myself together, and shouted my warning to the engineer. He put on full speed and when about three-quarters of the way through the tunnel we dashed ahead of the freight. On slowing down, I leaped off and swung a red light in front of the freight, which slowed down as quickly as possible. The local had stopped at the switch at the exit of the tunnel. The freight slowly coasted by, but slowed down about fifty yards from the river. But all had not been done yet! A local passed in eight minutes, and nobody as yet had apprised the operators! The freight backed once more into the tunnel, and the local pulled ahead and then backed into the tunnel. The engineer then detached the engine and we started on our journey back to Alflon, the nearest station at a distance of three miles, and we had exactly four and a half minutes. I was in the cab and *never* shall I forget that ride. I kept the bell constantly ringing, for if anything obstructed our way, we could not possibly have slowed down at the terrific pace at which we were going. Most of the time, it was at the rate of sixty miles an hour. The wind and snow blew in our faces, almost blinding us. Still we kept that terrific pace until at last we reached Alflon, and the operator had telegraphed ahead to stop all trains. Three days afterwards everything had been mended, and the train-schedule renewed." The Kentuckian awoke, and moved that we all go to bed. It was seconded and carried out by me.

GIRLS' BASKET-BALL.

February 10th, Latin School played Newton in their gymnasium. The game was especially good in fast, clean playing. The first half ended with the score 11 to 7 in Latin School's favor. The second half Newton won the game with a final score of 23 to 18. The line-up:—

Newton High.	Cambridge Latin.
Guards.	
Miss Flanders	Miss M. Smith
Miss Johnson	Miss Clark
Miss Chaysin	Miss Lawrence
Centers	
Miss Burns	Miss Mason (Capt.)
Miss Flinn	Miss Babson
Miss Powers	Miss Dougherty
Goals	
Miss Foss (Capt.)	Miss Howe
Miss Caverly	Miss Ketchum
Miss Lowe	Miss Gragg

Scoring for Latin School: Miss Howe 4, Miss Gragg 3, Miss Ketchum 1. Free goals, Miss Ketchum 2. Time, two 15 minute halves. Referee, Miss Howard. Linesmen, Miss Claflin, Miss Crandon. Timer, Miss Simson.

February 27th the Latin School 'Varsity played the Radcliffe Freshmen in the Radcliffe Gymnasium. Final score: 'Varsity 19, Freshmen, 10. The line-up:—

Latin School.	Freshmen.
Guards.	
Miss Emerson	Miss Lothrop
Miss Lawrence	Miss Hemenway (Miss McManus)
Miss M. Smith	Miss Adams (Capt.)
Centers	
Miss Mason (Capt.)	Miss Kinsman
Miss Babson	Miss Roberts
Miss Dougherty	Miss Douglas
Goals	
Miss Howe	Miss Onthank
Miss Ketchum	Miss Curry
Miss Gragg	Miss Carty

Scoring for Latin School: Goals from floor, Miss Howe 6, Miss Ketchum 3. Free goal, Miss Ketchum. Time, two 15 minute halves. Referee, Miss Wright. After the game the girls were invited to Agassiz House.

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WALTER F. CAHIR, '09.	MARY C. O'CONNELL, '08.
FRED BOYD, '07.	CARL T. BANKS, '08.
G. T. W. BELL, '10.	P. H. KEAYS, '09.

BUSINESS MANAGER.
ARCHIBALD C. GOVE.

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS,
REGINALD T. HENLEY, R. M. T. S.
W. HAROLD ECKERT, C. L. S.

The next issue of the REVIEW will appear on Thursday, April 12. All copy must be in on Thursday, March 29. As vacation begins March 30, it is imperative that all copy shall be turned in on time.

Don't forget that the date of the C. L. S. 1905 drama, in aid of athletics, has been changed from March 30, to March 23. Drama at 8. Dancing until 1. Tickets, fifty cents.

Mr. Lovell N. White, '08, has been appointed manager of the Rindge Manual Training School foot-ball team.

On Wednesday evening, April 18, there will be a concert in the High School Hall in aid of the base-ball team. Tickets, at twenty-five cents each, may be obtained at the school.

If you are thinking of trying for the position of editor of the REVIEW, a story or a well-written description of travel will go a long ways in the final choice. Also, if you have no such thought, a good article will be none the less acceptable.

As usual, the REVIEW may be found on sale at Amee's, Harvard Square; Beunke's, Central Square; and Parker's, Inman Square.

We notice that a great many exchange editors seem to feel that their only duty is to copy jokes from other papers. A great many papers make their exchange column take the place of a joke column. Now this does not seem fair. If a paper is unable or unwilling to publish original jokes, that is its own affair. But to copy from other papers without giving anything in return is unjust. It is easy to see that if this practice were continued there would soon be no jokes to copy.

There appears to be a large, if not varied, assortment of ghost stories appearing in school papers. They follow the most orthodox lines. An old house, a creaking-door, a gust of wind, and hey presto, we have a full-fledged ghost, clanking chains and all. These stories seem to be built by the mile and cut off as you want them.

We have, from various sources, received complaints concerning several of our criticisms, not on the ground that they were without foundation, but solely because the REVIEW has been guilty of the same faults. The criticism most objected to was one which appeared in the last issue condemning lack of originality. We regret that we have to admit that an unoriginal poem was allowed a place in our pages. The editors were unaware that this poem was not the work of the person who purported to be its author, and have since done all that they could to rectify their mistake. The offender has been punished and apologies have been made. We conclude by saying that if anyone of the editors of our exchanges observes another instance of this kind he or she will confer a favor upon us by bringing the matter to our notice.

The *Cricket*, of Belmont, California, devotes a large part of its space to so-called nature stories. These seem to be of a rather automatic character, and worse yet are by no means true to nature. It is an excellent thing for an author to view nature from the standpoint of an animal, but he should be careful not to ascribe to an animal motives and incentives totally foreign to animal nature.

The *Advance,* of Salem, is an excellent paper. Their prize system seems to secure them quality, if not quantity, in their stories.

The *College Signal,* of Amherst, Massachusetts, is an excellent collection of interesting local news, but we feel that it should

contain other matter besides this. A bi-monthly paper cannot pretend to keep up with the times and to have fresh news, and therefore would be benefited by the introduction of a few good stories or articles of general importance.

The *Crescent,* of New Haven, Connecticut, contains some excellent material. Two ghost stories at once is rather a heavy dose.

In the *Southern Workman* for February is a very interesting article entitled "The Pueblos of America." Its writer certainly took full advantage of his opportunities in making the most of what he saw. He is, in fact, an intelligent traveler.

The February number of The *Voice* of Colby Academy, is excellent. The fiction is especially good.

The mid-year number of the *Aegis,* of the Nathan Hale School, New York, is a well-written and interesting article entitled "The Panama Canal." We entirely agree with the author in his opinion that a sea-level canal would be far better in the end than one provided with locks.

The *Pioneer,* of Reading High School, might be improved by a few more stories. It seems surprising that more material cannot be collected for a paper that only appears quarterly.

Forestry and Irrigation deals with a subject far too little understood and almost universally neglected in this country. One has not far to go in search of places that a few years ago were densely wooded and are now completely bare of all save rotting stumps and low dense scrub. If some care had been taken for the preservation of the trees many large divisions of the country would not now be barren and deserted. Irrigation is hardly less important than forestry, as by providing an efficient water supply, many great tracts of land would be rendered fertile which are now only desert wildernesses. We recommend our readers to examine this periodical, and feel sure that they will find themselves well repaid for their trouble.

SIR ROGER AND THE BLIND BEGGAR.

WM. W. RUGGLES, C. H. S., '07.

Once, as Sir Roger and I were strolling through one of the parks of London, an amusing experience happened to us.

We came across a most extraordinary blind man, seated at one side of the walk. As we approached, the latter turned his head toward us; when we had come up to him he was sitting naturally.

He was a strong, lusty fellow. But sad to tell he was blind, for his eyes were covered by a strip of black cloth. In one hand he held a cup which he raised as we advanced. "What is the matter my good fellow?" said the Knight.

"Pity a poor blind man, my lord," said the beggar in a strained, high voice, which broke into a rumble at the end, and he shook his cup.

"It's remarkable to me," whispered Sir Roger, "how those fellows can tell whether a man be a tradesman or of the gentry just by the difference in voice."

Then turning to the beggar the Knight reproached him for not getting some honest employment suitable for a strong man, such as,—well — selling sweets. Meanwhile the old gentleman had thrust his hand into his pockets.

"If you haven't got a half-penny a penny will do," growled the beggar, impatiently.

"See here, my fine fellow, if I had my way I'd put all such as you into the king's keeping," and Sir Roger started off, his dignity much upset.

Juan Tul's Crop.

E. H. THOMPSON, R. M. T. S., '08.

In this and other civilized countries, the sly fox, commonly known as Reynard, plays an important part in many of the folklore stories. As this animal does not inhabit the jungles of Yucatan, Mexico, the native Indians had to invite the nimble rabbit to play his part in their animal legends. This little animal is usually called Juan Tul.

The following story was told to me by a native Indian hunter, several years ago, while we were riding to a nearby pueblo.

"Once upon a time, there lived a rabbit who was known as Juan Tul. He was very lazy and dishonest, but he was also very cunning, and more than once, he succeeded in replenishing his larder by some cunning trick. For these reasons he was disliked by some of his neighbors; but his good nature and cheerful disposition made the larger animals his friends, for they rarely suffered by his tricks.

"One fine morning as he was lazily wandering about the jungle, he chanced to see a grain of corn that was doing its best to grow. Juan Tul was always hungry and he usually ate everything that was within reach without further thought.

" 'Ah, here is a dainty dish for my supper,' he said, and was about to nip the tender shoots when a sensible idea occurred to him.

" 'Why not wait until it bears fruit?' he asked himself.

"Having made up his mind, he built a little fence around it and called it his '*milpa*' (cornfield).

"Finally the time came for harvesting. After the hardest day's work that he ever did in all his lazy life, Juan Tul went home proudly carrying his whole crop — two fine ears of corn.

"His present success made him more ambitious and soon he had planned a scheme by which he could sell his corn at a dear price, and at the same time rid himself of some of his troublesome neighbors.

"While he was lying in his hammock a field mouse stopped before his open door and greeted him as was his custom.

" 'Good morning, Juan Tul, how are you feeling to-day?'

"The rabbit feigned to be insulted and he answered with apparent indignation.

" 'Señor Raton, my name is *Señor* Juan Tul, for I own a cornfield and have corn to sell. If you wish to buy some, come to-morrow morning, for it has not yet arrived from my cornfield.'

"The field-mouse promised to return on the following morning to purchase some.

"Not long after the mouse had gone away another visitor came. Though he was a wise old owl, he also made the mistake of not addressing the rabbit with proper respect and therefore was duly rebuked. In order to amend his grievous mistake, he promised to buy some of Juan Tul's corn on the following morning.

"At different times during the day three other animals visited him: an opossum and two jaguars — and left with the promise to be present next morning to buy corn.

. . . . . .

"The following day broke fair. Juan Tul was busy in his usual occupation — lying in his hammock, which was swung between two large ramon trees that shaded his humble hut. He looked contented and satisfied with the world in general — but especially with himself. And why shouldn't he? Was he not a clever rabbit? Were not his neighbors wasting themselves by working in the fields all day, while he lived a life of continued pleasure?

"Very soon his visitors of the day before began to arrive.

" 'Good morning, *Señor* Juan Tul,' said the field-mouse, 'I have come to buy some corn.'

" 'I am very sorry to make you wait, for my cart has been delayed on the way and has not yet arrived with the corn. Per-

haps you had better pay me in advance so that I can be sure that you really intend to buy some. If you are hungry you may eat some food that I have ready for you in my hut and refresh yourself while you wait.'

"Very soon after, the owl came, and he also was ushered into the hut, after having paid for some corn in advance.

" 'Juan Tul is certainly very considerate,' he said, as he finished eating the unfortunate field-mouse, 'to have such a nice morsel for me to enjoy.'

"The owl did not remain in peace very long, for soon his career as the judge of the jungle was ended, and he in turn was being enjoyed by the wicked old opossum, the third customer.

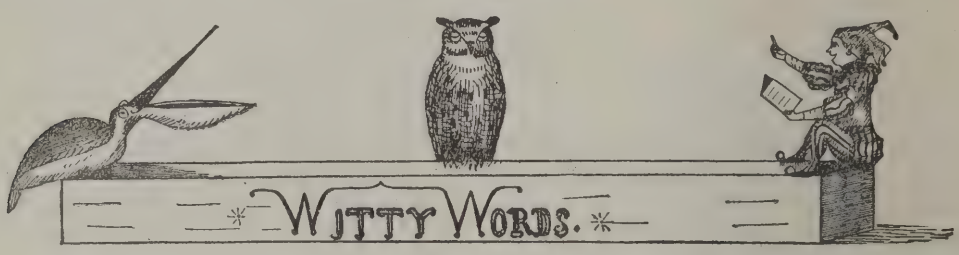
"Not very long afterwards one of the two jaguars came, as he had promised. He decided that oppossum meat was not so bad, after all, and he also complimented Juan Tul on his kindness in having such a nice dinner ready for him.

"Hardly had he finished his repast when the other jaguar appeared. It happened that they were very bitter enemies. As might be expected, they were soon in the midst of a fierce battle — a struggle to death.

"Meanwhile Juan Tul lay in his hammock calmly watching the two antagonists as each fought to end the other's life.

"Soon the struggle ended and the two jaguars lay dead.

"The trick had succeeded and Juan Tul was now a rich rabbit. No more work for him, for his coffers were full and his hammock was strong."



At a country fair a machine which bore a sign reading, "How to Make Your Trousers Last," occupied a prominent position in the grounds and attracted much attention, says *Harper's Weekly*. A countryman who stood gaping before it was told by the exhibitor, a person with a long black moustache, a minstrel-stripe shirt, and a ninety-four-carat diamond in a red cravat, that for one cent deposited in the slot the machine would dispense its valuable sartorial advice. The countryman dug the required coin from the depths of a deep pocket and dropped it in the slot. Instantly the machine delivered a card on which was neatly printed:

"Make your coat and waistcoat first."

A young man engaged board and lodging in a private family who were extremely devout. Before each meal a long grace was said. To their dismay and horror the new boarder sat bolt upright while the others at table reverently bowed their heads. When the second day passed and the young man evinced no disposition to unbend, the good lady of the house could endure the situation no longer.

"Atheism?" asked she sharply.

"No madam," humbly responded the new boarder; "boil."

Professor John Stuart Blackie, of Edinburgh, being suddenly called away by an important summons one day, posted this notice on his classroom door for his students:

"Professor Blackie will be unable to meet his classes to-day." Some waggish student came along and rubbed out the "c" from the word classes. The professor, reaching home that evening, saw the erasure, chuckled, and promptly erased the letter "l." His students ever afterward had great respect for their teacher!

The Ascent of Fuji-Yama.

ALFRED H. SWEET.

Five summers had I spent on the shore of Lake Hakoné, otherwise known as the Sea of Reeds, and each summer desired to ascend the tall mountain, whose snow-crowned summit pierces the azure sky, and whose reflection is mirrored in the placid waters of the lake.

At length my chance came, and on August 15, 1904, we started out, a party of four, to climb the peerless mountain of the land of the Rising Sun. With our two coolies we crossed the calm, fathomless lake in a flat-bottomed *sampan* and then the two ladies of the party mounted horses which were to take them over the ridge to the hot plain below.

Hakoné is about sixteen or twenty miles from the base of Fuji, the village being separated by the lake, some five miles long, a mountain ridge, and a stretch of plain, which though not on sea-level, seems pretty low compared with Hakoné itself.

It was only a short climb to the top of the ridge — two miles or so, perhaps — whence we could look down on the lake, with its two villages, and on the herds of cattle on the ranch. To our left, as we faced the lake, could be seen among the hills the blue smoke of the charcoal burners; and, turning around, peerless Fuji rising majestically from the hot plain dotted with villages. Trains crept along through the paddy-fields, the sun beat down relentlessly, and excepting for the great mountain beyond, nothing invited our descent.

But the mountain was enough, so down we went, and as we got nearer the plain the heat increased, and we began to doubt the sanity of those Americans who had erected some twenty summer cottages in such a place. The cottages were all well enough, and doubtless Gotemba is cooler than Tokyo, but although one can hardly say "he builds too low who builds beneath the stars," I prefer, for my part, to get as near the stars as possible, in summer.

There is a pass up Fuji from Gotemba, but as we preferred another one, we proceeded on our way in a one horse tram immediately after *tiffin* (lunch) at a Japanese hotel.

For some distance up, Fuji is forest-clad, and our destination for the night was a hut, about five thousand feet above the plain, and still in the woods. About four thousand feet we rode on horseback, and then walked on through the cool, green woods, where the sunlight shone but dimly between the leaves.

The next morning we were up before the sun, and after breakfast continued our climb, purchasing staves from a shrine. After a walk of a couple of hours we emerged from the forest, and saw stretching above us a vast expanse of cinders and lava; the path being plainly marked by the *waraji* (thick straw sandals) discarded by pilgrims. These *waraji,* by the way, are very useful in mountain climbing to wear over one's boots, as they break the jar and absolutely prevent slipping.

Fuji is a mountain sacred to the gods, and especially to the Sun Goddess, from whom the Emperor claims direct descent. Many, therefore, are the pilgrims who yearly ascend her, clad in white, either to gain merit or for the performance of a vow. The journey, consequently, has been made easier by the erection of ten stations, which are merely rough stone huts, the first being about six thousand feet up, and the tenth at the summit.

We reached the eighth station at eleven o'clock and as the ladies declared they needed a rest, we had *tiffin* there, and I was the first to leave at about two or two-thirty, arriving at the top about three-fifteen, if I remember correctly.

Soon the others came up, and, after deciding which of the stone huts we should use for the night, we began to wander around. Fuji is an extinct, or rather dor-

mant, volcano, possessing an enormous crater which, however, I did not explore. Descending part way into the crater, to a plain below which is the crater proper, we drank from crystal streams flowing from banks of virgin snow, and for the first time in my life I had a snowball fight in August!

Then ascending, we began to make our way around the crater. As I said, Fuji is commonly called extinct but near the top there is quite a large tract from which clouds of steam arise, and I soon found that a rock there was a little too warm to be comfortable as a seat. Curiously enough there at a height of over twelve thousand feet (12,365) above sea-level is a spring of pure water, called by the Japanese the Golden Spring, which the commercial spirit of the age retails at the rate of half a *sen* (a *sen* is half a cent) a cup. Of course we indulged,— spring water at an altitude of twelve thousand feet can not be obtained everywhere — and I, wanting something more substantial to remember Fuji by, broke off the top of the highest rock of the loftiest mountain in the Japanese Empire.

That night the use of a liberal supply of "Keating's" allowed us to rest comparatively unmolested, and the next morning by half-past four we were all seated on the rocks, eating chocolates and waiting for the sunrise. It was pretty cold for an August morning, sitting out there in the first gray light of dawn, but we were amply repaid when the golden orb cast his first rays over the land.

Sunrise at any place is a beautiful sight, but sunrise when viewed from such a height is superb. The banks of gray clouds turned purple, and their edges became touched with gold as the sky became suffused with light. Slowly the great sun rose, seeming at first to be cone shaped, and then hanging like a ball of fire in the sky. Higher and higher it rose, an orb of burnished gold, casting its rays like arrows of light over land and sky, dispersing the shades of night, until like a golden chariot mounting the etheral dome of heaven, it assumed its ordinary appearance.

But the higher the sun rose the less time we had to gaze, so after breakfast we started for home, at about eight o'clock.

Then came the fun. The ascent of the mountain is made by one path, the descent by another. The paths are near together, but seldom parallel, for the descending one goes straight while the other naturally follows a zig-zag course. That in itself would be of little importance but for this other contrast, — we walk up Fuji, we run down.

Placing the ends of our sticks behind us so as to be able to stop if necessary by simply leaning back, we started. Everyone knows the pace soon attained in running down a hill, and when that hill is a mountain, and the path is composed of loose gravel and cinders, and the whole structure is at an angle of 45° or so, that pace is something remarkable in its way. Apart from the sunrise, apart from the magnificent view of hills and valleys, plains and mountain-ranges, forests and paddy-fields, lakes and rivers winding like threads of silver through the green country, the ascent of Fuji would be worth while simply because of the descent!

Down we went, running, jumping, "going about sixteen feet at a step," down the cinder track over the lava, under the bright blue sky, and again in the forest-path, down past all the stations to the hut we had stayed in two nights before, and where we stopped again to rest and have *tiffin*. Then on again, down farther, then in the one-horse tram, and again across the hot plain to the foot of the mountains. A fairly long climb and we were at the top of the ridge. Behind us lay the green plains and the majestic mountain, before us the azure lake and the thatched cottages of Hakoné.

Descending, we came to the shores of the lake, where we found a *sampan* waiting and after half-an-hour or so we reached our destination, Hakoné, at the other end of the Sea of Reeds. The ascent and descent of Fuji had become a pleasant memory, as we saw the mountain towering heavenward in the evening twilight.

Oil Wells.

PAUL HAYNES, R. M. T. S., '06.

The petroleum industry of the United States may be considered to date from the year 1859, when the first well drilled for oil was completed by Colonel Drake. At this time, there was in northwestern Pennsylvania a small strip of land where lumber was cut each year and floated down the Alleghany river to Pittsburg. This region was known all over the world as the Ohio region. It had been avoided for years by western settlers as too rugged a place for settlement, yet in twelve years, this region was changed into a bustling trade center where towns sprang up as if by magic. The cause of this was the discovery and development of petroleum.

Petroleum, when discovered, was of such importance that it caused the world's attention to be drawn to it. It was no new thing, however. We find in old records and journals, stories of a certain slimy substance which was found on the surfaces of small streams, and which would burn fiercely when lighted. As the country became more and more settled, the importance of this substance became more and more noticed.

In Ohio, many "Brine Wells" had been driven to obtain salt. It soon became noticed that these wells not only contained salt brine, but also oil, which in many cases ruined the chances of getting any more salt. This oil was known as "Rock Oil" and small quantities of it were put up in bottles and sold as a medicine.

Up to this time, no oil had been obtained except as it was taken from the surfaces of streams or from salt wells. In 1854, however, Mr. George Bissell, who was a graduate of Dartmouth College, became much impressed as to the importance of oil. He organized an oil company which leased lands in the vicinity of Oil Creek, Pennsylvania. Then he conceived the idea of boring for oil and pumping it out of the earth. In the spring of 1858, this oil company sent out a man by the name of Colonel Drake to Titusville, Pennsylvania, with instructions to drill a well. Drake was given no easy task. The place to which he was sent was little more than a wilderness. Before he could get together his necessary tools, winter came and he was obliged to suspend operations until the following spring. Then he obtained a man to drill his well and in August, 1859, it proved a success.

Immediately the great "Oil Fever" commenced. Oil was now obtained in great quantities, some wells giving twenty-five barrels per day while others as many as three thousand barrels. Some of the wells were drilled on leases although a few were drilled by the owners of the land. In a great many cases the wells were drilled too close together. It has been found by experience that one well to every five acres is a good arrangement.

After the location of the well has been determined, a "rig" or "edrrick" is erected, which consists of the derrick itself and a small house for an engine. This derrick is made up of a framework firmly braced, about seventy feet high, twenty feet wide at the bottom and four feet at the top. At one side of the derrick, a heavy post, called the "Samson Post," is framed into the main sill, upon the top of which rests the "walking beam," one end of it being connected with an engine of from twelve to fifteen horse-power, while the other end supports the drill. The boiler is similar to the tubular boilers used on locomotives and is placed at a distance from the well to prevent any risk of fire from the gases. The drilling tools are suspended by an ordinary rope, two inches in diameter, which passes from a reel at the foot of the derrick up over a crown pulley at the top. The "string of drilling tools" consists of two parts, the upper and lower, which are separated by "the jars." The lower serves to give the downward blow while the upper

acts as an upward stroke and serves to loosen the bit if it becomes jammed in the rock.

After the well has been drilled to the desired depth it is then ready to be "torpedoed." From one to twenty-five cans of nitro-glycerine are now lowered into it by a man who is called "a shooter." When he has selected a place of refuge, he drops a heavy lead sinker or "go-devil," as it is called, down into the well, this causing the nitro-glycerine to explode. In a few moments a low gurgling sound is heard, the oil then rushes to the surfaces, at first like a fountain and then like a geyser, the spray sometimes reaching one hundred feet in height.

The well is now ready to be prepared for "flowing." A section of two inch pipe, perforated with holes is lowered into the well, and other sections coupled on to it, until it is long enough to reach from the bottom to a point above the oil-sands. An india-rubber packer with a pipe within it, is now attached in such a manner as to form an air-tight joint. The gases thus confined force the oil to the surface where it is pumped into receiving tanks.

The average duration of a profitable oil-well is estimated at five years. Many wells last two years while others last fifteen or twenty. Although the great "oil boom" has long been over, there are in our country to-day, many rich and profitable oil-wells.

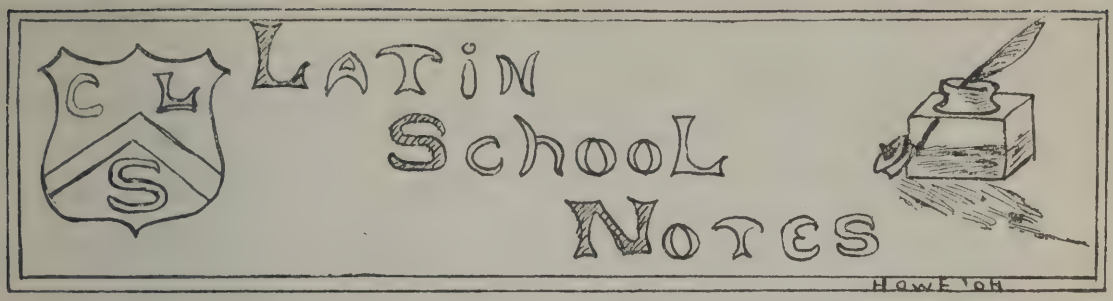
BOOK REVIEWS.

"At the Line," by A. T. Dudley. Lee & Shepard. 309 pp., decorative cloth, $1.25.

The third volume of the Phillips Exeter series has proven a very popular book. It is a spicy story of boarding school life with the new boy gaining great fame on the gridiron in the last few chapters. An unwilling father and the bad good boy lend interest, while the twins and their friend, the enemy, furnish the humor. The great difference between the well-bred wealthy boy of low morals and the sturdy son of Maine, who is captain of the team and who has to work to get through school, is brought out clearly and distinctly. Although this may seem rather late to speak of a foot-ball story, this book deserves to be mentioned and anyone who reads it will not count the time as wasted. It gives a masterly defence of foot-ball in striving to prove to the unwilling father that the game is not harmful.

"Principles of Rhetorics," by Elizabeth H. Spalding. D. C. Heath & Co. 283 pp., cloth, 90 cents.

"Principles of Rhetoric" is a handy book containing the principles of the English language set forth in a clear, concise style and in an interesting manner. The illustrative examples are taken from actual experiences in the class-room and are therefore valuable. It may be studied profitably without manual, key or aid of any sort. A number of eminent teachers of English and principals of High Schools have pronounced the book excellent and have recommended it for use in their class-rooms. To see it is to want it.



1906.

Saturnius=Son of Dido.

Miss H-l-h: "They cut pledges of faith from the heads of the sheep."

Jacobites=believers in Jacob.
Query. Who was Jacob?

Did you get censured?

Have you had your pictures taken yet? Hurry up!

General exclamation. "Where could I have got all those checks?"

And now they've begun in Geometry!!

A Harvard exam. came suddenly.
O where was horsey then?
One little look at printed page
Were worth an extra ten.

Teacher: "How can you put that idea in the sentence?"
Bright scholar: "Leave it out."

Mr. W., translating: "See that youth leaning upon a headless spear." "Do you see the point? I mean do you see the significance of the passage?" And then he professes ignorance of having made a pun!

We may be selfish, but if the schoolhouse ever does catch on fire, we hope it will be at a time when its our turn to have fire-drill.

ἄλοχος πολύδωρος = the much dotted wife.

On February 16th, a very pleasant social was held at Miss Hildreth's house. Mr. Bradbury and Miss Parker were present.

"That son of Mar(')s."

"Where did he go for better poetry?"
"He went to Halifax."

"If ye have tears, prepare to shed them now." The Harvard papers are coming.

1907.

Teacher to pupil who is scanning: "How many feet have you?"
Rather ambiguous.

"Die Gäste ershienen nach und nach."
The guests came little by little.

Pupil, translating Virgil, coming to the passage "eloquam an sileam?" "Shall I go on or shall I keep silent?"

convellere lentum vimen.
"to pull up the gentle vine."

"Da habt euch, Kinder."
"Have yourselves, children."

pateras sanguinis sacri=bowls of wine.

H-b-d: "Steckt mein chignon fest?"
"Is my hair all right?"

We are told that "to leave their sweet minds" means to die.

Seges ægra=sickly grain.

G-r-y: "Don't we know everything that we see?"
Miss A—: "Well — No. Take your Greek lesson for instance."

We were rather surprised to learn that Thompson comes to school at five o'clock!

A few are feeling downcast because they got only a hundred per cent. in conduct. Let us hope they will do better next month.

1908.

"Take the book you have in your hand when the fire-bell rings" — even the dictionary!

Question: "How does one get up to the Acropolis?"
Answer: "By the Appian Way."

When in doubt — say perfect subjunctive.

What a fine polish the floor in Mr. Derry's room has!

R— thinks that the Trojan women went to the temple *crinibus passis* because they didn't have time to comb it.

What remarkable spelling! Twenty-three ways of spelling *psychology* have been found.

Who said that it took fifty able-bodied men to write a translation of the Bible?

Don't write notes, for that is a needless waste of paper.

Did you flunk in deportment last month?

Mr. D.: "That is a very fine translation, but it doesn't seem to fit the Latin."

How many were censured by the new check system?

'08 people have large vocabularies. "Hopety" is the latest.

Such loud colored maps as some people hand in!

"P-l, stop giggling. You're not a girl."

Huling and Pearson made the relay team.

Mr. S-e is writing a dramatic poem entitled "The Search for Dante." It's a peach!

1909.

Why does not Miss G - n - - g say what she means in Geometry?

Teacher: "Miss Be-ne, recite this stanza of poetry."
Miss Be-ne: " 'The wedding guest sat on a rock' — I didn't look at the rest of it."

Miss M. Bl-ck's new theorem:
If two sides of a triangle are equal, the remaining sides and angles are equal and the triangle is mutually equiangular.

Do we know how to spell *confectionery* yet?

Teacher: "What kind of a verb is *coepi?*"
S-i-n (hastily): "One of those verbs that isn't all there."

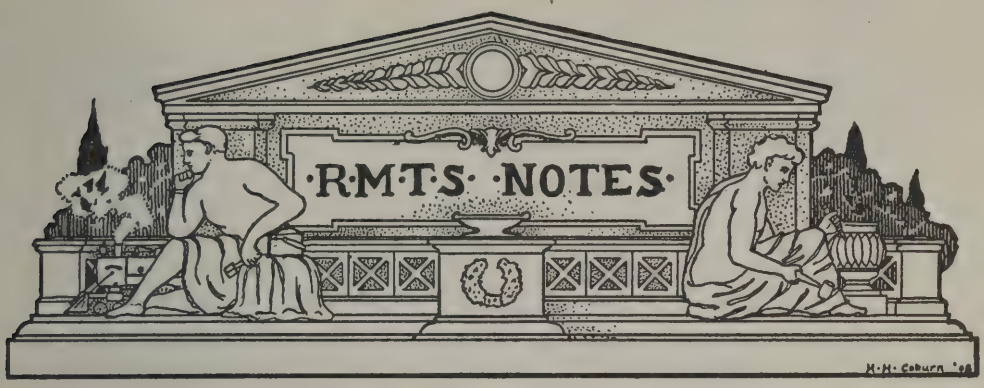
Ha - - ow is *such* a good boy.

A-ee you must not fight with Miss M. B-a-k.

B-r-a-e, you must be more careful about the titles you confer in French.

Why was Miss D-er absent?

(Continued on page 29.)



1906.

The following have made their de-butts: Sibley, Dayton Cash Registery; Dayton, on Henry S. Pritchett; Haynes, on Oil Wells; Park, America's Foreign Trade; J. Catterall, The School City; McCormick, on Public Libraries; Wiley, on Harvard Bridge; Linnehan, on Educational Exchanges.

Nels Henry Malmstrom is a member of the photograph committee. Please take notice.

Heard in Geometry Class:
Teacher: "What does PB equal?"
Griffin frantically waves his hand.
Teacher: "Oh, we understand that you know all about that, G-r-in."

Miss E-l-s, to Burns, "Beunke doesn't look like that when he studies."
B-r-ns: "Have you ever seen him study?"

Who is "Old English?"

Sarah seems to be in great demand during the recess period.

Theoretically speaking you are correct, P-d. But by a practical demonstration of the fact, it will be readily seen that—er—.

Elliott's definition of "paradigm" is "a pair of grinds."

T-h-r: "Are you aware that two negatives make an affirmative?"
Scholar: "No, no."
T-h-r: "Why do you say no?"
Scholar: "I didn't say no, I said yes; you see two negatives make an affirmative."

Who said that "Brunhilde" meant broom-handle?"

Physics. Two freely falling marks are set going at two months apart with a mean acceleration of 5 per cent. a month. If the initial velocity was 75 per cent., what will be the average per cent. at the end of the year?

Teacher: "Why have you not prepared your lesson, W-s-n?"
Scholar: "Oh! er — we had a drama rehearsal yesterday."

From the general run of O'Hara's attendance, he takes a three weeks' vacation every two weeks.

"Say something" is Mr. C's motto.

Some of us have got to "buck-up" with a certainty if we expect to get our diplomas this year.

1907.

Hereafter James will be known as a "secret."

It is strange a big boy like Strong knows so much about bibs and aprons.

Will some one kindly present MacP— with the "hook."

Nash, demonstrating an Algebra example, put it all over X.

Instructor: "What are eggs if—."
Class: "The eggs are rotten."
A sleepy voice: "Two bad."

"Have you ever seen a Bull Run?"

If Mr. Denham keeps us "A Plugging Away," we will be worse than a sewing circle.

Hamilton is extraordinary in more than one way when he studies with Miss Ellis.

H. Boyd (translating French):
"Enter —."
Class: "Skidoo."

Miles, uncalled for, says that Goldsmith did not go back to Ireland for fear of being married. Everytime he opens his mouth he puts his foot in it.

You can hardly tell what Harrington is for he is all mixed up. Some samples,— "Taint as cold as it is, was it?" "Do tell!"

1908.

Our class is gradually increasing in numbers as several Latin School fellows have left that school and taken up their duties at Training School. They seem to know which is the best school.

T. E. A.: "You should never be thirsty, Thomas."

Mr. Ely does not approve of going to church during French recitation.

F-l-o-s, "Funny, isn't it, I am never asked to play the piano in the hall?"
R—: "It is funny! Especially as they haven't heard you play!"

A manly chap, that William's boy;
At wood-turning he's a crack.
And when it comes to Geometry
Why — My goodness, he's got that pat?
In Physics and in Chemistry,
He far excels the rest;
But the gentle art of fussing
Is where he's at his best.

A newspaper entitled, "Ye Daily News" has been printed expressly for Div. A. We wish to express our pleasure for this interesting little paper, and take the opportunity for thanking the editor through the REVIEW.

A pupil in History: "I knew it last week but I don't now."

A favorite expression is, "It looks no more like it than a row of apple trees."

Davis has ordered his manager not to engage any more bouts with female pugilists.

Teacher (reading): "The braid was fastened on like a Grecian coil."
Voice from class: "Was it false?"

Mr. Williams will gladly show anyone in the class the knack of wood-turning. Please file applications two weeks in advance.

What is that word that can be heard floating around whenever Div. 3F is near?

All are wondering at the absence of Arey's class pin. Why that C. L. S. '06 fob, old boy? Nothing to be ashamed of, don't blush.

Div. F. experienced a queer sensation recently, when Willis failed to give a perfect recitation.

Why is it that Smith does not fit as well in the Pattern shop as in the Forge? Solve by—.

Our class was well represented at the base-ball meeting. Stick to it fellows. You all have the hearty support of the class behind you. Time will show our base-ball ability as a class. Let us have a good class team even if we do not have the aid of those trying for the 'varsity.

A second secret fraternity recently organized in Training School, numbers the following among its charter members. Parker, Willis, Wright, Lynes, Stone, Coughlan, Trohon, Tufts, Jacobson, and J. K. MacKenzie.

1909.

Mr. H-u-b-rd: "Where did Uncas get the bear skin?"
Pupil: "Why, shot the bear of course."

Mr. Griffiths: "What was the Cabal."
Pupil: "A bunch of drunks."

In a very short time all of Mr. Hubbard's fourth class English sections are to have a debate on the following question: "*Resolved,* That the Chinese be Admitted into the United States."

How do you like mechanical drawing?

R-id (reading The Abbot): "Why did Catherine pull the veil over her face when Roland entered?"
Mr. Hubbard: "I don't know R-id, I never was a girl."

Several freshman are out for the base-ball team. It would seem that a class with one hundred and eighty-seven members should send more fellows out.

Mr. Rich says he does not keep lunatics, Patterson.

LATIN SCHOOL NOTES.

(Continued.)

Miss F. B - - ck (translating): "Well, I can't think of the word, but it means that the Nervii got *rattled.*"

A frequent question:
"What did you get in conduct?"

Miss C-n-on informs us that if four sets of numbers are in proportion they are in proportion by *alteration.*

Why won't Miss W-t-r's watch go?

The 1910 class pins are all very fine, but the '09 pins beat them "all hollow."

W-i-e, get busy, and write some poetry.

K-l-h-r, you must get stronger.

"Anything to amuse the baby."

"Who belongs to this pencil?"

"Beset with diamonds." Rather formidable, isn't it, R-n-d-e?

1910.

Don't make fun of the French class, remember that you may possibly be there yourself some day.

Who took the glue out of V-k's desk and put it on his chair seat?

The city ought to furnish mouse-traps for the closets. One of the teachers had her lunch carried off, and another lost the feathers from her hat.

M-r-c-e is quite an expert at roller-skating, especially when he has pleasant company.

W-i-e makes a good policeman in Div. VI. Evil doers, beware!

What makes B-l look so glum?

High School Notes.

1906.

We wonder why Hunt took his part as "The Fresh Air Kid" so well. Perhaps it was natural.

Did it show in the negative?

Don't forget the concert in aid of the Base-ball Team.

We hope that *all* the "gym" girls will turn out for the Athletic Meet. Let us keep the cup.

Did you ever study "Henology?"

Why does R-u-ke go to Norwood?

We hope that everybody passed in his exams.

I can't do a thing with it!

After the exams:
"Did you fail in English?"
"Why of course *not!!!*"

The numbers 10 and 20 are very easy to remember,— or rather some of the "gym" girls found them so, didn't they, Miss Howard?

Some of the smaller(?) pupils of '08 think that the snapshot of Miss G. Ivers is awfully cute.

We are pleased to welcome Miss Brannen, and hope that she will make as good a basket-ball player as her sister.

Another case of a "broken nose" in the Senior Room. Thirteen *must* be an unlucky number.

Miss F-rd-n-nd, can you tell us what that *long word* means?

1907.

Miss R-b-y is becoming quite a hair-dresser.

We hear that Miss Knowlton is going to invite us all over to lunch (when she moves!)

Miss C-l-e-'s favorite dish is chicken stew!!

The V. K. Club enjoyed a very pleasant evening February 14th, at the home of Miss Knowlton.

Miss G. L-ud likes "Snow" doesn't she Miss S-h-e-i-ger?

Heard in French:
"I disembraced myself."

A girl must be in a great hurry when she forgets her belt. Take your time, Edna!

The V. K. Club celebrated February 22, at the house of Miss Cutler, who was a charming hostess. Everyone had a good time.

Show your class spirit and come to the next social!!

Yawns are contagious!

Ask Miss C-h-ll about her new use of the word "decline."

1908.

We are all pleased to welcome Miss Dickson to our class, and trust that she will enjoy our brilliant (?) translations.

Did Mr. Coolidge have to forfeit a box of chocolates on that mid-year exam.? Ask Miss L--yd.

Miss Gray takes her daily nap the first hour. The class is requested to speak very low so that she will not be disturbed.

We are sorry that our "curly-headed" boy, Master Kirby, has left us, but hope to see him back next year.

Heard in English:
Teacher: "Well, what language do you speak?"
Bright pupil: "American."

Mr. Coolidge's law: "The amount that you know varies inversely as the square of the amount that you talk." How much some of us must know!!!

Miss H-ll was trying to commit suicide the other day by hanging herself to a recitation chair.

Our class does not care for mince pies. Oh, no!

Hasty exit! Miss Roberts.

Who is Rip Van Winkle in Division VI?

What is the attraction at the library, Greb—?

How do you like being a freight agent, Miss N-l-on?

Miss Sand-rs-on was very much pleased with her French mark.

Our class has one brave fireman, hasn't it C-nn-lly?

Olson is very quiet (?) for such a little boy.

1909.

No, Miss Lynch doesn't like "Marble Cake," she prefers it nice and moist.

Who was put behind the screen in the drawing-room?

Miss H-r-l-y is very easily confused.

Teacher: "Translate 'devant une machine.'"
Pupil: "Under the machine."

Miss Foster: "Be careful what you *lock*."

Does Division II like Algebra?

Ask Miss Sullivan what "vu" means in French.

We are glad to see Miss Miner back at school again.

HIGH SCHOOL CONCERT.

On the evening of April 18, 1906, at 8 P.M., a concert is to be held in the High School hall in aid of athletics. Through the kindness of Mr. Bates, Mr. Huling, and the Supt. of Buildings, Mr. Tracy, we have been able to have the hall for the occasion.

As this is the first concert of its kind that has been held for some time by any of the schools, we ask the support of the three in making this one a success. Mr. Chapman is to render his services, members of the three schools have volunteered, and a number of outside artists have been secured, including past graduates of the High School. The members of the Latin and Training Schools should have a special interest in coming, as some good talent is coming from these schools. As the High School talent is divided among the different classes every person should make an effort to attend. Concerning the others, they are all well known Cambridge people, and we guarantee they will be at their best on that night.

Tickets are to be 25 cents, and can be obtained from any of the following committee: Rourke, Murray, Erickson, and Feeney.

The Track and Field Meet.

Brookline High, scoring points in every event, and showing unexpected strength, was the victor in the first Preparatory League track and field meeting, held Wednesday afternoon February 28, in Mechanics' Hall

The meeting was a big success and gives a good outlook for the future carnivals of the league. A large attendance of rooters from the three schools were continually kept on edge by the close finishes in the events.

In addition to the championship events, there were three "opens," which were patronized by Harvard, Technology, Boston College, local high schools and several athletic associations.

Cambridge Latin was greatly weakened by the loss of nine of its best men on account of studies. In consequence of this wholesale cancellation of entries, the meet became virtually a dual contest between Brookline and Newton.

Before the opening event, Newton was considered a certain winner of the championship, but to the surprise of all Brookline captured places in every event.

Capt. Schlemm, of Brookline High, was unable to take part in the sprints. When warming up for the short sprint he snapped a ligament in his right thigh. He competed in the field events, however, by tieing for first place in the high jump and winning third place in the shot put.

Brookline came out on top with three firsts, four seconds, three thirds and a tie for first and third places in the high jump, a total of 38¾ points. Newton came second with 32 points, and Cambridge Latin, greatly weakened, gained but a quarter of a point.

Brookline High's best athletes proved to be Daniels and Boyd. The latter won the 300-yard dash, second place in the short dash, and tied for third in the high jump. Daniels won the 1,000-yard run and captured second place in the 600-yard run.

Capt. Schlemm, Shine, and Fletcher, also did well for Brookline, as did Capt. Merrihew, Porter and Bowen for Newton.

The opening event was the 40-yard sprint, and after the preliminary heats had been run, Boyd and Daniels, of Brookline, and Merrihew, Bowen, Tower, and Moore, of Newton, qualified in the semi-finals. The final dash was won by Merrihew with Boyd in second. Tower won third place for Newton.

In the first open event, McCarthy, of St. Joseph's A. A., won a close race over Lockwood and Sherman.

Brookline worked well together in the 300-yard run. Boyd was allowed to open quite a gap. Bowen, of Newton, failed to get a good position until the last lap when he succeeded in passing Wright, of Brookline, finishing second.

The 300-yard open resulted in a victory for Byrnes, of St. Alphonsus A. A. C. D. Dalton won second place and Watkins, of Cambridge High, came in third.

Capt Merrihew, of Newton, won the 600-yard championship with five yards to the good. His time was within one-fifth of a second of the Interscholastic record. Daniels and Treadwell, of Brookline, gained second and third respectively.

Shine, Daniels, Quinsler, and Wright, entered the 1,000-yard run for Brookline, while Newton entered but one man, Somers. Shine and Daniels made a lively sprint on the last lap and left Somers at third place. Daniels finished first.

The 600-yard open was won by G. Chevalier, Medford High. M. B. Van Brunt, of Harvard, was second and Moses, of Technology, third.

In the high jump, the form and ability was more than is often seen at a school-boy meeting. Capt. Schlemm, of Brookline, tied with Porter, of Newton, at 5 ft. 2 in. Boyd, Adams and Harm, of Brookline,

and Beard, of Cambridge, tied for third at 5 ft. 1 in.

Porter, of Newton, ran a pretty race in the low hurdles and beat Cady, of Brookline, in the last five yards. Blodgett, of Brookline, came in third.

Fletcher, Brookline's big foot-ball guard, won the shot-put by a put of 38 ft. 4 in. Pluto, of Newton, won second place from Schlemm by less than an inch.

The relay race of one mile was the final event. Cambridge Latin being obliged to withdraw, Brookline and Newton contested with each other. Porter, of Newton, started and finished five yards ahead of Daniels. Shine gained two yards on Bowen. Somers kept ahead of Treadwell, and Tower, of Newton, won over Boyd in the final sprint.

40-yard Dash (closed) — won by E. K. Merrihew, Newton High; second, Boyd, Brookline High; third, Tower, of Newton High. Time: 4 4-5s.

40-yard Dash (open) — won by C. C. McCarthy, of St. Joseph's A. A.; second, P. C. Lockwood, H. A. A.; N. A. Sherman, Boston English High, third. Time: 4 4-5s.

300-yard Run (open) — won by J. R. Byrnes, St. Alphonsus A. A.; C. D. Dalton, St. A. A. A., second; T. Watkins, Cambridge High, third. Time: 36s.

300-yard Run (closed) — won by Boyd, Brookline; Bowen, Newton, second; Wright, Brookline, third. Time: 36 4-5s.

600-yard Run (closed) — won by Merrihew, Newton; Daniels, Brookline, second; Treadwell, Brookline, third. Time: 1m. 20 1-5s.

600-yard Run (open) — won by G. Chevalier, Medford High; M. B. Van Brunt, H. A. A., second; A. L. Moses, M. I. T., third. Time: 1m. 19 3-5s.

1,000-yard Run (closed) — won by Daniels, Brookline; Shine, Brookline, second; Somers, Newton, third. Time: 2m. 38 2-5s.

45-yard Hurdles (closed) — won by R. S. Porter, Newton High; Cady, Brookline, second; Blodgett, Brookline, third. Time: 6s.

Running High Jump (closed) — Tie between Porter, Newton, and Schlemm, Brookline High, height 5 ft. 2 in.; Boyd, of Brookline, Adams of Brookline, Hann of Brookline and Beard, Cambridge Latin, tied for third place, height 5 ft. 1 in.

Putting 12-pound Shot (closed) — won by Fletcher, Brookline High, distance 38 ft. 4 in.; second, Pluto, Newton, distance 37 ft. 3¾ in.; Schlemm, Brookline, distance 37 ft. 3 in., third.

Relay Race — Newton High (Porter, Bowen, Somers, Tower) vs. Brookline High (Daniels, Shine, Treadwell, Boyd) — won by Newton High. Time: 3m. 23 2-5s.

TABLE OF POINTS.

	B'line.	N'ton.	Cam.
40-yard dash	3	6	0
45-yard hurdles ..	4	5	0
300-yard run	6	3	0
600-yard run	4	5	0
1,000-yard run ...	8	1	0
Shot-put	6	3	0
High jump	4¾	4	¼
Team race	3	5	*
Totals.....	38¾	32	¼

RELAY RACE.

At the Interscholastic games, Saturday afternoon, March 3, Latin School defeated Training School in a race which, though interesting, was never in doubt. Pearson had the pole in the first relay, and succeeded in keeping the slight advantage which this gave him. Crandon gained a few yards on his Training School rival, and Huling, by a fine exhibition of running, increased the lead to about twenty-five yards. Hickey was not forced to exert himself and was satisfied to keep the lead.

The teams ran as follows:

Latin School.	Training School.
Pearson.	Thompson.
Crandon.	Kaine.
Huling.	Watkins.
Hickey.	Park.

*Cambridge Latin did not enter a relay team.

LATIN SCHOOL.

BASKET-BALL.

Harvard Freshmen 30. C. L. 4.

Cambridge Latin was defeated by Harvard Freshmen in basket-ball, Saturday January 20, by a score of 30 to 4. Currie was the star of the game. Kelleher and Crowley played well for Cambridge.

The line-up:—

Harvard Freshmen.	Cambridge Latin.
Currie, r f	l b, Kelleher
Brooks, l f	r b, Crowley
Davis, c	c, Grant
Jones, r b	l f, Marvin (Patten)
Dial, l b	r f, Ponce

Score, Harvard Freshmen 30, Cambridge Latin 4. Goals, Currie 5, Davis 3, Dial 1, Jones 1. Fouls, Currie 6, Kelleher 1, Marvin 3. Referee, Clark of Harvard. Umpire, Kaine, R. M. T. S. Timer, Linehan, R. M. T. S. Scorer, Miles of Harvard.

Wellesley High 38. C. L. 10.

Wellesley High School won over Latin School on Wednesday, January 24, at Wellesley, by the score of 38 to 10. Marshall and Sleeper were the stars for Wellesley, and Kelleher did the best work for Cambridge.

The line-up:—

Wellesley High.	Cambridge Latin.
Seagrave, r f	l b, Kelleher
Farnham, l f	r b, Crowley
Parker, c	c, Grant
Marshall, r b	l f, Marvin
Sleeper, l b	r f, Ponce

The score, Wellesley High 38, Cambridge Latin 10. Goals, Farnham 6, Parker 4, Marshall 3, Seagrave 3, Sleeper 2, Kelleher 2, Crowley, Ponce. Fouls, Parker 4, Marvin 2. Referee, Patten, C. L. S. Timer, Bellingham.

R. M. T. S. 38. C. L. 10.

On February 8, Rindge Manual Training School defeated Latin School in the Y. M. C. A. building by the score of 38 to 10.

The game was not a cleanly played contest, both teams indulging in considerable rough-house. Capt Kelleher played best for Latin School and Beunke was the best man for Training School.

The line-up:—

R. M. T. S.	C. L. S.
Coughlan, l b	r f, Ponce
Kaine, r b	l f, Marvin
Thompson, c	c, Grant
Beunke, r f	l b, Kelleher
Park, l f	r b, Crowley

Score, Rindge Manual Training School 38, Cambridge Latin School 10. Goals, Kelleher 2, Crowley 1, Ponce 1, Park 2, Kaine 1, Coughlan 3, Beunke 7, Thompson 5. Goals from fouls, Marvin 2, Beunke 2. Referee, Fay of Y. M. C. A. Umpire, Mahoney of Newport Naval Reserves.

Deprived of the use of the gymnasium of the Latin School for practice, the team met February 16 and voted to disband. The remaining games have been cancelled by Manager Reardon.

BASE-BALL.

Candidates for the base-ball team assembled in the Harvard Cage at the call of Captain Stiles, on Saturday morning, February 17. Thirty men came out and showed evidences of being good material. But four men who played on the team last year are back, thus leaving three infield and two outfield positions to be filled. The graduation of Nash also leaves the important place in the pitcher's box open.

Work in the Cage will continue on Saturday mornings until the weather makes the ground suitable for out-door practice. The Common will probably be used this year, since the distance to Rindge Field is too great for daily practice.

Currie, Paine and McCarthy of last year's team are to lend a hand at coaching, and Captain Stiles expects to get the services of other experienced men.

The following men are out for places on the team: H. Stiles (Capt.), Boyer, A. Chase, Delaney, Higgins, Maloney, Mason, W. Graustein, G. Thomas, M. Murphy, Lynch, Douglas, Babson, Burnham, Glynn, G. Chase, Vickery, Lawrence, Olive, Foster, Chapin, Grant, Crowley, Pearson, Blackall, Horgan, Patten, Reeves, Hans.

Chase, Delaney, Boyer, Murphy, Vickery, Chapin and Foster seem to be the most promising candidates thus far.

An unusually attractive schedule has been arranged by Manager Crandon:

April	7	Wakefield High.
	10	Winchester High.
	12	Malden High.
	14	Dean Academy.
	16	Noble and Greenough.
	19	Waltham High.
	21	St. Mark's School.
	24	Harvard Freshmen.
	26	Roxbury Latin.
	28	Somerville High.
	30	Open.
May	2	Dorchester High.
	5	Harvard Second.
	8	Arlington High.
	10	Hyde Park High.
	12	Pomfret School.
	15	Cambridge High.†
	17	R. M. T. S.†
	19	Gloucester High.
	22	Newton High.*
	25	Brookline High.*
	28	Open.
	30	Open.
June	2	Concord High.
	5	Newton High.*
	8	Brookline High.*

*Preparatory League.
†Triangular League.

HOCKEY.

Gardner W. Chase, '07, and Edward W. Ellis, '07, are respectively captain and manager of next year's hockey team.

CREW.

The following men reported to Captain Beard, Wednesday, February 21, as candidates for the crew: Jose, Marvin, Gray, Crandon, Walton, Dane, Wells, Welch, Lahee, F. Hubbard, Boynton (cox.), Champagne, Chamberlain, Close, Simpson, R. Beard and Ellis.

TRAINING SCHOOL.

R. M. T. S. 46. Chauncey H. S. 5.

The Rindge basket-ball team defeated the Chauncey Hall School at Boston Y. M. C. A. by the score of 46 to 5, in two 15 minute halves.

The game was too one-sided to be interesting. The accurate shooting of Beunke and Park was the feature of the game, while Burgess did well for Chauncey Hall School.

The line-up:—

C. H. S.	R. M. T. S.
Conley, r f	r b, Kaine
Leonard, c f	l b, Coughlan
Brown, c	c, Thompson
Burgess, r b	l f, Park
Macaffe, l b	r f, Beunke

The score: Rindge 46, Chauncey Hall School 5. Goals from floor, Beunke 10, Park 6, Thompson 4, Coughlan 3, Conley. Goals from fouls, Burgess 3. Referee, James. Umpire, Brown.

Rindge 21. Malden H. S. 20.

On the 22d of February at Cambridge Y. M. C. A. the Rindge basket-ball team defeated the Malden team in a close, fast and exciting game, by the score of 21 to 20.

About three or four seconds after the whistle blew for the start, Park shot for the first goal. The chances for shots were few because the teams covered so well. After hard fighting, Thompson shot for the second goal. Then after quite a long struggle Beunke shot for the third goal

and first foul. Malden had shot two goals from the floor. They had an accurate foul shooter who netted for them most of their points. At the end of the first half the score stood 11 to 7 in Malden's favor.

The two teams came back strong in the second half. Soon after the whistle blew, Howard shot for the first goal for Malden. Then Park encouraged his team by shooting two goals about two minutes apart. Soon Malden fouled when Beunke was shooting for a goal, giving Training School a point besides the try for a goal. Coughlan tried hard and shot a goal from the floor. Then Malden received the chance for three fouls. After a few minutes of excitement Park shot two more goals, which started the team to doing its utmost. Then Beunke shot a pretty goal and Malden fouled, and on the free try Beunke shot a goal for the final point. Beunke and Park excelled for the Rindge team, while Morton did the best for Malden.

The line-up:—

R. M .T. S.	Malden.
Beunke (Capt.), r f	r f, James
Park, l f	l f, Morton
Thompson, c	c, Howard
Kaine, r b	r b, Pierce
Coughlan, l b	l b, Gould
Clucas, r f.	

Score, Rindge 21, Malden 20. Goals from floor, Park 5, Beunke 2, Thompson, Coughlan, James, Morton, Howard, Gould. Goals from fouls, Morton 12, Beunke 3. Referee, Burns.

HOCKEY.

R. M. T. S. 3. St. Marks 5.

The Rindge hockey team was defeated by St. Marks at St. Marks by the score of 5 to 3.

St. Marks had the advantage in having had ice to practice on, while the Rindge team was handicapped by having no ice. There was no team work and every one had an off day.

We want to congratulate John Lynch, our new hockey captain, and wish him success for the ensuing year.

A large number of candidates have reported for the base-ball team; let us all hope for a good team. Let each one see that he does his share in supporting the team by every means in his power.

HIGH SCHOOL.

Norwood H. S. 19. C. H. S. 14.

On Saturday evening, Feb. 17, High School was defeated by Norwood High School at Norwood by the score of 19 to 14. The game was fast and clean and was stubbornly contested throughout. Murray and Beeching played best for High School.

English H. S. 23. C. H. S. 9.

Feb. 21 High School lost to English High School in their hall by the score of 23 to 9. The game was evenly played in the first half, but in the second half English High School played too fast a game for High School. Monahan and Holsberg played best for Cambridge.

Watertown H. S. 28. C. H. S. 12.

Watertown High School defeated High School at Watertown Feb. 23 by a score of 28 to 12. As in the other games the playing was even in the first half, but in the second the playing was all one-sided. Williams and Holsberg played best for High School.

Owing to the gym. being taken away from us, we were unable to play three home games.

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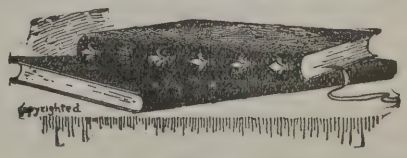
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CONTENTS.

Editorials

The Copper Cylinder

Handling Coal at a Pennsylvania Mine

Independence Day at Athens

The Spirits of the Storm

School Notes

C. L. S. Base-ball, 1901-1905

Vol. XX

No 7

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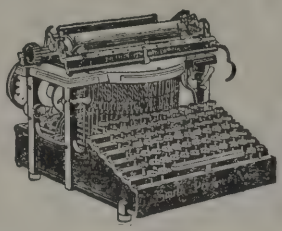

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CONTENTS.

Editorials	3—5
Exchange Notes	5
The Copper Cylinder	6—10
Handling Coal at a Pennsylvania Mine	11—12
Evening	12
Graduate Drama	13—14
Training School Drama	14—15
Sea-Wrought Fancies	15
Announcements	16
Independence Day in Athens	17—18
The Spirits of the Storm	18
Girls' Athletics	19—20
Training School Athletics	21
Latin School Notes	22—24
Training School Notes	25—26
High School Notes	27—29
Card of Thanks	29
C. L. S. Base-Ball, 1901-1905	30—37

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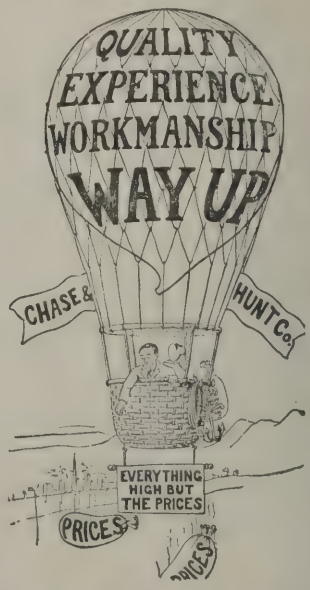

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THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

Vol. XX No. 7

Representing the Latin, High and Rindge Manual Training Schools

Cambridge, Massachusetts, April, 1906

EDITORIALS.

We had occasion to speak in these columns a few months ago, of the so-called Latin School gymnasium. We mentioned, then, that the gymnasium was used for basket-ball games, for dancing, and for the preliminary practice of a few of the athletic teams. Late in the winter, the use of the gymnasium was refused for the basket-ball teams of the three schools. When the time arrived for the crew to begin its training, they, too were refused the use of the gymnasium, and obliged to hold their practice in the hall of the old Training School building. Now, the members of the Senior class of the Latin School have been informed that they can hold their graduation reception in the gymnasium only by agreeing to certain conditions. These conditions are that the gymnasium, the boys' locker-room and the girls' locker-room shall be shut off from the rest of the building, that the entrance to the girls' locker-room shall be the only one used, that this room shall be used as a coat room for both boys and girls, and that refreshments shall be served in the boys' locker-room. Think of asking a young lady to attend the reception under those circumstances! It would be an insult to any girl; it is an insult to the class to ask it to agree to such a proposition.

We hope that when the time comes for the members of the class to take action, they will give the matter long and careful consideration before taking any decisive step. In the meanwhile, we respectfully suggest to the members of the school committee that since the coal strike threatens to assume serious proportions, they remove the extensive apparatus from the gym to a safe and secure storage place, and conwhere large quantities of coal may be stored up against future need. At last the gymnasium would prove itself to be of some practical value.

When twenty-five or thirty out of a Senior class of sixty-five are censured in conduct, as was the case in the Latin School last month, it seems to us that something is wrong. We think that everyone will agree that the majority of these censure marks are not due to a malicious desire to cause trouble or to any deliberate attempt to violate the rules of the school, but rather to the little careless whisperings and communications that are bound to take place in a class whose members have had five years in which to get acquainted. Furthermore, we think most of the teachers will agree that much of this unintentional rule-breaking is done in the corridors while the classes are passing to and fro from recitations.

In our opinion, it would be almost impossible to have perfect order and quiet at such times. If the corridors were policed every few feet by lynx-eyed proctors, perhaps the pupils could be made to file by in dignified silence; certainly it would require some such rigorous method.

In certain of the High Schools in the vicinity of Boston, this condition of affairs has been recognized, and a simple and effective remedy employed. Between the ringing of the bell at the end of one hour and the beginning of the next, there is a three minute period, during which quiet communication between the pupils is allowed, the classes file to and from the various rooms, no rules are broken, either intentionally or otherwise, and at the end of the period the scholars settle down to their recitations.

The benefits of the system are obvious. No time is lost, for it takes no longer for the classes to assemble by this method than by any other, the mind is given a short but refreshing rest from Latin, Greek, and mathematics, and to teachers as well as scholars the relief is a welcome one.

It is not pleasant to carry home a "censured for conduct'" on one's report card, it is not pleasant, for either teacher or scholar, to remain in the close air of the school room until two o'clock doing penance for one's sins, when the warm, fresh air of spring is calling to the woods and the fields. With all due respect to the powers that be, we suggest that the adoption of some such plan as the above might prove a benefit to all concerned.

In another section of the REVIEW will be found an account of the Training School drama. Doubtless this will be a surprise to many, to tell the truth, we are a good deal surprised ourselves. There has been so much talk about the matter that we feel it is no more than just to lay the whole affair before the readers of the REVIEW, and let them judge for themselves as to who was wrong and who right.

A few days before the drama, we saw a member of the committee, and made a request for two complimentary tickets, explaining that it was always customary, and that the REVIEW had received tickets from the three dramas that had already been given. We were told that the matter would be referred to the committee, and thought no more about it. Friday noon we went over to get the tickets, and were told that there were none to be had. We very naturally remonstrated, saying that unless the tickets were forthcoming, the REVIEW would not feel justified in giving the drama any space. We finally gave up our request for more than one ticket, for we felt that the second was a matter of courtesy, and that the members of the committee might be sensitive as to their deficiencies in good breeding which allowed them to be so lacking in politeness, but we did claim one ticket as our right, and told the committee in so many words that it was a case of "no ticket, no report." So far as we were concerned that ended the matter.

Not so with the straightforward, gentlemanly members of the R. M. T. S. drama committee. Instead of fighting the matter out, man to man, they complained to Mr. Morse of the manner in which they were being brow-beaten and black-mailed by the editor of the REVIEW, and poured into his ears the story of their trials and tribulations. In spite of several special envoys sent across to the Latin School, the editor remained obdurate, and finally Mr. Morse himself came over to clear the matter up.

Without regard to the right or wrong of the question — Mr. Morse did not care to have his opinion quoted — the Training School principal finally succeeded in convincing us that in the interest of peace and harmony, we should allow the account of the drama to be published in the REVIEW

— and we might say in passing that it was a very good account of an excellent drama.

But the editor, "convinced against his will, was of the same opinion still," and we still think that the action of the committee was ungentlemanly, ungenerous, and un-called for — we know that it was unprecedented.

That is the way the REVIEW feels in regard to the whole matter. We were extremely sorry that so good a production should be marred by any unpleasantness, but the REVIEW felt that its course was justified. What our personal opinion is of the committee and its action, is perhaps better left unsaid.

The REVIEW feels that it owes its readers an apology for the poor quality of the paper used last month. It was not a "get-rich-quick" scheme on the part of the management, but was due to the failure of the printers to order the proper stock. It will not happen again.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

What should be the substance of a school paper? This is a much mooted question, the answer to which seems to be a half-way course. Some papers print matter interesting to the students alone. Such papers have no sale outside the school and attract little advertising, for its advertisers, seeing that the paper reaches a small number of readers, do not think it worth their while to advertise in it. Other papers, especially Western ones, print regular magazines, with almost no school matter. These are interesting to all, but are not good enough to vie with the large magazines and have a small sale. The members of the schools where such papers are published do not buy the papers, because it contains nothing which cannot be obtained elsewhere. The "happy medium" is a paper containing well-edited class notes, reliable reports of school happenings, a few apt editorials, and not less than two good, lively stories per month. A joke column filled with original matter adds a great deal to a paper; but stale jokes are worse than stale eggs and should be shunned accordingly. After you have read a school paper with enjoyment, look it over and see if it does not conform to this ideal.

Nearly ninety exchanges, all of them worth reading, are lying on the table in the library, but very seldom do we see anyone taking advantage of the opportunity offered him. Now and then a miscreant awaiting his turn looks at one to ease his mental anguish, but this is the exception. A good opportunity is offered you. Why not take it? To read these papers from other schools is to feel the spirit of the schools themselves and is educating as well as amusing. Go there and read a little and see if it isn't worth while!

We thank the *Penn Charter Magazine* for its friendly criticism of our paper. The criticism of our class notes is a little harsh, however, as many of the jokes require an intimate knowledge of the school and school customs to render them amusing. The *Penn Charter Magazine* itself has printed an admirable number, the attractiveness of which is enhanced by the pictures from the photographic competition, which are inserted.

The *Mirror* of Waltham, should print more reading matter. Only twelve pages were printed in this last issue. Surely a school of Waltham High's standing can support a larger paper and a more interesting one.

The Copper Cylinder.

I had taken the club sink-boat, and was quietly drifting along the Southern Californian shore admiring the early autumn sunset, when an event occurred which was to shape the course of my actions for some time to come. The time was about six o'clock and the weather perfect. A slight breeze was blowing offshore and I could smell the orange and plum plantations which were a mile or so inland, for the shore was marshy and sprinkled with salt-water ponds, one of which might almost be called a lake.

The shooting had been rather poor and I hesitated about going back to the club to be derided by my fellow-sportsmen, but finally the pangs of hunger overcame my fear of ridicule, and I shipped the oars for the three mile row to the club-house. A flock of nine or ten ducks was flying so far above me that I could scarcely hear their peaceful cries. Suddenly they began to clamor in alarm and almost immediately a heavy body struck the water alongside drenching me with spray. I immediately backed water and secured the object which proved to be the body of a duck, bloodless, and with no sign of how it had met its death. I looked all about but could see nothing except a small sloop cruising a half-mile outside of me. The distance to the land was not more than four hundred yards, but I could see no one on the shore and no puff of smoke such as would come from a rifle.

"Probably using smokeless powder from a blind and tried a chance shot," I thought. But no one appeared to claim the duck and I naturally considered it my property. The shooting had been poor, very poor, that day and the temptation was too strong. I am ashamed to confess it, but I filled that duck with shot at a distance of about twenty yards and took him back to the club as my own prize.

When I reached the club, I found that no one had encountered any better luck than I had. In fact my duck was the only bird of any size that had been bagged. One of my companions, a tall sturdy graduate of Leland Stanford was examining the bird when he burst out with: "What on earth have you been doing to this bird, Montram?"

"Why, what's the matter?"

"It's bruised on its side as if you'd put it through a stone-crusher."

"Must have hit it with an oar," I replied, although I knew that this was not the truth.

"Hit it with an oar be hanged. Why the whole side is caved in. Looks as if had been under a trip-hammer."

"Montram must have stepped on it," suggested another sportsman; for my weight was the joke of the club.

"Settle it among yourselves. Myself, I want some dinner," I replied, and with this we all filed out to the dining-room.

At dinner Jackson, who had first noticed the bruise, refused to let the subject drop and it was threshed out at great length all through the meal. The final opinion seemed to be that I had let some heavy object fall on it, and I was perfectly content to have the dispute end with that. But secretly, I determined to go out to the place where I had found the duck and to try to solve the mystery of its fall.

Accordingly I got up bright and early the next morning. Even the club stewards were sleeping when I crept downstairs, launched a small sailing skiff and departed for the scene of my find. After sailing around near where the duck had fallen, I turned the boat to the shore and landed on

the shelving beach. As I walked along the shore I noticed a small rowboat in one of the salt-water ponds which I spoke of before. In it were two Chinamen with broad-brimmed hats and yellow robes. They seemed to be gathering something from the surface of the pond with a net and I concluded that they were collecting the seaweeds which the Chinese esteem so highly as a table delicacy.

After having watched them for a few minutes I began to search the swamp grass beyond the beach for the blind whose existence I suspected. But nothing rewarded my search. I had given up the search and was walking back to my boat when I noticed in the wet seaweed which had been cast on the beach during the night, a piece of copper. I stooped to pick it up and found that it was a copper cylinder with rounded ends. It was about a foot long, and two-and-a-half inches in diameter. There was a seam running around it about four inches from one end but no apparent means of opening it. It was heavier at one end than at the other so I decided to keep it for a maul to kill fish. I threw it into the boat and sailed back to the clubhouse, arriving there just in time for breakfast.

"Montram's been out trying to work off some flesh I guess," remarked Jackson, as I entered the living-room where they were all assembled preparatory to going in to breakfast.

"I didn't lose any flesh," I replied, "but I found something better." And I handed him the copper cylinder.

"What in thunder? Say where did you get this, Montram?" he asked.

"Found it on the beach. What do you make of it."

"Looks like a petrified sausage," remarked "Gus" Appleton, the jokesmith of the club.

"And here's a picture of a dog on it," said Jackson. "I guess you're right, Gus."

I had failed to notice when I picked it up that the cylinder was covered with engraving, much of which was Chinese. We called in one of our clubmen who knew the Chinese language and asked him what the inscription meant. He translated slowly as follows:

"To — open — me — press — eye — of — dog. That's all. Now where is the dog."

The engraving of the dog was found, near the seam and Jackson pressed the rude representation of an eye, but nothing happened.

"O, you idiot," burst out Appleton, "Why don't you press the other eye."

At this remark a roar of laughter went up at poor Jackson who had almost crushed his finger in his efforts. He quickly tried pressing the other eye of the engraving and the cylinder snapped open at the seam. Jackson turned the cylinder over and some dark-brown tablets fell into his hand. A curious odor filled the room and set us all to sniffing. Suddenly Dunton, the man who had translated the Chinese exclaimed "That's opium," and grabbed one of the tablets. He broke it, tasted it, and finally said, "Yes, Montram, you've found about two pounds of good Matwa opium. A mighty rare thing in this country."

At this moment one of the club servants announced that breakfast was ready and we all filed out to the table, leaving the cylinder in the other room. During the meal we talked of nothing but my find and all sorts of hypotheses were offered for its presence on the beach.

Immediately after breakfast we rushed back to examine the cylinder more carefully but, to our utter astonishment, no trace of it could be found. We hunted high and low but had no success and finally had to give up the search.

"Most likely one of the servants took it for the opium," I said.

"Most likely, but they're so close-

mouthed we couldn't make them confess it if they had," replied Dunton. And we had to let it go at that.

That day we spent in fishing and shooting, and after supper the whole club went on a moonlight sail in a large knockabout which had a very commodious refrigerator.

We had been out about an hour and had nearly used up the contents of the refrigerator when the sky became cloudy and we put about for home. We had come out running before the wind and so had to tack in, but Jackson and I were sitting on the deck leaning against the sail, waiting until the skipper's "hard-a-lee" should give us warning to descend to the cockpit before the boom came over.

Suddenly, however, without a moment's warning the skipper put the boat hard about, with the natural result that we were spilled into the water. Our boat had so much headway that we could not catch it, although a couple of oars and loose seats were thrown to us. Supporting ourselves on these, we had time to look about, and saw, only about thirty feet from us, the dark hulk of a small sloop. Towards this we swam, intending to rest on it until our boat tacked about to recover us.

The sloop had a low freeboard and we started to climb aboard but were repulsed by two men, who, appearing from nowhere, bruised our knuckles with thole-pins and compelled us to slide back into the water. Jackson, being thin, was chilled by the water and raging at the inhospitality of the strange boat. I was less affected by the cold and took the matter more philosophically. He swore vehemently that he would have revenge and, as well as the darkness permitted, noted down each detail of her build in his mind, so that he could identify her later.

Soon our boat returned and we were fished out with boathooks and hauled aboard. There we were wrapped in blankets and given the rest of the drinkables. The skipper was very anxious to apologize for spilling us and said that he had luffed on account of the other boat which he had not seen until he was almost upon her. Jackson, to my surprise, said nothing of our being repulsed from the other boat, and I was too sleepy to mention it. So we sailed home and made world's records for getting to bed.

The next morning, before breakfast, Jackson came into my room and abruptly asked me if I had noticed the windlass on the strange sloop we had encountered the night before.

"Slightly," I replied.

"Didn't you think it was a rather strange-looking contrivance?"

"I don't remember having seen anything like it before."

"Well, I've been thinking it over, and I've come to the conclusion that it was a ballista."

"Well, what on earth is a ballista doing on the deck of a fishing sloop."

"That's what has been puzzling me, and I can't think of any solution unless the boat is a floating museum."

"Don't bother your head over it but button this collar for me. I think it must have shrunk."

"Shrunk nothing! You've been doing the other thing. Montram, Montram, you'll end up in a dime museum yet. Everybody this way, greatest wonder of the age, weight four hundred and six—"

"Oh! shut up, and come down to breakfast."

So we went. At the table, we found everyone discussing an article in the last night's paper which had just come in.

"Say, Montram, here's a chance for you to earn two thousand." And with that "Gus" Appleton thrust into my hand a paper and pointed out this column:

Revenue Officers at Fault.
Large Quantities of Opium Being Smuggled.
Big Reward Offered.

The Revenue Officers announce to-night that large quantities of opium are being smuggled in secretly and that a reward of two thousand dollars has been offered for information leading to the apprehension and capture of the criminals.

"Well, what can I do about it?" I asked.

"Tell them about that thing you found," said Appleton.

"Then they'll ask me what I've done with it, and when I tell them it was stolen they'll come down here and make a lot of fuss and most likely, arrest all our cooks. Then we'll starve."

"We will, but you'll only lose weight," came from Jackson.

"No, seriously I don't think it would be of any use to tell them, and it certainly would be a lot of trouble."

"Then don't, lazy one. But for Heaven's sake, eat your breakfast so that we can start off to the swamp after those ducks that Jennings told us about before he left."

So I fell to and managed, by the utmost haste, to finish in half an hour. Then I took my gun, filled my pockets with shells, and went to rejoin my fellow members who had finished their breakfasts long ago and had been impatiently awaiting me. I found them all on the float and a chorus of abuse went up as I made my appearance.

"What in the name of all that's holy have you been doing, Montram? Eating enough for all day?" exclaimed Appleton.

"Why, no. But it takes some time to cook an omelet."

"Omelet! O ye gods! And I had two pieces of toast and a cup of coffee!" This from Jackson.

"Never mind, we'll take it out of him later," said Appleton, "He ought to be able to do enough work for all of us on that breakfast."

So we set off and soon landed at almost the same spot where I had landed the day before. We hauled the boats up on the beach and set off in pairs through the swamp which was filled with small ponds, and covered in places with scraggly brush. Jackson and I soon lost sight of the others as we penetrated deeper into the marsh. We had little success and soon struck out for the large pond which we knew was to the north of us. As we were approaching it, we met two Chinese, dressed in the same way as those I had seen the day before. Each carried over his shoulder a large canvas sack which, as far as we could see, was filled with lumps of some heavy substance. They were unusually tall specimens of their race and did not look like common coolies. On seeing us, the former of the two turned and spoke a few words to his companion, in a low tone, and they then attempted to pass us without a salutation.

"What you got in those bags," asked Jackson.

"No sabee Melican velly well," replied the leader and brushed past us. Jackson turned and looked after them thoughtfully and then pursued his way towards the pond in silence. I followed him, and we soon arrived at the shore of the little salt-water lake.

There we found a small skiff, containing several nets drawn up on the beach. Near the skiff was a small staging constructed of weather-beaten timbers. A short ladder was leaning against this staging and we went up on it, Jackson leading.

"Look Montram," he exclaimed, "you can get a great view from here."

And sure enough, the stage was just high enough to enable one to look over the top of the scrub of the swamp. We could see the ocean from this elevation very easi-

ly, although from the pond, it was hidden by the high beach which divided the pond and the ocean. One corner of the lookout was scarred with fire as if from fireworks or Coston lights.

"I wonder who has been signaling here," said Jackson, "perhaps those Chinamen use it, but what do they want to signal for?"

"They might be connected with the smugglers," I replied.

"True, but what good does it do to signal? No boat could come ashore, for the beach is patrolled by the life-savers, and the revenue officers have put on an extra patrol."

"I haven't had so many things to wonder about in so short a time since I can remember. First comes the cylinder, then that boat, then the Chinamen and lastly this lookout. I'd have to turn detective to solve all these mysteries."

"But you left out the duck, Montram. I wish you'd tell me all you know about that duck. I don't think you told us everything."

I made up my mind that it might shed some light on the other puzzles if I told about the duck and so related the whole episode to Jackson.

"Mystery number five," he said. "It seems to me that all these things must have some kind of connection but hanged if I see how."

"That's because you're not a heaven-born genius. It's all very simple. The duck had heart disease. One of the Chinamen dropped the cylinder. That thing on the boat was a device for throwing the anchor, and the crew were lunatics. The Chinamen are fishers and burned this place in setting off fireworks to some heathen god."

"Oh, shut up, Montram. When you try to imitate Appleton you are odious. Give me a chance to think and I'll have this thing straightened out."

"Oh, very well, Mr. Philosopher. I'm going out in this skiff to find some more ducks with heart disease."

Then I pushed the skiff into the water and rowed out into the pond, leaving Jackson to his reflections. I had profound respect for Jackson and believed that if anyone could find a solution for the puzzles we had encountered, it would be he.

I came across no birds while out on the pond, and soon found the sun rather uncomfortable, so I rowed back to the shore to rejoin Jackson and return to the club. I reached the shore at the point where I had left Jackson, and, after hauling the skiff up beside the staging, started to hunt for him. I walked along the shore in both directions and hallooed as loudly as I could, but no answering sound came, and I finally gave up the hunt in disgust, thinking that he had become tired of waiting for me and gone off to join the others.

Accordingly, I turned towards the ocean beach and after a half-hour's walking and wading, reached the place where we had left our boat. Here I found the others waiting, and at the sight of me all burst into abuse, more or less profane.

"Where in Hades have you been, Montram?"

"Been taking a little walk to Boston?"

"I'm afraid you've hurt yourself hurrying, haven't you?"

"But where's Jackson?"

"I thought he'd come on ahead of me," I replied. "He must have got lost in the swamp, somewhere."

"Jackson lost! Why, man, he knows these marshes better than anyone on the coast."

"What has happened to him then?"

"We're not doing any good by waiting here. Let's go back and hunt for him," said Appleton.

"All right; come on, and the fellow that finds him fire his gun so we won't keep on hunting till doomsday."

(To be continued.)

Handling Coal at a Pennsylvania Mine.

IRVING W. JACKMAN, R. M. T. S., '08.

The land owned by a mining company covers many square miles. The buildings are very numerous, the largest being what is called a breaker house, which is about two hundred feet square. Then there is the engine house, which contains an engine that is connected to a drum carrying an endless cable to the bottom of the mine. This engine is also connected to an electric machine which generates the power for the lights and the electric locomotive in the mine.

The coal banks are very large; one bank sometimes containing many thousand tons of coal. The banks are sometimes piled from one hundred to two hundred feet in height. Outside the breaker house, there is always a large bank of bad coal and slate which has been extracted from the other coal. In this pile, a person may find many interesting things, such as pieces of coal bearing the impression of some small animal or a leaf.

The water system is very extensive, the water being pumped from under the mine up through a two feet pipe to the surface, where it is conducted in pipes or trenches to any small brook or river nearby. This water is very black and cannot be used for any purpose.

The railroad system is a network of rails. First, the rails come from the mine, then run off to a branch where there are many sidings. Here, the cars can be kept ready to be taken to the breaker, or they can be taken direct from the mine to the breaker. The cars are then dumped and sent along to another siding, where they wait to be sent down into the mine again. The Pennsylvania railroad also has tracks to the breaker house where the large cars are filled and sent to all ports.

The entrance into a mine is by a long inclined plane. The walls are not trimmed off at all, but are very irregular, being left just as they happened to be after the blasting. About every three feet, there are heavy timbers of hard pine or oak, for the purpose of strengthening the sides of the tunnels, so there is no danger of their caving in.

The tunnels stretch in every direction as far as there is coal. From these tunnels are rooms where patches of coal were found. After all the coal has been extracted from these rooms, they are used as store-houses.

The mine is lighted by electricity, and there are many lights, making it pleasant for anyone exploring it. In the old mines the miners had no other lights than the little "miner's lamps" which were carried in the hat. This was very dangerous, as they often ignited the gas which accumulated, and caused explosions.

The workers are mostly foreigners, Italians predominating, and they wear just as little clothing as is necessary. The men having charge of the drilling, set a number of drills to work which bore holes about two or three feet deep. Then another set of men come up with dynamite; a little of which they put into each hole. A set of electric wires is attached to them, and everybody gets out of the way. The dynamite is ignited, and the explosion shakes every part of the mine. After the smoke has cleared away, the men run a long line of cars up to the pile of coal that has been broken off the walls. The cars are loaded, and an electric locomotive is attached to them, then they are pushed to the incline, and drawn up to the top.

The cable is very heavy and will stand a great strain. The engine is very large and is capable of doing much more work than is required of it. The cable cars are about six feet long, three feet wide, run on four wheels, and are made of iron, very little wood being used.

The coal is dumped out of the cars coming from the mine into a small chute, an endless belt carries it to the top of the breaker, and from there, it slides down a large iron plate. Here it is picked over by many boys who take out the slate, and it is then allowed to slide into a trench, where it goes into a set of cylindrical screens, which sifts it out into different sizes. The sieves are at an angle of about thirty degrees, the first having very small holes in it. They are revolving all the time, and cause the larger coal to slide into the next sieve, which has slightly larger holes in it, and so on to the largest. It is then sent off into a bin. Each bin will hold about two hundred tons. There are as many bins as there are different sizes of coal. The railroad cars are then run under the bins, a slide is pulled open, the car is filled, and then shipped off.

EVENING.

TWINING LYNES, R. M. T. S. '06.

Oh! gorgeous sunset! This was my only thought at the moment, as I lay motionless in my canoe upon the lake as smooth as a sea of glass. Not a sound disturbed the peaceful stillness and solitude of that closing day. Tiny clouds floated above me. Swallows skimmed and darted over the surface of the lake, catching insects from the air and water. Far, far above, defying mankind, floated a majestic eagle with out-spread wings. I watched him as he gracefully circled round and round, higher and higher until finally he was lost to sight among the clouds.

But the west! There the sky and clouds seemed afire, and there the lake was a sea of molten gold! The sun, slowly sinking behind the distant mountains, crowned their peaks with a splendid yellow, bright and dazzling. Their shadows crept toward me over the water and closed about me as the sun slowly sank behind the ramparts of nature and disappeared. Now the whole heavens were painted with marvelous shadings of red and gold! The still scarlet west changed to deepening hues of vermillion and red, and gradually the light of day was no more; only a dull pink glow in the west. Fascinating! Inspiring!

In the evening, the moon, whose silvering light spread over all, rose from behind a wooded mountain and reigned supreme. The lake reflected more clearly the dark-wooded shore which loomed up around me, far and near, like a great army of besiegers, unable to advance. Their arms played in fantastic shadows across the water, when a slight breeze strayed in from afar. The mournful cry of a whip-poor-will rose from the gleaming swamp nearby and ceased as suddenly as it had begun. Once or twice a shooting star called my attention to the sky, now deep blue and beauteous with innumerable eyes, some constant and clear, others dim and twinkling. From somewhere over the now quiet waters came the peculiar weird cry of a loon, which, though discordant, seemed to belong to the time and place. Far in the distance shone the light of a mountain camp-fire, and as I slowly paddled to my own camp a sense of comfort and satisfaction crept into my soul. I looked out on the lake once more. A breeze had sprung up, and I fell asleep to dream of a Utopian realm.

Graduate Drama.

On Friday evening, March 23, the class of 1905, Cambridge Latin School, presented the annual drama in aid of the Athletic Association to an audience that was by no means slow to express its appreciation of the clever little comedy, and its excellent presentation.

MOLLY FORD, a Young Bride,
MISS ALTA M. EATON
RICHARD FORD, Molly's Husband,
EDWARD L. BENNETT
ROBERT SHEPARD, Molly's Brother,
EDMUND S. KELLEY
MAX TEN EYCK, Robert's Chum,
WALWORTH K. BRADBURY
DOROTHY MARCH, engaged to Max—guest of Mrs. Ford.....MISS ANNIE A. BRADEEN
JUNE HAVERHILL, Wellesley, '06, doing some special investigation for economic courses during summer....MISS EDNA K. DOUGHERTY
JOHN HUME, Rector of St. Agnes..BRUCE ELWELL

SYNOPSIS.

Act. I. Morning-room at Mrs. Ford's House.
Eight A. M.
Act. II. Corner of Mrs. Ford's Garden.
Five A. M. The Following Day.
Act. III. Same.
Evening of Same Day.
Place.—Pleasant Hill, a suburb of New York City.
Time.—Summer of 1905.

"The Elopement of Ellen," a comedy in three acts, was written by a Wellesley graduate, and the plot is a clever confusion of engagements, woven about the investigations in economics of Miss June Haverhill, a Wellesley Senior. Mr. and Mrs. Ford have been married and keeping house only six weeks, and Mrs. Ford has her first guests staying with her — Dorothy March, to whom Mrs. Ford has boasted much of her house-keeping, and Max Ten Eyck, Dorothy's fiance. Mrs. Ford's brother Richard is also staying at the house. The morning after Dorothy's arrival, Mrs. Ford discovers that Ellen, the house-maid, has eloped. She telephones to a New York employment bureau for someone to take the maid's place, and June Haverhill, who is specializing in economics, and inquiring into the servant girl problem, arrives on the next train. She intends to stay only for the day, obtain all the information possible, and then disappear. She is discovered, however, by Robert Shepard, an old friend, who used to call on her at Wellesley. She confesses her plan to him, and he, after swearing to keep her secret, persuades her to stay for just one night and try the golf links with him early in the morning, before the family is up. The inevitable engagement follows.

Max Ten Eyck and Dorothy March have been forced into an engagement by the peculiar will of an old aunt, who has left them two hundred thousand dollars apiece on condition that they marry each other. They begin to regret that they married for money rather than for love, decide finally to break off the engagement, and sign an agreement to that effect. Then, they discover that they really do love each other after all, and become engaged all over again. Max had had a little affair with June Haverhill, had promised to be true until death, etc., and is somewhat alarmed at the appearance of Miss Haverhill on the scene.

Throughout all the confusion, the Reverend John Hume is ever in evidence, with his carefully prepared notes, his embarrassed manners, and his wonderful propensity for saying the wrong thing at the wrong moment. But it all comes out right in the end, and Mr. Hume is the only one who gets stung.

As Mrs. Molly Ford, Miss Eaton was all that could be desired. She had a natural part, and she played it in a natural, easy manner. Throughout she was the happy, vivacious young wife that the part called for, and her portrayal added much to the pleasure of the performance.

Mr. Bennett was very good as Richard Ford, the adoring husband. His part did not call for a large amount of acting, but he made the most of his few opportunities and was very acceptable.

Mr. Kelly portrayed very well the char-

acter of Robert Shepherd, Molly's bachelor brother. Throughout all his various feelings of despair at being surrounded by nothing but engaged couples, of surprise at finding Miss Haverhill, and of joy when she decides to remain at the house, he was ever the gay young bachelor, ready for a lark or a flirtation at any and all times.

Mr. Bradbury did not have a chance to display his abilities in the part of Max Ten Eyck. He did, however, bring forth all there was in the part, and it would have been hard, indeed, to improve upon his performance. In the scene with Dorothy March, where they break off their engagement, he was perhaps especially good, but it would be well-nigh impossible to pick out one place that was better than another.

Miss Brodeen maintained the reputation which she has made in former years, and made the part of Dorothy March most interesting. She, too, was good in the scene with Mr. Bradbury in the second act, and like his, her performance was uniformly excellent.

The part of June Haverhill was well taken care of by Miss Dougherty. As Hul Svenson, house-maid, she was charming; as June Haverhill, Mrs. Ford's guest, she was more so. Besieged on one side by a man who wanted to marry her, and on the other by a man who thought she wanted to marry him, she made them both happy, and brought order out of chaos.

Mr. Elwell, who was the only farcical character, made John Hume truly ludicrous. His natural voice was well suited to the part, and his constant reference to his note-book, his embarrassment, and his propensity for getting into trouble kept the audience in constant laughter.

The affair was a success in every way, and those who took part deserve the thanks of the school. To Mr. Bradbury, especially, belongs much praise for his work. Most people find that to manage a show or to take part in one is a difficult task. Mr. Bradbury did both, and did both unusually well.

TRAINING SCHOOL SENIOR DRAMA.

On Friday evening, March 9, the class of 1906, Training School, held its drama and dance at Newtowne Club Hall. North Cambridge.

The attendance was very good for such bad weather, and was certainly a fine testimonial to the popularity of the Training School Senior dramas. About four hundred people were present and enjoyed to the fullest extent the presentation of the drama, "A Victim of Circumstances."

From beginning to end, it was a decided success, and was a credit to every fellow participating as well as to the coach, Mr. Albert S. Whiting.

The costumes were excellent and when combined with the ease with which the fellows took their parts and lost their own identity, made the drama one of the best given this year.

GENERAL BLAKE, a Retired Merchant,
FRANK W. HODGES
CHARLES BLAKE, His Son..RICHARD W. GRANT
HARRY DODSWORTH, Charles' Friend,
CARL C. DUDLEY
PROFESSOR KRIEGER, a German Professor,
FREDERICK D. MURDOCK
1999, a W. U. T. S. CO. MESSENGER,
JAMES B. KAINE
ELEANOR } The General's } J. H. ELLIOTT
MARGARET } Daughters, } O. S. KINSMAN
CHIPS, a Butler.....RICHARD S. HURSH
KITTY, a Maid.....N. H. MALMSTROM
REG. W. CURTIS, Promptor.

The play, in two acts, was of the endeavors of General Blake to enter New York's four hundred which were in no wise abetted by the actions of his son, Charles, whose feigned attendance at a leading musical school led his father to wish to call upon his professor of music. Charles,

seeing no way out, tells his father his professor is to visit him that day.

Charles now hires a messenger boy to make up as a professor, and believing he will not show up, he gets his friend to help him out. Both appear as professors, and then the real professor appears who is much incensed over an article in the morning paper which states that he is making a visit at the Blake residence. Professor Krieger is only appeased by a liberal offer to become the musical instructor of the General's children.

Mr. Frank W. Hodges, as General Blake, an aspirant to New York social honors, and a veteran of the Civil War, was very pleasing, and his efforts to entertain the bogus professors and to preside over his home amidst difficulties were carried out most realistically.

Mr. R. W. Grant, as the erring son of the General was very successful, and played his part to perfection. His butler scene in Act II was very good and his method of serving soup at this time provoked much merriment.

Mr. Carl C. Dudley gave an interesting portrayal of the dutiful friend and as a bogus professor did very well. His solo in Act II was well rendered (?).

The real professor Krieger by Mr. Frederick D. Murdock, gave a chance for some good acting and much feeling, and in this he was not lacking. His first appearance was especially good, and, altogether, he gave a fine performance.

As 1999, a messenger boy of the typical type, Mr. James B. Kaine was very clever. He was very much at home and did not overdo his part. His was an extremely funny character and for an amateur he gave an excellent exhibition. His action as the messenger boy, in Act I, with all the requirements of the same, such as the dime novel, newsboy's swagger and talk, kept the audience in a continual uproar. As a bogus professor in Act II, his dutch enunciation combined with his messenger boy grammar and philosophy brought out his true worth in this line, while his musical ability could not be doubted after the "Storm."

Eleanor and Margaret, daughters of General Blake were amply taken care of by Mr. James H. Elliott and Mr. Osgood S. Kinsman respectfully, and while they were not thoroughly at home in feminine garb, they gave very creditable performances.

Mr. Nels H. Malstrom, as a maid, Kitty, while not quite in his element as a girl, did very well indeed and got over his first long speech at the very beginning of the play well which lent color to the whole play by a good beginning.

Mr. R. S. Hursh, as Chips, a colored butler, showed considerable talent as a coon linguist, and his performance was very creditable in that he had only about ten days in which to learn his part.

After the drama, dancing was enjoyed until one o'clock, the floor being in charge of President Park of the class.

SEA-WROUGHT FANCIES.

BEATRICE MARSH, C. H. S., '07.

Watch the clouds floating by,
See the birds as they fly
In the far-off distant land
Quite remote from mortal hand,
Out of reach of any thing —
Yet how clear we hear them sing!

Many boats on the sea,
Floating flags of the free;
And along the water's edge
Rippling waves their music pledge.
While the fishes smoothly glide
In and out the flowing tide.

Now the howl of the wind
Coming night brings to mind
And so silently the sun
Sinks from sight: his task is done;
And the stars their tribute pay
To the close of one short day.

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The next issue of the REVIEW will appear on Thursday, May 17. All copy must be in on Wednesday, May 2.

On Wednesday evening, April 18, there will be a concert in the High School Hall in aid of the base-ball team. Tickets, at twenty-five cents each, may be obtained at the school.

We hope to have new cuts and department headings throughout in the June number. If you have any artistic ability, we should be more than pleased to receive contributions. Kindly speak to the editor or the business manager in regard to specifications before attempting to draw.

Any school in which there is a chess club is requested to communicate with W. B. Durant, Jr., Cambridge Latin School.

There are two months more in which to try for the positions of editor and business manager of the REVIEW. No choice has been made as yet.

As usual, the REVIEW may be found on sale at Amee's, Harvard Square; Beunke's, Central Square, and Parker's, Inman Square.

Independence Day in Athens.

C. I. CLAFLIN, 1907, C. L. S.

The returning spring recalls to memory those springtime days which it was once my good fortune to spend in Athens. Not the least pleasant of these was the Greek Independence Day. The twenty-fifth of March, by the Julian calendar still used in Greece, the seventh of April, according to ours, is the anniversary of the declaration by the powers in 1830, of Greek independence. In the keen national feeling which its commemoration awakens in this patriotic people, it corresponds to the American Fourth of July.

The morning of the day was celebrated, in the year we were there, by a service in the Cathedral. On our way thither we passed many buildings draped with blue and white, the national colors, and the porch of the Cathedral itself was hung with flags. The interior was open, with customary Greek hospitality, to all foreigners, though only a few specially privileged Greeks were admitted. A lane was formed through the middle of the crowd by two ranks of military officers, their breasts blazing with orders.

Down this lane the Metropolitan of Athens, the Primate of Greece, passed to the door, where he stood a long time. His vestments were cloth-of-gold; he wore a great gold crown, and carried a long crosier, with golden serpents coiling about the head. The four attendant priests were also in cloth-of-gold. As the sun struck them on the threshold, they glistened almost too brightly for the eyes to bear.

At length the Royal Family appeared, and followed the Archbishop at a rapid gait into the body of the church. Here we could no longer see what went on, but heard the priests chanting, while from time to time a deep-voiced choir responded, "Kyrie Eleison"— "Lord, have mercy."

In a Greek church there are only a few seats, reserved for the aged and infirm; all others stand, or kneel. On this occasion, luckily, the thanksgiving ceremonial was brief. As she turned to go, the Queen stooped and kissed the Archbishop's hand. Then the Royal Family walked slowly down between the bowing lines, and I had a good view of them. First came King George, a tall, handsome man, of the blond Norse type, and beside him Queen Olga, slight and graceful, with a sweet, rather sad face. Then came Crown Prince Constantine and Crown Princess Sophia, sister to the German Emperor, and after them Prince Nicholas and his sister, Princess Marie. The boy-princes, Andreas and Christopher, brought up the rear, followed by a long train of Court officials. Like the other branches of this Danish house which now occupies so many European thrones, they are all fine-looking, with their stalwart frames and frank, intelligent faces.

In the afternoon a procession was held in the streets, consisting of representatives from all parts of the country, in their picturesque local costumes. At the head walked two Cretans, carrying the flag of their island. Its appearance was greeted by vehement cheering and applause, showing how strong is the tie of kinship between free Hellas and her children still under Turkish dominion. Other islanders followed in their baggy blue or red trousers, mountaineers in white kilts, with many banners and emblems. All the while martial music was played, winding up with the inspiring national hymn.

In the evening the Acropolis was to be illuminated. We took our seats on the house-top with some misgiving lest the thing should seem a desecration, gaudy and out of keeping. We need not have feared. A sudden radiance threw the wan marbles out against the blackness of the sky. Then, rising and falling, changing from hue to

hue, a soft light played about the broken shrines, bathing, caressing every column in quivering waves of splendor, stealing tenderly about the Parthéon, melting the white into rose, green, violet, gold, till the sight seemed the vision of a dream, and Athene seemed to have returned, to reign once more over her beloved city.

The Spirits of the Storm.

F. A. HUBBARD.

It was late afternoon, on the side of one of the Alps. A little party, consisting of four travelers and two guides, had been climbing all day in the teeth of a fierce wind, and had miscalculated the time necessary to reach the next shelter. Now, with night coming on and a storm threatening, they were making such haste as their weariness allowed, but their progress was so slow that the guides were looking at each other in silent terror.

Suddenly, driven by the wind down from the peaks came a thick fog, and behind it rain, flying almost horizontally from the force of the storm. Objects out of reach became blurred and indistinct, and a rod away everything was swallowed up in a universal grayness. "Keep close together," called a guide, a necessary warning, for although they were almost touching, the head of the column was quite invisible from the rear.

So they were stumbling along, when a voice, seeming to come from the left of the path, reached their ears. "Help!" it called. Then the blanket of the fog lifted a little, and there, only a few rods away, appeared two shadowy figures, a man and a woman, reaching out their arms frantically, and beckoning for rescue.

"Come ahead," called one of the guides to them, but they did not move, and again that wild cry "Help!" was brought down by the wind. "They may be hurt," said one of the foreigners; "We must help them," and accordingly the whole party left the path and plunged off towards the figures.

Just as they almost reached the spot, a blast, fiercer than any before, swept down and drove the fog into their faces again, hiding everything. The leader stretched out his hand to grasp the form which had been before him, but he felt nothing but the rain and wind. He strove to pierce the whiteness with his eyes, but in vain. All his search was fruitless.

All at once he turned to his companions. "It is death," he cried, with terror in his voice. "We have seen the spirits of the storm, and they have marked us for their own. Did you not see how they beckoned us to come?" "Nonsense," responded one of the travelers; "It's just our imagination. Lead us back to the path." "Ah, sir," cried the guide, "That is their power. The path cannot be found."

"From the direction of the wind," said the other, "It must be over there." "You cannot tell by that; the wind has changed twenty times since we left the path." "Let us keep moving as best we can," suggested another. "We may happen upon the shelter, and we can at least stay alive a little longer."

They pushed forward blindly into the storm. Then once again the fog lifted a little, and the leader turned. "The spirits are beaten," he shouted. "See yonder the cross before the shelter." Indeed, there it was, not vague like the figures, but outlined black against the gray. They reached it, they touched it, it was real. But what was this carved upon it: "This marks the grave of four men, names unknown, lost in the great storm of '93."

Then the mist blotted out the rest, and their hope became despair as they fell before the mocking tombstone.

Girls' Athletic Meets.

LATIN SCHOOL.

On March 21st, the Latin School Meet, comprising eight events, was held in the Latin School Gym.

The finals were as follows:—

Relay race: won by 1909; second, 1908; third, 1907.

Floor work: won by 1908; 1909 and 1907 tied for second place.

Medicine ball: won by 1908; second 1907; third, 1910.

Running high jump: won by Miss Babson, 1907, 4 ft.; second, Miss Brooks, 1910, 3 ft. 11 in.; third, Miss Portrast, 1910, 3 ft. 10 in.

Potato race: won by 1907; second, 1909; third, 1910.

Standing broad jump: won by Miss Babson, 1907, 7 ft. 2¼ in.; second, Miss Brooks, 1910, 7 ft. ½ in.; third, Miss Cowlishaw, 1909, 6 ft. 7½ in.

Volley ball: won by 1910; second, 1907; third, 1909.

Goal throwing: 1907 and 1909 tied for first place; second, —; third, 1910.

Summary: won by 1907; second, 1909; third, 1910.

Referee and starter: Miss Howard.

Judges: Miss Shaw, Miss Westgate, Mrs. Currier.

Clerk: Miss Faucett.

Assistants: Miss Marshall, Miss Martin, Miss Arnold, Miss Graustein.

HIGH SCHOOL.

On Wednesday afternoon, March 14th, the High School Athletic Meet, comprising eight events — relay race, floor work, medicine ball, running high jump, potato race, standing broad jump, volley ball and goal throwing, — was held in the Latin School Gym, commencing at 2:45.

The finals were as follows:—

Relay race; won by 1907; second, 1909; third, 1906.

Floor work: won by 1906; second, 1907; third, 1909.

Medicine ball: won by 1909; second, 1907; third, 1906.

Running high jump: won by Miss Vaughan, 1909, 4 ft.; second, Miss Maynard, 1907, 3 ft. 11 in.; third, Miss G. Ivers, 1906, 3 ft. 10 in.

Potato race: won by 1907; second, 1908; third, 1909.

Standing broad jump: won by Miss Vaughan, 1909, 5 ft. 8 in.; second, Miss Russell, 1908, 5 ft. 5½ in.; third, Miss Roberts, 1906, 5 ft. 5 in.

Volley ball: won by 1907; second, 1908; third, 1906.

Goal throwing: won by 1907; second, 1906; third, 1909.

Summary: won by 1907; second, 1909; third, 1906.

Referee and starter: Miss Howard.

Judges: Mrs. Currier, Miss Shaw, Miss Westgate.

Clerks: Miss Cunningham, Miss Bachelder.

Assistants: Miss Sleeper, Miss Greene, Miss Cooper, Miss Derby.

LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL MEET.

On March 28th, the interscholastic meet between the Latin and High was held in the Latin School Gym. High School won with 37 points to Latin School's 34.

The finals were as follows:—

Relay race: won by High School; second, High School; third, High School.

Floor work: won by High School; second, Latin School; third, Latin School.

Medicine ball: won by High School; second, High School; third, Latin School.

Running high jump: won by Miss Babson, Latin School; second, Miss Brooks, Latin School; third, Miss Vaughan, High School.

Potato race: won by High School; second, High School; third, Latin School.

Standing broad jump: won by Miss Babson, Latin School; second, Miss Russell, High School; third, Miss Brooks, Latin School.

Volley ball: won by Latin School; second, Latin School; third, Latin School.

Goal throwing: won by Latin School, second, High School.

Summary: High School, 37 points; Latin School, 34 points.

Referee and Starter: Miss Howard.

Judges: Miss Shaw, Miss Pierce, Mrs. Currier.

Clerk: Miss Faucett.

Assistants: Miss Arnold, C. L. S.; Miss Graustein, C. L. S.; Miss Derby, E. H. S.; Miss Cooper, E. H. S.

A unique and enjoyable feature of the afternoon was the band, for which we thank Mr. Bradbury. Both schools were well represented by the girls and, we are *very glad* to say, by the teachers. It is gratifying to the girls to have the teachers prove their interest in this way in the sports.

High School, 30. Posse Gym, 9.

On Friday, February 16th, the 'Varsity played Posse Gymnasium in the Latin School Gymnasium, Cambridge, and were defeated by a score of 30 to 9. Both teams put up a fine game and worked hard.

The lineup was as follows:—

Posse.	'Varsity.
Goals.	
Miss Hicks (Capt.)	Miss Furfey
Miss Rice	Miss Higgins
Miss Templeton	Miss Sullivan (Acting Capt.)
Guards.	
Miss Sands	Miss Roberts
Miss Perry	Miss Russell
Miss Melvin	Miss G. Ivers
Centers.	
Miss MacLaughlin (J.C.)	Miss Van Horne (J.C.)
Miss Currier	Miss Brannen
Miss Fitzmeyer	Miss Collins

Time: One fifteen minute period and two ten.

Referee: Miss Howard.

Timekeepers: Miss Ivers, Mr. Durrell.

High School, 13. Alumni, 1.

On March 2nd, the High School 'Varsity defeated the Alumni by a score of 13—1.

The lineup was:—

High School.	Alumni.
Goals.	
Miss Collins	Miss Beunke
Miss Furfey	Miss Chase
Miss Higgins	Miss Gray
Guards.	
Miss Russell	Miss Wentworth
Miss Maynard	Miss Gregory
Miss G. Ivers (Acting Capt.)	Mrs. Batchelder
Centers.	
Miss Culhane	
Miss Connell (J.C.)	Miss Hood (J.C.)
Miss Husband	Miss Holmberg
Miss Brannen	Miss Cabot

Time: Two fifteen minute halves.

Referee: Miss Howard.

Timekeeper: Miss Ivers.

Salem High, 31. High School, 10.

On Saturday, March 17th, the High School 'Varsity played Salem High at Salem, and were defeated by a score of 31—10.

The lineup was as follows:—

High School.	Salem.
Goals.	
Miss Sullivan (Capt.)	Miss Gibson
Miss Furfey	Miss Fox
Miss Higgins	Miss James
Guards.	
Miss Roberts	Miss McDonough
Miss G. Ivers	Miss Morant
Miss Connell	Miss Remon

Centers.

Miss Husband (J.C.)	Miss Pickering (Capt. and J.C.)
Miss Collins	Miss Batchelder
Miss Brannen	Miss Brown

Time: Two fifteen minute halves.

Referee: 1st half, Mr. Mulligan; 2nd half, Miss Howard.

Timekeepers: Mr. Atwood, Miss Ivers.

Training School Athletics.

R. M. T. S., 29. Medford H. S., 15.

At the Cambridge Y. M. C. A. on March 2nd, Rindge defeated the Medford team by the score of 29—15. The best playing was done by Beunke for R. M. T. S., and by Saukman for Medford.

Lineup:—

R. M. T. S.	Medford H. S.
Beunke, rf	rf, Greenwood
Clukas, lf	lf, Saukman
Thompson, c	c, Bentley
Kaine, rb	rb, Meredith
Coghlan (Sibley), lb	lb, Hall

Score: R. M. T. S., 29; Medford, 15.

Goals from floor: Beunke, 7; Clukas, 2; Thompson, 2; Kaine, —; Saukman, 5; Bentley, 2. Referee: Foster.

R. M. T. S., 40. Melrose High, 6.

On March 8th, R. M. T. S. was to have played the Melrose first team but on account of their crippled condition they were obliged to send their second team. The game was too one sided to be interesting, Rindge being well in the lead throughout the entire game. The best work was done by Park, who acted as captain on account of Beunke's absence. Morril excelling for Melrose.

Lineup:—

R. M. T. S.	Melrose.
Park, rf	rf, Vaitses
Clukas, lf	lf, Hantial
Coghlan (Dayton), c	c, Smith
Kaine, rb	rb, Morril
McKenzie (Coghlan), lb	lb, Ward

Score: R. M. T. S., 40; Melrose, 6.

Goals from floor: Park, 8; Clukas, 5; Coghlan, 5; Morril, 3; Referee: Beunke.

BASE-BALL.

The Base-ball Team has been unable to get in any out-door practice on account of the recent snow storms; but the batteries have been getting in some good work in the basement, the pitchers being under the supervision of Mr. Firell.

The following schedule has been made out by Manager Ferdinand:

April 4	Roxbury Latin, at Camb. Com.
10	Mechanic Arts, at Camb. Com.
13	Brookline High, at Brookline.
14	Newtowne Club, at Camb. Com.
19	Somerville High, at Somerville.
21	Dean Academy, at Franklin.
24	Medford High, at Medford.
27	Newton High, at Newton.
May 2	B. E. H. S., at Boston.*
5	Malden High, at Malden.*
9	Dorchester High, at Dorch's'r.*
12	Groton, at Groton.
17	C. L. S., at Camb. Common.
19	Wakefield High, at Wakefield.
23	Dorchester High, at Dorch's'r.*
26	Somerville High, at Som'rville.*
30	Malden High, at Malden.*
June 1	C. H. S., at Camb. Common.
4	Concord High, at Concord.
6	Arlington High, at Arlington.
9	Gloucester High, at Gloucester.
13	B. E. H. S., at Boston.*
16	Open.
19	Melrose High, at Melrose.
21	Ballou and Hobigand, at Camb. Common.
23	Somerville High, at Som'rville.*

*Interscholastic League Games.

Latin School Notes.

1906.

How doth the busy teacher
Improve each shining minute?
By getting out the conduct book
And putting black marks in it.

Heard in English Class: "Population does not vary as the number of people"!!!

"Vesta arborea—a wooden vesta."

C-l-y: "Cyclades=Cy Klads, who were people that lived in the sea."

How we do miss our daily dance!

We wonder if Diomedes and Glaucus exchanged class pictures as well as other gifts.

It's rather expensive for some of us to start on Cicero again, and so disappointing after we had just got ones for the last half of the Aeneid.

We're on the last lap now, so cheer up!

The question of the moment: To lift those marks over sixty.

From the introduction to Burke's speech: "Burke's style was clear and lucid, always bringing out the point forcibly." We should like to meet the person who wrote that.

Aeneas' hissing crest might well have been called "loud clothes."

It would seem that the habit of taking snuff has been revived by the class of '06.

"δολιχοσκιον—umbrageous." Whew!

It might be pertinent to inquire why a German band should be allowed to enjoy privileges which the masculine members of the school are denied.

1907.

Mrs. Burton entertained the class at her home on Saturday, February 17. "A delightful evening" was the verdict of all who attended.

By a strange coincidence some of us got twenty-three per cent. on a Harvard paper.

The following is the latest about Philomel: "Philomel was cup-bearer to Jove. She tripped"!

"The Naiades were *fresh water nymphs"!* Query—where does the hyphen belong?

"What were 'swains'?"
Pupil—"An antiquated name for *pigs"!*

"Yet some there be——"
Miss F.: "What is better here, than 'be'?"
Voice from the rear: "Am."

Miss H-b-d's startling German translation: "Here and there the foot-soldiers were walking around *lifeless"!*

"Does pall (Paul) suggest more than darkness?"

Three cheers for Miss Babson! She was the whole show in the meet, and captain of the 'Varsity basket-ball team, next year!

"Subrusticus—slightly rustic."

Ask D-n-e for his opinion of L'Allegro.

"If 'subterranean' means under the earth, what does 'Mediterranean' mean?"
Miss H.: "Under the Mediterranean Sea."

"An ounce is a small animal weighing about one-sixteenth of a pound."

"Rosy twine"=pink string.

How long since "Hibernia" has meant Spain?

"Hujus lateris alter angulus—The opposite corner of the other angle of this side."

Latest definition of a lyric poem: "A lyric poem is a poem written by a *lyre*"!

New rule in Geometric Progression: "23 means to repeat the 23 indefinitely"!

The class as a whole has improved greatly in its conduct mark. There is hope for us yet.

"Cypress lawn"=nun's veiling.

"Where is Delos, B?"
B: "In the midst of the Aegean, half way down."

It seems strange that Ch-m-b-n and Miss H-b-d should both be so well versed in the "affaires de coeur."

"Give the derivation of 'kerchief.'"
J-y-e: "From *couvrir*=to cover+*chef*=*cook*, ∴ kerchief=a covering for the cook."

Miss B. to M-v-n: "What does *dire* mean?"

"Pater Anchises passis de litore palmis—Father Anchises stretching out his hands over the shore."

"Nec sopor illud erat—That was no dream"!

"Socii feriunt mare—Our companions beat up the sea."

1908.

Teacher: "The greatest prime minister of the age had for his motto—Don't get any of that on the floor, G-t-n."

"Elle quitta en riant le bras d'Orso—She left Orso's arms weeping."

H—e's hobby is "the simple life."

L—n and M—n seem to be synonymous terms in Latin class.

Teacher: "Why is that syllable long?"
Pupil: "Oh it just happened."

Does "skidoo" come from *scindo*, and "moxie" from *mox*?

Mr. D.: "H-d-h, if you can't keep amused, I'll bring you some playthings from home."

B-s-n, translating: "I, crazy," etc.

Harris (after an easy pop question has been round the greater part of the division): "You didn't ask me."

Do we all know what a "niche" is, and how it is pronounced?

Heard in German: "Her cheeks began to bleach"!! "Auf den Barnhof—to the barnyard." Div. IV has some good guessers.

"A toy, a toy, my kingdom for a toy!"

"Er faltete begeistert die Hände — he felt that his hands were inspired." What a pleasant sensation it must have been!

Pupil (coming to the words *umschlangen sie zwei Arme*): "I can't do it."
Teacher: "Just use your imagination a little."

Teacher (in French): "Now put this in the very best order."
Miss F.: "Say it backward."

1909.

"Mulieribus in æstuaria—The old women in the brook."

Ask Miss C—wl-y what she means by "the ends of the sides of a circumference."

Miss D—m-er tells us that one-fourth of a circumference is called a right triangle.

F. W-i-l is interested in palmistry. Palms read at a reasonable price.

Miss H—m-s and Miss G—ong, how did you enjoy the lunch at the transfer station?

Miss Ch—e informs us that "he wept in many tears." Poor thing!

Isn't the "Goodale" method in Geometry simple, Div. II?

Strange coincidence, that lettering of a Geometry figure, wasn't it, Miss Chase?

Teacher: "By what method do we prove this theorem?"
Voice: "By the absurd method."

B—a-e (translating): "Divitiacus embraced Cæsar with many tears."

The following are some of the definitions given in "The Ancient Mariner": Shroud=a prayer; kin=the eye; bassoon =an instrument played by the wind.

1910.

If the members of the class would buy their tickets for the social instead of paying at the door, it would help the social committee very much in figuring as to the refreshments.

Boys—join the Debating Society.

Teacher: "What does 'votaress' mean?"
Wh-e: "A woman that is allowed to vote."

23 for W-ll-e.

Edward II couldn't put down a cat.

G-z-l-i likes to sharpen pencils for his teachers.

Teacher: "Who was Edward II's chief favorite?"
L-n-h: "Piers Gravestone."

Teacher: "Tell something about Cardinal Morton."
Pupil: "He had a fork."

Teacher: "Who were the mendicant friars?"
Miss A.: "Friars who knew more about medicine than the rest."

Teacher: "Who was Ellen?"
M-s-n: "The daughter of her mother."

"Henry VII gave Symnel a place in the kitchen washing dishes."

Training School Notes.

1906.

Mr. Hill: "Claflin, what would happen if you put a piece of sodium in some pure hydrochloric acid?"

Kaine: "Bang!!"

Now's the time to have your pictures taken; don't wait until the rush at the end of the season.

L-a-i-t has kindly transferred the honorable title of "kid" to E-l-ot.

All the fellows in I College A will be grateful to any one wishing to contribute towards paying the "midnight gas" bill.

Mr. W.: "Murphy, how am I to know whether you understand or not if you don't raise your hand?"

Murphy: "By the bright look on my face."

Let's have a good class team in base ball this year, good enough to even beat the instructors.

Mr. S.: "Well, but didn't you have twenty problems on work last night?"

L-n-s: "Only ten of them were on work, but they all involved work."

Mr. R. (to fellows who came into the drawing room late): "You fellows want to take an earlier boat."

Kaine: "A marcel wave struck us."

We are all very sorry that Beunke has left us to go into business.

1907.

Wilson informs us that Goldsmith dressed well to get on the right side of the lady. Mr. Brown recommends the left side as being nearer her heart.

It took O. Strong, of the "keep a-plugging away" type, to make 1=2, i.e.:

$$x^2 = x^2$$
$$x^2 - x^2 = x^2 - x^2$$
$$x(x-x) = (x+x)(x-x)$$
$$x = 2x$$
$$1 = 2$$

Our drawing room is a phonograph repair shop. MacPherson, proprietor of the perpetual motion phonograph, is having his machine muffled.

"That fellow talks more than any girl I know of."

Davis and Wilson successfully downed Napoleon during drawing class.

Mr. Markham has recently built a hot air tank in the machine shop.

Henderson was absent from drawing class. So was considerable noise, according to Mr. Rich.

Strong says, "A guinea is not money. He sells bananas."

Rather strange Allen could not put expression into translation of "J'aime."

Miss Ellis is trying hard to bring Miles up on a bad ankle.

Hereafter Miles will not be covered after 6 on certain mornings.

We are pleased to announce Curtis Webb as self constituted mayor. By appointment Wilson is city clerk.

On that (hard) judgment seat "he was weighed in the balance and found wanting."

"Ingratiate."

1908

Welcome, Cremens!

All of division A regret the leaving of one of their number, he having taken up work in Boston.

"Were you whispering, Bres?" "No, I was communicating with my fingers."

Caché, a new word for "cow."

The latest expression during shop periods—"He's going over to grind."

Barnard tells us that one king was entirely different from the other fellow.

We are wondering how T. E. A. can have anything to do with making the Chinese intoxicated.

Willis, while talking about the destruction of the Gaspee said, "The skipper knew where there was a bar." And he wondered why we laughed.

Instructor: "How did the ship run aground?"
True: "It struck shallow water."

Teacher: "If the (pas) pa's would get after some of their sons in this class, we would know more French.

Clanson said that they even started to use force.

Instructor in History: "What was the 5th of March?"
Student: "St. Patrick's Day."

Remember, fellows, legal trading stamps were not issued in 1769.

Teacher: "What are you drawing?"
Pupil: "Lines."
Lynes, overhearing the conversation, wishes to see his image.

Arey will guarantee to turn anyone's hair red, if they will sit in front of him for a few seconds.

Our assistant forger and classmate, Allen, will gladly instruct new pupils at his demonstration anvil from 10.30 until quarter of 12.

Choses—meaning "daisies."

While reading "La Dernière Classe" we were informed that our last lesson in French had arrived. Groans are heard from all parts of the room. How sad it was not true.

Oub (Oh you be) that is incorrect.

Pupil: "Mine is wrong, but I ought to have (it)."

The doctors say a man should take enough exercise to feel healthily tired.
Good advice to our *husky* forgers.

Teacher: "Are you sure the fellows threw those at you?"
Pupil: "Yes, I caught them in the act."

T—: "I found a hair on your coat."
H—: "Well, keep it dark."
T—: "I can't; it's a blonde hair."

(Continued on page 29).

High School Notes.

1906.

We congratulate 1907 on winning the meet.

Did you see the '06 dog at the meet?

Miss McN-m- and Miss L. W-l-on are going to do the B flat act in the Schubert selection.

We wonder what W-ll-ms thinks of in his secluded nook in the Science Lecture room.

What made Miss Haley think *"Tears"* was the subject of the song in the English lesson?

We are glad to see Miss Delvy back at the gym. again.

We are very sorry to lose Miss Brannen from our class.

Never mind, girls, it is better to come in third than fourth!

Some of the desks in the Senior Room prove a great attraction for some of the girls of 1908 and 1909.

The gym. girls wish to congratulate Miss Collins of 1908, on her fine playing in the Alumni game.

Miss P-r-y, do those cheese crackers go down easily fourth hour?

We wonder if Miss Davison is still "picking cherries."

A very pleasant social was held at the home of Miss Broughton on Friday evening, March 16th.

The social committees throughout the school seem to be dead. Hush—1906 is coming back to life!

Peggy *does* take a vacation once in a while, doesn't she?

"A soldier boy was he,
A soldier's neighbor she."

For further particulars inquire of the members of the 'Varsity.

1907.

"Cards! Last Call."

Cheer up, girls, shoulders can be bought for 10 or 15 cents.

We have some fine (?) waitresses in our class.

We are sorry that Miss Howe has left our Chemistry class.

Miss Cutler is quite an artist.

Heard in French:—
"Il tournait sur ses talons. He turned up his trousers."

Master D-h-r-ty, *please* turn around.

Who asked Miss Sh-rk-y to the R. M. T. S. dance?

Miss I-e-s, when are you going to hold your next meeting?

How did Miss D-c-er enjoy the High School drama?

Who is Miss R-l-y's friend at S. B. H. S. '05?

Ask Miss Loud why she likes to go up to Chemistry the beginning of the fifth hour.

Mollie, does "F. M." stand for "Follie Mullivan"?

"Miss Knowlton, what has happened to your custard? I don't see what all those little black specks are."

Miss S-ll-van, did you say that you liked oranges? Miss C-ll-ns of '08 does!

Miss Sharkey, did you ever hear a dove cackle?

Miss Dickson doesn't seem to like to talk in competition with some of the fourth hour German division.

WANTED.—In Room 20 a string. For further particulars apply to the teacher.

1908.

Never mind, girls. Let us hope for better luck next year.

Who stuck the feather in Miss Harrington's hat?

Some of our girls need to be reminded that it was *they,* and *not* Miss Howard, who chose the teams for the meet.

Whose initials are those on your ruler, Miss R-b-r-s?

Translation: "Ill était veuf — He was thirsty."

Snowball fights are very popular with some of the girls in Div. V.

What made C-nnelly laugh during the French recitation?

Latin School has a peculiar attraction for some of our girls. We wonder why.

Our "gym." girls must not forget to walk on their toes, in order not to disturb those studious (?) freshmen.

"Look out, Cora!! The ball is coming!"

Miss Martin gets hungry the third hour, and chews her lead-pencil.

Miss L-oyd plays marbles with the shot in the laboratory. "Useful pastime," Mr. Coolidge says.

We are all very glad to see Miss Hatch back after her short illness.

We congratulate '07 on their victory in the meet.

"Nothing doing" the first hour in physics.

Miss Hill claims no relation to the writer of our physics text-book. We wonder why!

Heard in French: "A ta gaffe—Get the hook."

Miss Sa-de-s-n has become quite a good artist.

Never mind, '08, you can have '06's place in the meet next year.

1909.

How do you spell "circumflex," Miss R-g-rs?

Why do you change your seat, Miss C-e-ent, third hour?

(Continued on page 29.)

R. M. T. S. NOTES.

(Continued.)

T— must have been reading the cheap jokes in the papers lately as he has a very large stock on hand.

Mcph. informs us that "Quelle malheur," means what hard luck.

In Algebra, Berry was asleep and when called upon for a recitation, evidently was thinking of his geometry exam. for he answered, "means and extremes."

Chris.: "When does this hour end?"
Teacher: "When the bell rings."

Mr. Norton: "You're off the track."
Pupil: "Well, give me a trolley."

Mr. Brown: "Every athlete should know Hercules."
Ferd.: "You know him John—?"

1909.

Division 4D held a successful debate in Miss Metcalf's room on, "Resolved, That Capital Punishment Be Abolished," Malcolm and Proctor, for the affirmative winning. Mr. Stratton was judge.

Mr. Hubbard is giving M-l-i-s vocal lessons after school.

B-y-nt and B-ss certainly enjoy shooting paper at birds from the drawing room window.

Teacher: "What do you call a custom?"
Mu-l-s: "Wearing green on St. Patrick's Day."

Mr. Hubbard's divisions recently held a debate on, "Resolved, That the Chinese be Admitted to America." The debates were, as a rule, not very interesting; the negative usually winning.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

(Continued.)

Was everybody glad to leave history?

Don't be so curious, Miss Haley.

Ask Miss Hatch and Miss Rogers who the heavenly twins are.

Teacher: "Which quantity will you eliminate first?"
Pupil: "U."

What is the attraction the first hour Monday in the Botany Room, Miss D-e?

This class has one excellent artist, at least '06 thinks so!

We have come to the conclusion that the name "Pinch" applied to one of our classmates is very appropriate.

Miss E-an, who invented steam power in the 18th century?

We are glad to see Miss Foster back after her short illness.

CARD OF THANKS.

The members of the Hannah Winthrop Chapter, D. A. R., wish to express their sincere thanks through these columns to all the students of the three schools who took part in the recent performance of "Glimpses of Cambridge Life in Three Centuries." There is nothing but praise to be offered to the performers who so well sustained their parts. Their efforts will long be remembered by the Chapter.

C. L. S. Base-ball, 1901-1905.

SEASON OF 1901.

At the close of the base-ball season in 1900, Henry Roper, '01, was elected captain of the first base-ball team to represent Cambridge Latin School, but owing to his withdrawal from school the following spring, John F. Murray, Jr., '02, was elected his successor by vote of the undergraduates. Not one of the regular players of the '00 team remained in the school.

Preliminary work in the Harvard Cage, under the direction of Mr. Lewis of the Boston team and Mr. Reid, captain of the Harvard 'Varsity, rounded the team into excellent form for the first game. Browne and Nichols was defeated in a close game, but Arlington High won its game by timely hitting in the ninth inning. St. Mark's and Tufts Second easily outclassed Cambridge, although in the latter game an injury to one of Latin School's players necessitated an entire rearrangement of the team. Medford High defeated the team by one run in a ten inning game, and a week later Wakefield High beat Cambridge in a close score. In the last practice game, Latin School found itself no match for the Harvard Second.

In the opening game of the Preparatory League, Hopkinson was downed by a large score, but a few days later, Boston Latin whitewashed Cambridge by a large score. Newton High was able to make only one

1902 BASE-BALL TEAM.

Thomas A. Conlin, '04, Catch.
Timothy F. Burns, '02, pitch.
Edgar L. Smith, '01, first base.
George H. Brainard, '02, second base.
Ernest S. Gauthier, '01, short stop.
Daniel C. Brennan, '03, third base.
John F. Murray, Jr., '02, left field (Capt.).
Harold M. Jones, '01, center field.
Jeremiah J. McCrehan, '05, right field.
J. Earl Eaton, '03, substitute.
Winthrop Taylor, '04, substitute.
Harold C. Durrell, '01, manager.
Gustav E. Carstein, '01, assistant manager.

run in the ninth inning, whereas Latin School scored in nearly every inning, and in the last game in the league Brookline High was defeated by a small score. Rain stopped the game at the close of the seventh inning.

The Triangular League opened with a tie game with Cambridge High. Then followed defeats by R. M. T. S. in the last half of the ninth inning and by Cambridge High, in the play-off.

The league season was very satisfactory after defeats in nearly all the practice games. Second place in the Preparatory League and last place in the Triangular League were the positions attained. Too much cannot be said of the superb pitching of Burns, to whom the most credit for the games should be given.

C. L. S.	6,	Browne and Nichols 4.
C. L. S.	4,	Arlington High 5.
C. L. S.	3,	St. Marks 13.
C. L. S.	4,	Tufts Second 12.
C. L. S.	8,	Medford High 9.
C. L. S.	8,	Wakefield High 12.
C. L. S.	23,	Browne and Nichols 3.
C. L. S.	1,	Harvard Second 11.

PREPARATORY LEAGUE.

C. L. S.	13,	Hopkinson 6.
C. L. S.	0,	Boston Latin 12.
C. L. S.	9,	Newton High 1.
C. L. S.	3,	Brookline High 1.

TRIANGULAR LEAGUE.

C. L. S.	3,	C. H. S. 3.
C. L. S.	6,	R. M. T. S. 7.
C. L. S.	3,	C. H. S. 4.

SEASON OF 1902.

Under the captaincy of George Brainard, '02, and with four of the last year's team back in school, Latin School opened its second season with indoor practice in the cage.

Milton Academy was easily defeated in the first game of the year, and a week later Arlington High was unable to solve the pitching of Burns. Although Harvard Freshmen found no difficulty in disposing of Latin School by a decisive score, the Harvard Second team was defeated in a very close and exciting contest. The strong Somerville High met its first reverse of the season at the hands of Cambridge; and the excellent work continued when Tuft's Sophomore and Groton were both beaten.

In the first game of the Preparatory League, Hopkinson was whitewashed. Burns struck out fifteen men and did not allow a single safe hit. Boston Latin was defeated in a close ten inning game. Brookline High, like its two predecessors, went down before the superior playing of its rivals. But Newton High entirely outclassed Cambridge, and defeated it in a loosely played game.

In the Triangular League, Latin School captured the championship by beating both Cambridge High and R. M. T. S. in close games.

The entire season, both in practice and in league games, was very successful. Nearly every game was won throughout the year, and the standing of second place in one league and champion in the other league, was extremely satisfactory. Again the successes of the games depended largely on the pitching of Burns.

Timothy F. Burns, '02, pitch.
Thomas A. Conlin, '04, catch.
Daniel C. Brennan, '03, first base.
George H. Brainard, '02, second base (Capt.).
A. Russell Ellis, '03, third base.
H. Winthrop Taylor, '04, short stop.
John M. McCarthy, '05, left field.
William Noonan, '02, centre field.
Walter T. Garfield, '02, right field.
Carlisle W. Burton, '04, substitute.
Jeremiah J. McCrehan, '06, left field.
Fletcher W. Taft, '03, manager.
Mason T. Rogers, '04, assistant manager.

C. L. S. 7, Milton Academy 2.
C. L. S. 10, Arlington High 2.
C. L. S. 3, Harvard, 1905, 16.
C. L. S. 10, Harvard Second 12.
C. L. S. 11, Somerville High 6.
C. L. S. 13, Tufts, 1904, 4.
C. L. S. 7, Groton 6.

PREPARATORY LEAGUE.

C. L. S. 16, Hopkinson 0.
C. L. S. 5, Boston Latin 4.
C. L. S. 12, Brookline High 9.
C. L. S. 3, Newton High 10.

TRIANGULAR LEAGUE.

C. L. S. 9, Cambridge High 5.
C. L. S. 8, R. M. T. S. 6.

SEASON OF 1903.

The season of 1903 opened favorably, for six men of the 1902 team were eligible for the team. The school suffered a great loss in the graduation of Burns, but Daniel Brennan, '03, captain of the team, filled the breach caused by his absence. As usual, early indoor practice was held in the Harvard cage.

The season opened by defeating Arlington High in the customary game. Medford High and St. Marks defeated Latin School by small scores. In a well-played game, Roxbury Latin was defeated. The heavy hitting of Conlin was a feature. The many unexcusable errors of the Latin School team were responsible for the defeats by Mechanic Arts and Harvard Second. A poorly played game in which Watertown High was beaten, ended the practice season.

The Preparatory League opened with a defeat at the hands of Hopkinson. Errors and inability to hit the ball safely were the causes for the loss of the game. Cambridge was victor over Brookline High in a game that was well played at the start but weakened towards the close. The strong Newton High team, champions of the year previous, shut out Latin School, but was able to make two runs only. Neither pitcher gave a base on balls, and a total of only three errors were made. By making seven runs in the eighth inning, Cambridge defeated Boston Latin in the last game of the league.

1903 BASE-BALL TEAM.

In the first game of the Triangular League, Latin School suffered the worst defeat that she has ever received. In a wretched exhibition of base-ball that soon developed into a farce, R. M. T. S. scored nineteen runs and blanked its opponent. However, the season closed in a defeat of High School.

The erratic playing during the practice season was continued throughout the league games. The pitching of Brennan was uniformly fair, although at times it was excellent, and again extremely poor. The team for the third time came in second in the Preparatory League, although this year it was tied with Boston Latin and Hopkinson for the honor. Second place in the Triangular League likewise fell to Latin School.

Thomas F. Conlin, '04, catch.
Daniel C. Brennan, '03, pitch (Capt.).
A. Russell Ellis, '03, first base.
Carlisle W. Burton, '04, second base.
H. Winthrop Taylor, '04, short stop.
John A. Paine, '05, third base.
John M. McCarthy, '05, left field.
James W. Carr, '03, centre field.
John M. Murphy, '03, right field.
C. Alden Chase, '07, substitute.
Sidney C. Boyer, '06, substitute.
J. Franklin Crocker, '03, manager.
Frank T. James, '04, assistant manager.

C. L. S. 15, Arlington High 4.
C. L. S. 8, Medford High 12.
C. L. S. 9, St. Marks 18.
C. L. S. 10, Roxbury Latin 8.
C. L. S. 7, Mechanic Arts 10.
C. L. S. 4, Harvard Second 12.
C. L. S. 6, Watertown High 1.

PREPARATORY LEAGUE.

C. L. S. 4, Hopkinson 10.
C. L. S. 8, Brookline High 5.
C. L. S. 0, Newton High 2.
C. L. S. 10, Boston Latin 5.

TRIANGULAR LEAGUE.

C. L. S. 1, R. M. T. S. 19.
C. L. S. 14, Cambridge High 8.

SEASON OF 1904.

This season opened with two infield and two outfield positions to be filled. Again the school lost its pitcher by graduation, and his place seemed hard to fill, but the wealth of material which offered itself at the spring practice in the cage, gave evidences of finding excellent men to fill the vacant positions. Thomas Conlin, '05, catcher for the past three seasons was elected captain.

In a rain-storm, St. Mark's scored a victory over Latin School in the first game of the season. The following week, Arlington High was outclassed in all departments by Cambridge which won by a large score. During the April recess, the team had the satisfaction of winning from the Harvard Freshmen in a game in which both scores ran into double figures.

In an extremely close contest, Latin School fell before the strong Somerville High. The game was a pitchers' battle between Nash and Nichols. The decisive defeat of Milton Academy closed the practice season.

The Preparatory League opened with the swamping of Hopkinson. The twenty-one hits of Latin School coupled with the thirteen errors of Hoppy, gave the winners twenty-nine runs. Hoppy could get only four runs — and these were the result of errors.

To the surprise of everyone, the weak Boston Latin team defeated Cambridge in

a game replete with errors and wretched base running. The victory over Hoppy seemed to have affected the playing. Maloney pitched the first part of the game, but gave way to Nash in the sixth inning

The game with Newton was well played, and the outcome was ever in doubt until the close of the game. Latin School won by one run. The last game in the league was with Brookline High, and the victory by Cambridge left that team tied with Newton High for first position. The tie was played off at the American League Grounds. Latin School, although handicapped by the loss of its captain and catcher, clearly outclassed its opponents in all departments of the game and so won easily, thus obtaining the championship banner for the first time.

For the second time in three years, Latin School captured the pennant by defeating decisively both R. M. T. S. and Cambridge High School.

Then entire season was satisfactory, and the winning of two championships was more than the school had hoped for. The pitching of Nash was instrumental in placing the team in the positions that it attained.

Henry F. Nash, '05, pitch.
Thomas F. Conlin, '05, catch (Capt.).
Richard J. Harman, '05, first base.
Harold R. Stiles, '07, second base.
H. Winthrop Taylor, '05, short stop.
John A. Paine, '06, third base.
Mason T. Rogers, '05, left field.
Elwood S. Currie, '05, centre field.
Sidney C. Boyer,' 06, right field.
Merton L. Garfield, '05, substitute.
Clifford O. Mason, '06, substitute.
Charles M. Maloney, '06, substitute.
Walter C. Feeley, '04, manager.
Roger B. Taft, '05, assistant manager.

C. L. S. 9, St. Marks 14.
C. L. S. 17, Arlington High 1.
C. L. S. 18, Harvard, 1907, 13.
C. L. S. 1, Somerville High 4.
C. L. S. 10, Milton Academy 7.

PREPARATORY LEAGUE.

C. L. S. 29, Hopkinson 4.
C. L. S. 4, Boston Latin 11.
C. L. S. 2, Newton High 1.
C. L. S. 6, Brookline High 2.
C. L. S. 7, Newton High 2.

TRIANGULAR LEAGUE.

C. L. S. 13, Cambridge High 4.
C. L. S. 14, R. M. T. S. 3.

SEASON OF 1905.

Under the leadership of John McCarthy, '05, outfielder of the team for three years. The 1905 team was handicapped by the loss of four men. The loss of Thomas Conlin, the catcher for four years was most severely felt.

After practice in the Harvard cage, the season opened with a defeat of Arlington High in a well-played game. Arlington did not score until the substitutes were given a try-out. The following week, Noble and Greenough was downed in a game replete with heavy hitting by Cambridge. The team ran up against a snag when it was beaten by Somerville High in a close contest. Groton proved easy and were badly beaten in a seven inning game.

The poor pitching of Nash, the ten errors by Latin School and the excellent playing of St. Marks gave that team a decisive victory over Cambridge. After a close and exciting game, Waltham High came out the winner by one run.

Stupid base running and inability to take advantage of opportunities caused Latin School to again suffer defeat. This time at the hands of the Harvard Freshmen. The practice season closed with a defeat of Pomfret by a large score.

The Preparatory League began with a complete whitewash of Boston Latin. Cambridge made fourteen hits, and these together with the twelve errors of Boston, netted eighteen runs. Nash allowed only one safe hit.

Although Nash was ill, he pitched the entire game with Newton. His poor condition gave Newton a chance to pound out the ball and so win the game handily. The Newton pitcher had perfect control and only one hit was registered by Latin School.

By defeating Brookline High in a close and exciting game, Latin School tied with Brookline and Newton for first place. This triple tie was played off early in June.

1905 BASE-BALL TEAM.

The second game with Brookline High settled down into a pitchers' battle. The excellent fielding of both teams kept outcome in doubt until the end of the game. Brookline by scoring one run in the twelfth inning won the game.

The game with Newton was played at the South End Grounds. Three errors by Latin School in the third inning gave Newton the lead. The score was tied in the next inning and this lasted until Newton, by a timely single in the eleventh inning won the game with one run to spare.

Cambridge High was overwhelmed in the first game in the Triangular League. Latin School made twenty-five runs, High School none. The latter team made only two hits and twelve errors; the former team made nineteen hits.

The game with R. M. T. S. resulted in a defeat for Latin School after a close game. The seven errors of the beaten team contributed largely to the final score.

The season was not as successful as the preceeding year. The team lost first place in the play off of the Preparatory League, thus for the first time failing to get at least second place. In the Triangular League it

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had to be content with second place. The pitching of Nash was a redeeming feature of the year's work.

C. L. S. 12, Arlington High 7.
C. L. S. 16, Noble and Greenough 7.
C. L. S. 2, Somerville High 6.
C. L. S. 10, Groton 3.
C. L. S. 3, St. Marks 13.
C. L. S. 8, Waltham High 9.
C. L. S. 2, Harvard, 1908, 5.
C. L. S. 11, Pomfret 3.

PREPARATORY LEAGUE.

C. L. S. 18, Boston Latin 0.
C. L. S. 1, Newton High 8.
C. L. S. 4, Brookline High 2.
C. L. S. 7, Brookline High 8.
C. L. S. 3, Newton High 4.

TRIANGULAR LEAGUE.

C. L. S. 25, Cambridge High 0.
C. L. S. 1, R. M. T. S. 4.

Henry F. Nash, '05, pitch.
Edward J. Delaney, '07, catch.
Elwood S. Currie, '05, first base.
Harold R. Stiles, '07, second base.
Frank W. Keaney, '05, short stop.
John A. Paine, '05, third base.
Sidney C. Boyer, '06, right field.
John M. McCarthy, '05, left field.
C. Alden Chase, '07, centre field.
Merton L. Garfield, '05, substitute.
John J. Rowe, '05, substitute.
T. Lambert Small, '06, manager.

At a recent meeting, the Chess Club elected the following members: Byerly, '07; Hale, '08, and Rindge, '09. Mr. Bradbury, Mr. Benshimol, Mr. Wightman, and Mr. Derry, were elected honorary members.

A game is being played by mail with the Central High School of Philadelphia. Fifteen moves have been played and the game is nearly even at present. A challenge for a similar game has been sent to Adelphi Academy, Brooklyn, N. Y., but no answer has yet been received.

If any member of the school could help us to arrange a match with any other school or society, he would oblige the club by notifying W. B. Durant, Jr., '06.

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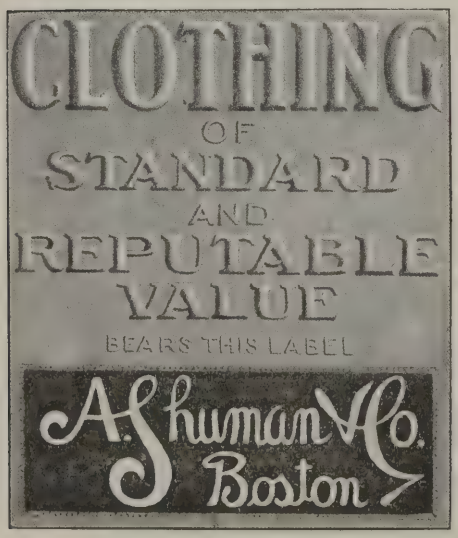

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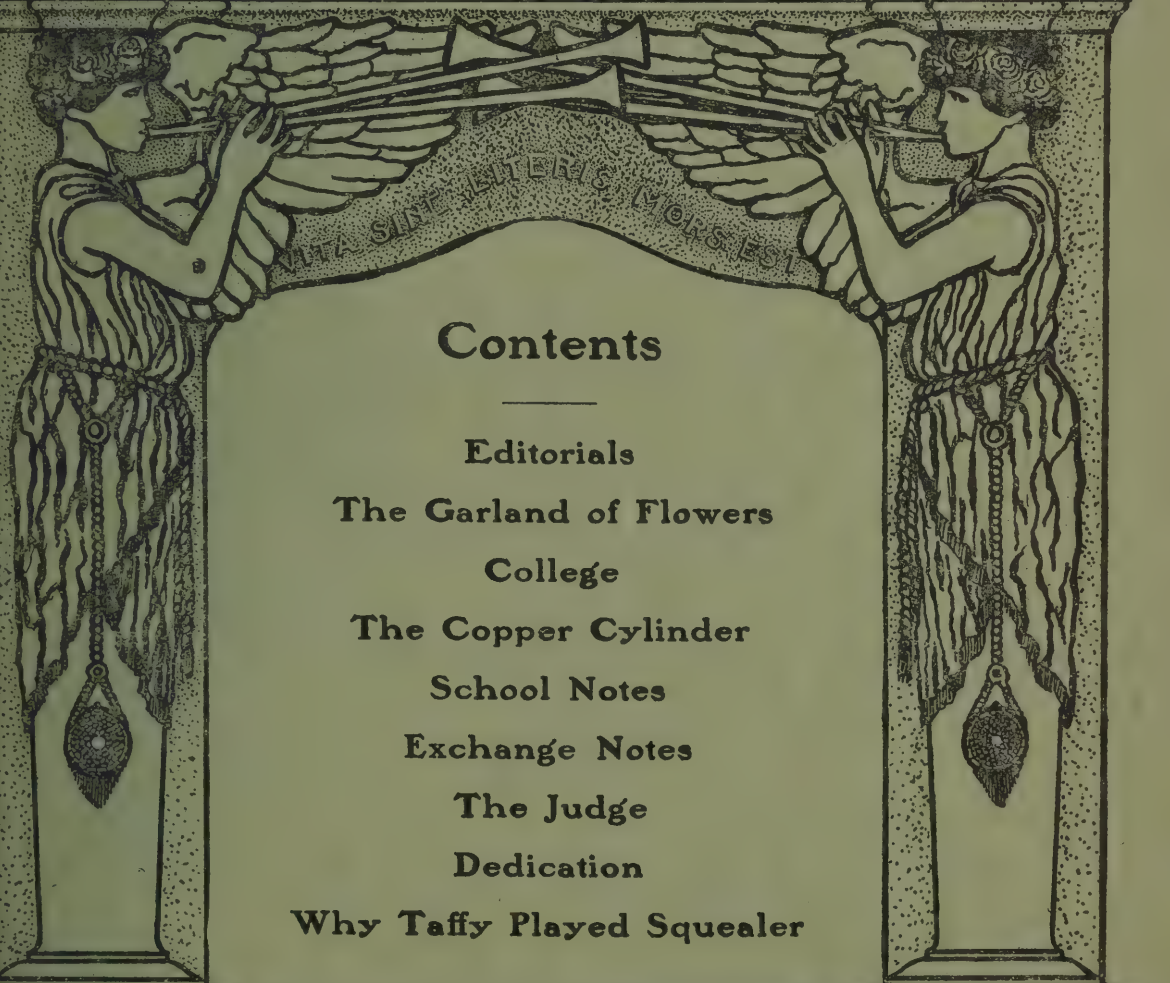

Contents

Editorials

The Garland of Flowers

College

The Copper Cylinder

School Notes

Exchange Notes

The Judge

Dedication

Why Taffy Played Squealer

Number 8

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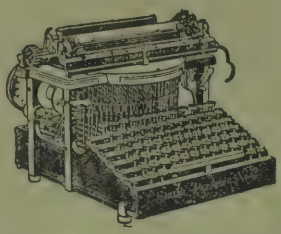

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CONTENTS.

Editorials	3—4
The Garland of Flowers	4
College	5—8
The Copper Cylinder (Continued)	9—12
Resolutions, C. E. H. S., 1908	12
Latin School Notes	13—14
Exchange Notes	15
Announcements	16
The Judge	17—20
Dedication	20
Why Taffy Played Squealer	21—24
Book Review	24
Training School Notes	25—26
High School Notes	27—28
Athletics	29—34
Technical Notes	35

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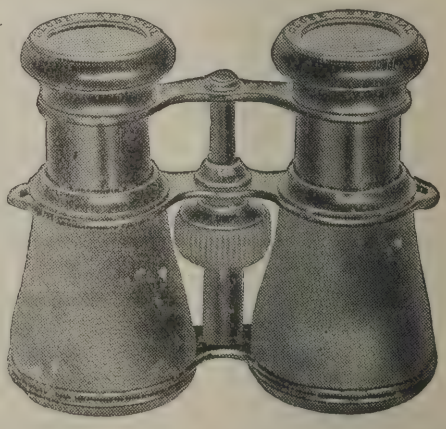

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THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

Vol. XX No. 8

Representing the Latin, High and Rindge Manual Training Schools

Cambridge, Massachusetts, May, 1906

EDITORIALS.

The base-ball season is in full swing, and from all appearances, all three of the schools are represented by very fast teams. High School had quite a nucleus of old players to start the season with, including an experienced battery. Neither of the other two schools was so fortunate. At Latin School there are but three men playing on the team who played last year, and two of them are playing in positions entirely new to them. At Training School the conditions are much the same.

In spite of this lack of experienced players, excellent teams have been developed, but only by hard and conscientious work on the part of players and coaches. Ever since the middle of February they have been hard at it, and anyone who has played the game knows that, while it furnishes fun and recreation to players and spectators, it necessitates much hard work on the part of the former.

They deserve, then, and should receive, all the encouragement that it is in our power to give them.

In the games already played, the teams have shown not only the ability to play ball and to play it well, but have shown that they possessed the spirit that is necessary to win games. Batting rallies in the eighth and ninth innings have been frequent, and more than one game has been pulled out of the fire at the last moment when it seemed hopelessly lost.

Most of the games are, of necessity, played away from home. More than ever, then, do the players need the support and encouragement of their school-mates. Organized cheering accomplishes more, probably, in base-ball than in any other sport. It is disheartening in the extreme, especially when the other side has the advantage, to hear their victorious cheers, and then to realize that your own supporters did not have enough interest in the game, or in its outcome, to make the short journey to the opponent's grounds.

Go to the games, then, and show by your presence and your cheers that you appreciate the efforts of the team. They are doing their best, if we do ours it will surely prove a winning combination.

At the Latin School there is another branch of athletics that receives a deal of attention in the spring, and that is rowing. The school has always been well to the fore in this sport, as in others, and the crew this year bids fair to be well up to the average.

The trial heats will be held on Monday, May 28, and every one in the school should keep that afternoon free and make it a point to make the trip to the river. When the championship Latin School crew broke the record in 1903, practically the whole school turned out to see the race, and the fellows on the crew, without a single ex-

ception, said that it was the cheers and shouts of encouragement from the Latin School crowd that produced the final spurt that sent them across the line a few feet in advance of Waltham.

Our June issue will appear, barring accident, on June 15. As usual, it will be greatly enlarged. It will contain cuts of the base-ball teams, and the graduating classes, hits on the members of the graduating classes, and, so far as possible, new department headings throughout. It is no easy task to prepare such an issue, and we ask the hearty coöperation of every one. The more stories, essays, and poems we receive, the more bright and attractive can we make the paper. The time is short, but if we make the best of it, a banner number will result. All we ask is that each one does his share.

A bill has just passed the Massachusetts Legislature which gives full control of all school athletics into the hands of the school committees. This means that, so long as a team officially represents a public school and bears that school's name, the school committee may make any rules it may see fit, to govern that team. Therefore, it behooves members of the schools who intend trying for next year's teams to see to it that their marks are kept up to the standard. In years past, this has been the principal source of disagreement. If a fellow's marks are high, there is generally no objection made to his playing on just as many teams as he sees fit. While it seems to us that there is sure to be a great deal of discussion as to the scope of the new law, and that there are ways by which it can be evaded, the simplest and most effective method of avoiding all conflict is to keep one's marks well above the danger mark.

Mr. Benshimol has kindly consented to write for this number of the REVIEW. During the past year change upon change has been made in the Harvard curriculum. Mr. Benshimol has gone over an article published in a former number of the Review, revising and correcting it to meet the new requirements. It is a subject that should be of interest to every reader of the REVIEW, and we advise everyone to give it careful and thoughtful consideration.

THE GARLAND OF FLOWERS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LUDWIG UHLAND

C. I. C.

If trees, if blossoms many a meaning own,
If love within the rose's heart doth glow,
If by her name forget-me-not is known,
The cypress grief, and fame the laurels show,

If where the other tokens all are mute,
In colors even tender thoughts are told,
If jealousy and pride with yellow suit,
If hope the leafy sprays of green enfold.

Then in my garden with good cause I found
Flowers of every kind, of every hue,
And bring them thee, in artless garland wound.

For all my joy, my hope, my pain hast thou,
My love, my faith, my fame to thee are due,
To thee my life, to thee my death, I vow.

College.

MAX BENSHIMOL, C. L. S., '91.

LIFE WORK.

The system in use at Harvard and Radcliffe, by which a student chooses practically all his work, presupposes some sort of definite purpose on the part of the chooser. Before speaking, then, of particular college courses, I propose to say a few words about life work and college courses in general. A student should not, in the first place, be led by any present whim to settle now what he is to do in the future. Although the Harvard elective system may, perhaps, make such action more difficult, I advise him to try to suspend his decision until the beginning of his senior year. There are, doubtless, many who have already made up their minds to enter some profession. These students I congratulate, but urge them to keep a careful watch on other fields, for they may find openings that will be much more to their advantage and more suitable to them, than such professions. Those who think today that they can make great names for themselves in the business world, may, three or five years from now, turn gladly to some profession. Both of these classes may unite with those who have given no thought to their future in contemplating the great fields thrown open to them by the recent course of events in our country. As our commerce is growing greater, more men are needed to take part in this commerce, and still more men to study the principles and laws of such advancement in trade, that they may teach younger men to apply them. Germany is teaching us the value of trained chemists for manufacturing purposes. Although they outnumber our chemists, we find, when we import them, they are not as good as ours. Here is, then, another great field. Owing to the expansion of our territory and to our huge mining operations, engineering experts of all kinds, civil, mechanical, electric, are much needed. Only by a careful study of Physics and the application of its laws, may a student compete with the best engineers of today. Teachers who are scholars, experts in their own line of work, with the stamp of higher degrees against their names, not mere dabblers in all sorts of knowledge, are bound to be preeminent when the much to be desired change in our educational system comes about. The new Carnegie Institution at Washington, that intends to remove all obstacles from the path of scholars, ought to rivet the attention of young men and women. For girls who do not care to teach, a larger number of possible pursuits is each year available. In fact, so far is this true, that I beg young men to try to choose pursuits that will give them more chance to study social and moral problems, and problems concerning the general uplifting of humanity, such as the Fine Arts —matters now gradually drifting almost entirely into the hands of women. To sum up, then, I would advise those who have made up their minds already, to suspend their judgment, for a few years at least; those who have given the matter no thought I urge to be watching carefully for opportunities for the development of their powers, and to be studying themselves.

CHOICE OF COURSES—GENERAL.

Approaching the courses open to him at Harvard or Radcliffe, the student, whether he has made up his mind or not what he intends to do, is perfectly bewildered by the mass of material from which he is bound to choose. If he enters properly into the spirit of the elective system, he will choose courses consonant with the plan he proposes to adopt; if he, departing somewhat from the spirit of this system, intends to hold his judgment in suspense until, say, his senior year, he must try so to choose that, no matter what his ultimate life work, this selection will always benefit him. I

NOTE: This article, important now as it was when first written, is repeated with some corrections from the REVIEW of 1901-02.

realize fully that this last plan, the keynote of the whole situation, is easier to suggest than to follow; yet on it depends, I believe, the satisfaction of the chooser. Both classes, however, those who are certain of their future work, and those who have no idea of it, need careful guidance. Prospective teachers, lawyers, doctors and ministers, ought, while choosing things helpful in those professions, to be accumulating a fund of knowledge that will give them the stamp of culture in addition to the information they need. Prospective business men should, in turn, by becoming acquainted with the noblest things in knowledge, fortify themselves against the inevitable drains of business life. The other class—and indeed, both classes—may benefit by a few suggestions. They should, in the first place, guard against undue specialization, as, for instance, in taking all, or almost all, mathematical, or language, or scientific, or history courses. They should not, on the other hand, choose over too broad a ground, as, for instance, in taking the mere elements of language or science or what not. They should take only few things because they are easy; most, because they are hard; they should not work "along the lines of least resistance." Too much work beyond the amount set by the college will prevent them from making use, in a general way, of the richest plant of learning in this country, the Harvard Library. Browsing in the library is one of the essential features in the education of the man who is keeping his judgment in reserve. Too frequently tastes for reading, founded in the Latin School, are numbed by masses of special college work. Both classes should, in short, while waiting for the college to do what it ought to do, and undoubtedly will do ultimately, prepare a kind of tabulated scheme of courses for their four years. By following this scheme or their own modification of it, they may have some relief from their bewilderment.

COLLEGE COURSES.

Coming now to specific courses, I shall speak in detail only of the Freshman year, for after that year a student will find it much easier to make the tabulated scheme that I have just mentioned. A student must take five courses in his Freshman year. A full course of study requires three recitations or lectures a week. Scientific courses frequently require laboratory work besides. The number of courses open to a Freshman is limited. Entering under regular conditions, he must take English, one course, and French or German, one course; therefore, he chooses three courses. Unless the classics are extremely distasteful to him, I advise Greek B, or Latin B, or both. Latin School scholars have such an excellent foundation in these, that they almost invariably do well in college. The study of Horace in Latin and of the Lyric and Dramatic poets in Greek is one of the almost indispensable steps to culture. After his Freshman year, a student may decide whether he wishes to go on with his classics, making them a specialty, or choose some other course, taking only a classical course or two as supplementary to his general education. Scholars who have a great liking for Physics, chemistry or mathematics will naturally take the ordinary work offered to Freshmen. Everyone should have a thorough working knowledge of French or German, or both. Spanish is important on account of our new possessions, while Italian is important for students of the Fine Arts and for lovers of Dante. History I, mediæval history; Government I, the study of constitutional government; Economics I, the study of the laws of trade, money, etc.; Botany I; Zoölogy I, the study of animal life, structure, development, etc.; Geology I, the study of the formation of the earth, all these are valuable courses; while of Music, the Fine Arts, Philosophy and English Literature, one or all, must appear at some time in a student's curriculum. A typical course for the first year would be, say, English A, German A, Greek or Latin B, English 28 (literature, half course), History I, Government I; another, English A, German A, Greek or Latin B, English 28, History I, French 1a, b or c; another, English A, German A, Mathematics F,

English 28, History I, Government I. A student would vary these subjects with an idea of his future, but, above all, with the intense purpose of establishing a solid, sure foundation of culture.

ELECTIVE COURSES REGULARLY OPEN TO FRESHMEN.

Greek G, B, E (half course).
Latin B, E (half course).
English 28 (half course); and to those who have anticipated English A, any course in English is open, on the same terms as to Sophomores.
German B (equivalent to German A and a course of elective work), C, 1a, 1b, 1c, F (half course), 2a, 2b.
French 1b, 1a, 2c, 2a, 3 (half course), 4 (half course).
Italian 1, or Spanish 1. (Both of these cannot be taken in the same year).
History 1a.
Government 1.
Economics 1.
Philosophy 1a, 1b.
Music 1, 1a, 2.
Mathematics F, A (half course), B (half course), C, D (half course), E (half course), G (half course).
Engineering 3a, 4a, 11a.
Physics B, C, 1.
Chemistry 1.
Botany 1 (half course).
Zoölogy 1 (half course).
Geology and Geography A (half course), B (half course), 4 (half course), 5 (half course).
Mineralogy 2.

CONDUCT OF COURSES.

Most courses are conducted unlike school recitations. Generally students take notes from lectures. For these notes they are held responsible at examination time. Outside reading, too, is often an essential part of the work. Conferences and reports on work done outside often replace school recitations. Accordingly, students coming much less frequently in personal contact with the instructor, are thrown on their own responsibility. The proper taking of notes requires a great deal of skill. The whole scheme, a tremendous contrast to school routine, comes as such a shock to a Freshman that his immediate mastery of the situation, or his failure to master it, often settles his future career.

WORK REQUIRED FOR THE A. B. DEGREE.

With the exception of English A, and German or French A, there is no prescribed work,—and students may even now by anticipating both English A and the modern language, have an absolutely free choice of studies. Seventeen or seventeen and a half courses are required for the degree A.B., five in the Freshman year, and four each succeeding year. A half course extra in English is required of students who do not obtain above Grade D in English A. As a student may take six courses a year if he chooses, he may thus graduate in three or three and a half years. If he has obtained grade A (about 85 to 100 per cent.), or B (about 75 to 85 per cent.) in nine courses out of his seventeen, or their equivalent, he will receive his degree at the end of the third year, otherwise he will have to wait until the end of the next year. A student may also practically get his degree in three years by anticipating half of the studies required for the Freshman year. For instance, he may take an examination in English A, German A (elementary German) and Advanced French. By passing these examinations he will be admitted to the Sophomore class, simply lacking two or two and one-half courses according to his grade in English A.

Before deciding, however, whether he wishes to take the course in three or four years, a student must give the matter careful consideration. The A.B. degree probably is of greatest value to a student when he obtains it by four years of energetic study, absorbing all that he can from the fountain of knowledge, maturing himself materially every day of the time, forming new acquaintances and friendships, broadening and strengthening his powers. On the other hand, competition is today so in-

tense in all branches of life, that the first man on the field has the greatest advantage. One year saved means much. The college has, unconsciously almost, by its decrees, gradually come to see the value of the three-year degree to the man of the present time. Prospective lawyers, doctors, business men, with three or four years of professional school work before them, are impatient of the last year in college. I could thus go on weighing the advantages or disadvantages of either side; but, on general principles, I advise a student to get all he can out of college during four years of residence.

HIGHER DEGREES.

After a student has obtained the degree A.B., he may try for the degree A.M., or Master of Arts. To obtain this he must devote a year to advanced work and obtain high credit in this work. His courses must, generally, be along certain lines. After this, by two more years of work, by the rule, a student may become a candidate for the degree Ph.D., or Doctor of Philosophy, the highest degree obtainable for actual scholarly work. It represents a great deal of original research. Although nominally it is open to students after three years of graduate study, the average age of students who obtain it is over thirty. If a student can possibly, he ought to try to get it before he is twenty-five or twenty-six. The corresponding degrees are available in the Scientific School. To obtain the degree of LL.B., Bachelor of Laws, or M.D., Doctor of Medicine, a scholar must have obtained the degree A.B.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

For excellent work done in the Latin School and for excellence at the entrance examinations, deserving boys who need aid may receive a scholarship of $150 for their Freshman year. Applications should be made to the secretary of the college. When a boy is once in college, he may make application before the fifteenth of December for aid during the rest of the year. This scholarship, a pure financial aid, is assigned on the basis of college work. For aid each year after his Freshman year, a deserving boy may, by obtaining good grades in his work, secure a scholarship. As the college has much money for this purpose, though not as much as it needs, no boy who is anxious to make his way through college against financial obstacles need, if he has the stuff in him, fear to attempt the work. The scholarships vary in amount from $450 down to $50.

When a student graduates, he may apply for a resident or non-resident fellowship. The former is a sum intended to help him pursue his studies in Cambridge, the latter to help him abroad. In Radcliffe, sixteen scholarships, amounting to two hundred dollars each, are awarded annually. Only rarely does a student in the first year receive assistance.

PRIZES.

There are many prizes, too, available to students. They may obtain books called Deturs for excellent work, especially in the Freshman year. For undergraduates, two Bowdoin prizes of two hundred and fifty and two hundred dollars each are offered for essays on certain subjects, and two prizes for translations into Greek or Latin of English passages. Seniors and Juniors may compete for prizes in elocution. There are medals and money prizes for debating. A prize of one hundred dollars is for a translation of some ode of Horace (open also to Radcliffe students). There is one of forty-five for the best scholar in Spanish. The Harvard catalogue mentions besides, several other prizes ranging from fifty to three hundred and fifty dollars for essays in history, government and political economy.

The Copper Cylinder.

(CONTINUED.)

With this we started and scattered through the swamp shouting and hallooing, and frightening every bird or beast anywhere near us by our uproar.

I became separated from the rest and wandered on into a part of the swamp which I had never seen before. I was following a rough footpath which was leading to dryer ground and the trees were becoming larger and thicker as I walked on. Suddenly, I came into a little clearing in the middle of which was a hut, evidently of Chinese make.

It was a rather flimsy structure mounted on some posts and built entirely of unsawed wood, with a thatched roof. A chimney built of clay and twigs rose about two feet above the almost flat roof. Hung on some poles before the hut were some nets which closely resembled those we had found on the shore of the pond. Thinking that Jackson might have been seen by the people in the hut, I went up to it and knocked on the front door.

No response came. Again I knocked, harder this time. Again silence followed. Concluding that the owners of the hut were away, I started to leave the clearing. Just as I was about to enter the woods, I saw a shadow of a man beside mine and I whirled around to see what caused it. Before I was quite turned I felt a terrific blow on my head and everything dissolved in a blaze of light.

* * * * * *

I awoke in absolute darkness. I was stiff and uncomfortable and so cold, that almost all feeling was gone from my limbs. My hands were tied behind my back, and my feet were tied together and to a stake in the ground. A bandage of cloth around my neck was tied to a peg, and prevented me from moving my head without choking. I was also gagged by a most ingenious arrangement of wood and cloth which effectually kept me from making any loud or intelligible sounds.

The only motion that I could make with comfort was to turn my head from side to side. By doing this, I found that the floor of my dungeon was damp earth. My head was still throbbing from the blow I had received, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I could compose my thoughts to ponder over where I was and how I had got there. The first question was easily answered. I was in some kind of a hole underground, but how had I got there? When I had been struck down, my assailant had given me no chance to see him and so I had no clue in that direction.

Next, I tried all my bonds systematically to see if any were loose, but no success rewarded my efforts. I felt as if I were frozen in a block of ice, so cold and damp was the air and so tight my fastenings. My straining at my bonds had warmed me up somewhat and I was able to think of something besides my physical condition. I was beginning to wonder how large the place was when a hardly perceptible mumbling came to my ear. At first I was startled, but then I thought it must be some fellow-captive and tried to reply. So perfect was the gag that I could do nothing but gurgle, and even this was a terrible effort. The other person answered in kind, and then began to gasp at curiously regular intervals. Suddenly, an idea struck me. He was using the Morse code of telegraphy! I had learned it while in college and read his message, though with considerable difficulty.

"Who are you?"

Montram, of Los Angeles Bay Shooting Club. Who are you?"

"I'm Jackson."

Then a light dawned upon me. The Chinese we had seen, had seized Jackson and hidden him in the cave and had then captured me to prevent my finding him and aiding him. But why had they done it? This was a hard question, but I finally decided they had some connection with the smuggling and had thought us revenue officers, or perhaps we had offended some of their gods by going upon the platform they had built on the shore of the pond. Just as I had reached this conclusion Jackson began telegraphing me again.

"Listen!"

I listened. Someone was walking on the ground above us. I heard several voices and I thought I could distinguish Gus Appleton's. I heard one voice louder than the others say, "Look at this. Here's one of Montram's shells. You know he's the only man in the club that shoots U. M. C. shells. He must be somewhere near here, come on." Then the voices died away and absolute silence followed. At the thought of their being so near us, I writhed as much as my bonds would allow me, and somehow stirred up a sharp stone which prodded me in the back most unmercifully. I was trying to make it turn dull end up again, when I had an inspiration. "The heroes in novels saw off cords with stones, why shouldn't I?" So I worked my hands over to the stone and started sawing.

In the first place, I couldn't see the stone or my hands, and in the second, the movement of my hands was awkward and limited, so that I began to fear that I would say my wrists through, before I did the cord. But finally I succeeded and then I hunted for my knife to cut the other cords, but no knife could I find. So I had to take the stone and saw away at my gag. In doing this I cut my face horribly but finally, the gag too gave way. Immediately, I told the good news to Jackson and related all my experiences. Then I set to work on the band around my neck and had made fairly good headway on it, when an interruption came which effectually stopped all work in that direction.

A gleam of light appeared suddenly, as if coming around a corner, and then rapidly approached till I could see that it was a lantern carried by a tall Chinese who was dressed in a long red gown which swept the ground as he walked. Closely following him was another Chinaman, clad in common American garments.

I thrust my hands underneath me again as if I were still bound, but the scratches I had made on my face attracted the attention of the Chinese who carried the lantern. He spoke a few unintelligible words to his follower, who knelt beside me and felt of the gag, which I had thrust back into my mouth. He drew it off and held it up to his companion. The latter took it and looked it over; then he uttered some more commands, still in Chinese. At this the servant, for such he seemed to be, drew my arms from beneath me.

Up to this time I had said nothing and had offered no resistance, but now an ungovernable fury seized me, and I thrashed about with my arms, upsetting the Chinaman who was kneeling beside me. He quickly recovered his balance and drew from under his shirt a most villainous knife, with which he made at me; but the other restrained him with a sharp order, and then addressed himself to me in perfect English.

"You see how hopeless it is for you to struggle. You are still partly tied, and we are two to one, so stop and don't force us to use painful violence."

I was persuaded and ceased struggling, whereat the servant approached and tied my hands as before. Then I became determined to know where I was and why I was there.

"What is the cause of this outrage?" I said, "and who are you to do such a thing?"

Then he of the red gown spoke in a low, cultured, beautifully-modulated voice.

"You have been prying too much into other people's affairs, and consequently have got into trouble. We have merely taken the necessary measures to protect our trade. As you may have suspected, we are smugglers, and you were so near to detecting us that we thought it best to get rid of you and have taken this method of doing it."

At this point, Jackson, who was still gagged, began to moan and grunt and to shake himself. At a sign from his superior, the servant cut the gag and left my friend free to speak.

"Well, what are you going to do with us now, you wretch?" said Jackson, "because if we're to be killed I'd like to have it over with. This place has given me rheumatism for the rest of my life, whether it's short or long," he remarked to me in a whimsical way.

"I have thought of three ways: to kill you, to keep you prisoners, or to obtain promises of secrecy and let you go. The first is easiest, but I dislike the idea. The second is expensive and tiresome. The third can hardly be trusted to succeed, for you Americans have no fine sense of honor."

I was stunned to hear my future considered so coolly and cold-bloodedly, but it seemed to make Jackson reckless.

"You're right there, you old scoundrel," he cried; "I'd never keep a promise made to you even if you could keep watch on me."

"Then the last is excluded and there remain the first two. I suppose you prefer the latter. I shall take time to think it over, and in the meantime you will not starve."

Then he addressed the servant in Chinese and left by the way he had come. The servant followed him for a short way and then returned with a basket, from which he took bread and fruit, some water and a couple of crooked glass tubes. Then with his hands he fed us and let us drink by using the tubes. When we were through, he replaced our gags, took up his basket and lantern, and left.

After his departure, Jackson began telegraphing by means of grunts, as before, but I had to have it repeated several times before I understood his message, short and to the point:

"Damn."

That word may sound insipid in print, but at that time and in those circumstances it excelled any speech that Webster could have made.

In return I telegraphed:

"Same here. Am trying to go to sleep."

If I ever have to sleep in like circumstances again I shall commit suicide. The place was damp, and the darkness gave a sense of oppression. I was infernally cramped and stiff, and it has always been one of the most wonderful to me, of all that strange series of experiences, that I ever managed to doze off, but I did.

The next thing I knew I was awakened by the servant, who had come to feed us. He removed our gags and fed us as before. Jackson and I both tried to get him to speak, but he seemed to understand nothing but Chinese, so we finally gave up in despair. After the meal was over we were gagged as before and left to our own devices.

After about half an hour the mandarin appeared, carrying a lantern and a bag such as physicians carry. From the latter he took a small bottle, a sponge and a tall paper cone.

"It might interest you," he remarked as he worked, "to know that, for the present at least, we shall adopt the second plan and that for that purpose I find it necessary to use a little chloroform, so that you may make us no trouble on your way to San Francisco."

With these words he saturated the sponge, placed it in the cone and inverted it over my nose and mouth. A sickly sweet smell filled my nostrils and I started to drop, drop, drop——

. . . . . .

I awoke in a half dark room, unbound,

but surrounded by iron bars. The room had two doors, one of which was closed by an arrangement of iron bars which were interlaced closely except at the center, where a hole about eight inches square was left. The place was dimly lighted by a skylight, which was evidently not open to the sun, for only a very dim light filtered through it.

I tried the unbarred door and found it unlocked. I opened it and met Jackson, who was surveying the room in which he stood. It was much the same, except that it had no other door than the one through which I had come. In it were two mattresses with quilts such as the Chinese use. The other room had been sparsely furnished with a table and a couple of chairs.

When Jackson saw me, he grabbed me by the hand and spoke the first free words he had said for the last two days.

"Well, Montram, old boy, I thought you'd never wake up from that dope. How do you like our new apartment? It's an example of aesthetic beauty in my humble opinion. But why thus despondent; aren't you glad to get home?"

"Home?" I gasped. "Where is this?"

"Down in San Francisco Chinatown somewhere, I suppose. But it's where we're going to stay for a good while yet, so it's home, isn't it? All we need is a piano and a 'God Bless Our Home' motto to make it as good as a flat."

"If you're joyful, I'm not," I replied; "be serious, as you can't be sober, and consider matters."

"What is there to consider? We're here, we can't get out, so why worry?"

"But why aren't we dead and sunk in the ocean or buried in a quicksand? If a man will club us in the head and drug us and take us to San Francisco, he won't stick at murder."

"This one will."

"But why?"

"He's a Brahman. When he was talking to us I saw him make the sign of Brahm, something like our sign of the cross, when he spoke of killing us. You know it's against the Brahman creed to kill even mosquitoes, and this man is a pretty good Brahman, I guess."

While talking thus we had gone back into the room where I had awakened. Suddenly the door beyond the iron bars opened and there stood the person of whom we had been speaking. He calmly unfolded a camp chair and seated himself on it. Then he began speaking.

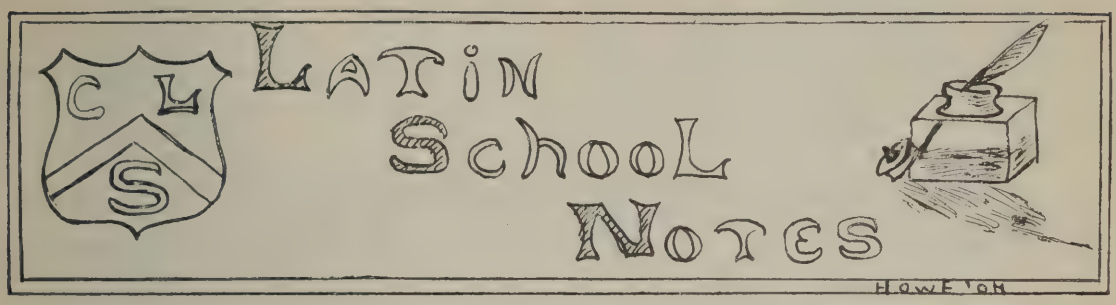
(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

RESOLUTIONS, C. E. H. S., 1908.

WHEREAS, by the will of the Divine Providence, our classmate, Mary Quinn, has been deprived of her father after a short illness: be it

Resolved, That we, the class of nineteen hundred and eight, of the English High School of Cambridge, do hereby extend to her our most sincere sympathy in her bereavement and sorrow; be it

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon the records of this class, and a copy be printed in the CAMBRIDGE REVIEW.



1906.

Next!

Teacher: "All ready for spelling?"
Pupil: "I didn't get time to study this."

Teacher: "The prefixes hemi-, semi- and demi- denote half of."
Pupil: "Then what does demijohn mean?"

Young hens—chicklets.

μενοίνεον—foot-soldiers.

Cicero was drilled in oratory by Mucius Scaevola, the augur.
How bored he must have been!

B—a—d (apparently addressing teacher): "Where were you last night and the night before, and what were you doing there?"

Teacher: "In whose reign did the Revolution occur?"
G—n: "In the reign of Henry VIII."

Did you ever see anything like it?

Teacher (translating): "Grant, my son—"
Grant: "Go away, pa."

Some system for pooling the knowledge in '06 should be invented. The present method of gatherings at recess is almost useless.

1907.

Miss W-o-w-r-h tells us that Sulla killed many men *with proscriptions*.

Miss F—"What is a sponging house?"
Miss W—"Where one is sponged."
Miss F—" A Turkish bath?"

When in need of amusement, ask Hubbard to recite in French, "Bah! Bah! Blacksheep."

Conduct marks going—shall we say *up?*

Miss B—"Who is meant by 'O felix nati pietate'?"
Reeves—"Felix."

Tertiae lunæ=Three moons, according to Thompson.

He must have been seeing moons instead of stars.

Eckert's startling question in English, "Why did Godolphin go to *Halifax?*"

Sulla surprised everybody by returning to the "Simple Life."

Dane seems to be very fond of plaid.

Qu'on me le pende au plancher—Let him hang on a string!

A very pleasant social was held at the home of Mr. Reeves, on Saturday, April 28. Every one present had a most enjoyable time.

1908.

Parry was very anxious that Miss Davenport should know that *twenty-three* men stabbed Cæsar.

Did Hector tell Aeneas to "skidoo?"

If the fire comes the second hour, we ought to be well prepared for it.

"Incensus insano Cæssandrae amore itgener."
"Inflamed by a crazy love for Cæssandra and her son-in-law!"

P—l has a strong sense of humor. He has the "giggles" every now and then.

Heard in the German Class:
"Eine Art Paria—a peanut vender."

Teacher: "Although Steele was an Irishman, he wasn't——?"
F—g: "An Englishman."

Who took the *pin* from Room 15?

Paris—the mother of Hector!

Teacher: "What was Hector's son called? He was named after a river."
Bright Pupil: "Styx."

Hintergrund—ground behind, backyard.

1909.

One of the most enjoyable socials ever given by the class was held Friday evening, April 27, at the home of Miss Bertha Moynahan. Many games were played and dancing was enjoyed. Great credit is due Miss Moynahan, who spared no pains to make the social a success.

Peppermints? Certainly.

It is too bad the boys won't leave some of your candy, isn't it, Miss B—?

A—ee and G-e-p-r have not yet got over their childish ways. But playing tag at recess is fine fun, so they say.

Teacher, to A—e (who has been called upon to recite, and begins by saying, "Er-er-er"): "Well, I don't know how much I can give you for all that information."

Farewell, Geometry, "How can we bear to leave you?"

Startling Information!
Philemon was a temple and Baucis a tree.

Miss A—ms tells us that Philemon and Baucis gave their guests nuts mixed with date skins.

1910.

Teacher: "What happened in the meantime?"
M-s-n: "Duncraggan died."

"Who was Lady Jane Grey?"
Goz-l-i: "She was a person."

"Who was Queen Elizabeth?"
Wh-te: "Son of Henry VIII."

A quibusdam viris audacibus.
By certain foolish men.

The third social of the year was held at the home of Miss Nash, April 18. Our class orchestra rendered four selections. Everybody had an excellent time.

Cheyne is captain of the class base-ball team. Success.

Ask Miss H-s-e-l what spiritual eyes are.

◊ Exchange Notes ◊

We regret that we have had to see, in several papers, those so-called spelling reforms which have lately been forcing themselves so persistently upon the attention of the public. We feel that, far from being reforms, they are injuries to the spelling of the language.

Few educated people can look at one of these mutilated alterations of English which have the impudence to call themselves reforms, without a feeling of disgust. Their existence rests upon too unstable a basis to warrant their appearance in any reputable book or periodical. Perhaps someone may ask, "How can they become established unless they appear in print?" We can only reply, that in case they must become established, this should be brought about by the manner which the Reform Committee desires, by their introduction into private correspondence. The committee itself does not employ them in its pamphlets. That will come in time; such of them as may prove their practical usefulness in private use cannot help finding their way into print.

Another reason that they should be avoided by careful editors, and, we think, by every educated person, is that almost all reforms of spelling cut off all clue to the formation of a word. Many an interesting piece of philology has as its sole foundation a silent letter. The k in knee is all that links it to German, Latin and Greek cognates. We could quote many another instance of this kind. It is then evident that, were the spelling reforms once firmly established, it would take but a few years to eradicate all clue to the origin of a large portion of the language.

Many of the changes, notably certain participial forms, are attempts to revive archaic spellings which were long ago dropped because they were inconvenient, or destroyed uniformity, or were otherwise impracticable. It seems strange that any sensible person should attempt to revive these.

Often the changes in spelling tend to encourage a careless, slip-shod pronunciation, an evil which is already too widespread. Many of the subtleties of our pronunciation, those characteristics which render it so difficult for a foreigner to master, and which separate the truly cultured person from the gamin in the street, many of these rest solely on some small point in the spelling of the words, especially on vowel combinations. All these points which give the true polish to any language, will be ruthlessly swept away, as so much trash of a by-gone era, by the diligent meddlers with our language.

Besides, there are many words which, though entirely different in meaning and origin, happen to have the same or nearly the same sound. These will be hopelessly confused when their spellings are made the same.

Finally, we contend that the slight simplification obtained by the Reforms is counteracted by the increased difficulty in understanding the language. Many words which are intimately connected with, or derived from, other words, would seem to be hopelessly arbitrary in meaning if their spellings were changed. A person who is too heedless to spell the language properly will certainly find difficulty in learning it without the assistance of the spelling which helps him to remember the meaning of a word.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The next issue of the REVIEW will appear on or about June 15. All copy *must* be in on Wednesday, May 31. This leaves a very short time to prepare for the last issue, and all copy must be in *promptly*. We are especially anxious to secure some good stories.

Base Ball to-day—C. L. S. vs. R. M. T. S.—a game worth making an effort to see.

The following games in the Latin School and Training School schedules are yet to be played. They are all important games. Make an effort to see them.

LATIN SCHOOL.

May	17	R. M. T. S.†
	19	Gloucester High.
	22	Newton High.*
	25	Brookline High.*
	28	Open.
	30	Open.
June	2	Concord High.
	5	Newton High.*
	8	Brookline High.*

*Preparatory League.
†Triangular League.

TRAINING SCHOOL.

May	17	C. L. S., at Camb. Common.
	19	Wakefield High, at Wakefield.
	23	Dorchester High, at Dorch's'r.*
	26	Somerville High, at Som'rville.*
	30	Malden High, at Malden.*
June	1	C. H. S., at Camb. Common.
	4	Concord High, at Concord.
	6	Arlington High, at Arlington.
	9	Gloucester High, at Gloucester.
	13	B. E. H. S., at Boston.*
	16	Open.
	19	Melrose High, at Melrose.
	21	Ballou and Hobigand, at Camb. Common.
	23	Somerville High, at Som'rville.*

*Interscholastic League Games.

The Judge.

M. F. GRAGG.

The tall lady whom the servant ushered into Judge Gilbert's library looked about the room nervously. When she saw that she was alone, she dropped into a chair by the table with a half stifled exclamation of relief. It was quite evident that she was not anxious for the interview before her, that she wasn't at all sure what the result would be.

The size, the simple richness of the room oppressed her. To her imagination, the judge's official and domestic tastes found expression in the furnishings. The rare and costly books, bronzes and Eastern rugs, the huge, carved chair beside the hearth, impressed her silently but none the less forcibly with the wealth and rank of the owner. There were human touches too, which softened the correct magnificence. A low bowl of violets upon the desk sent out their delicate perfume. Beside them lay a card-case with a handkerchief tucked into it. On the grand piano was a work-box, while in the lion's chair lay a wooden horse. A rather dilapidated, jaded specimen, with a fore leg broken, and hanging by a bit of leather. There was a strange look in the lady's eyes when she discovered the toy. Her hands clasped each other tightly and her lip trembled. Surely, surely, a man who would spend a part of his valuable time in mending a horse would be at least partly human—not all judge.

There were steps in the hall. The lady recovered herself and sat perfectly still, waiting. There were quick, pattering steps, not at all the way the judge walked. They came in a sudden, impetuous onslaught, straight into the room and stopped. She looked up. The boy returned her gaze steadily, and drew nearer the hearth. She watched him breathlessly —he was such a little fellow, but so erect and manly. He held the horse up for her to admire.

"My horse," he said proudly.

"It's beautiful," she answered ecstatically. Then her appreciation of the ridiculous suddenly possessed her, and she shook with laughter behind her big muff. The boy saw her eyes shining and he laughed, too. It was a childish, spontaneous burst of merriment. Then he laid the horse upon her knee.

"Lame," he explained, cheerfully. "Father's mending him."

"Then you can drive him again, can't you?" she said gravely.

"Yes." A delighted wiggle and chuckle accompanied this last word.

Just then, the Judge's voice was heard in the hall. With utter disregard for ceremony, the boy caught up the horse and ran out of the room. She could hear them laughing together, then there was a sudden rush upstairs, the boy shrieking delightedly, the judge breathing hard, and chuckling. A door closed. The Judge came slowly downstairs, and paused for a moment in the hall. Then he came into the library.

He found her standing by the fire-place, back to him—a tall, slight, singularly pathetic figure, gowned in simple back. He could not see the handsome, tired eyes, or the sensitive mouth, but he guessed at them and fortified his own expression accordingly. A moment before he had forgotten his cares, his dignity, to play with his boy; now he was once more the administrative of justice—immovable, coldly critical. If she had hoped to find him open to persuasion, she would be disappointed.

"Miss—er—Ardale?"

She turned at the sound of his voice and made a step towards him.

"I am very sorry to have been obliged to keep you waiting. Pray be seated." She complied, looking at him with her great dark eyes. Did he think that she didn't know the weighty affair which had delayed him?

"You came," he continued, pulling forward a chair for himself opposite to hers and looking at her squarely, "to ask me something about Mr. Hale—to entreat, perhaps?"

He paused to give her a chance to speak. Miss Ardale frowned. She had expected to state her case for herself; she had even hoped that he wouldn't know just at first why she had come. She would have preferred to enlighten him herself, but it appeared he was already enlightened. Perhaps a good deal more than she wished that he was. The situation was peculiar, so she said nothing. Judge Gilbert thought that she was embarrassed. He talked on.

"The case of Mr. Hale, as I understand it, and I believe I have been fully informed, is this—" He paused. She looked up impatiently. If he were only a little less judge. She shrugged mentally and awaited developments. The Judge smiled. It was a smile intensely disagreeable to Miss Ardale.

"It is such an everyday occurrence," he remarked wearily.

"It doesn't make things less detestable on that account," she threw in rather sharply.

"No, I suppose not," returned the Judge with a sigh. He was bored and showed it.

"Mr. Hale's motive should be thought of," she went on, half defiantly.

"Possibly." He roused himself, and began to speak with an interest wholly assumed, but more bearable than his former attitude. "Mr. Hale was a cashier in a prominent banking house. Up to that time he had done nothing—at least we will assume so—to merit the correction of the law. Mr. Hale was wealthy. He lived extravagantly, but he had money with which to pay. He tried every form of pleasure until nothing amused him. At length his money was nearly half disposed of. He wanted more, and stupidly enough he began transactions in the Bull and Bear world with a view to increasing his diminished capital. As a matter of fact, it decreased rapidly, and he became more and more involved. He required more money to pull out. The bank's money was easy to get possession of. It was before him constantly. At first he borrowed a small sum. Then as his affairs went from bad to worse, he took more and more, some hundred and fifty thousand I believe. Granted, he was desperate, the money was the bank's. I suppose he intended to pay it all back when his luck changed. A meeting of the bank directors was called earlier than he expected. Young Hale didn't bolt or shoot himself; he faced the result."

"It took courage to do that," interrupted Miss Ardale.

"Doubtless. Perhaps he thought it easier to endure one punishment here than many in the next world. We won't discuss that. He appeared—" The Judge paused. His caller was trying with difficulty to control herself. She had forgotten her fear of the Judge. She was going to fight for the man he was condemning; her thin face was flushed and eager, her eyes bright with excitement. She leaned forward tensely.

"Oh, but his motive, his motive," she said in a voice peculiarly appealing.

The Judge was undisturbed; he even smiled a little as he read a note he had taken from his pocket.

"Did he have a motive worthy of being called one?" he asked at length.

"Yes. More than you have any idea of. You can't judge a case fairly until you have heard both sides. He was too highly principled,"—the judge's eyes twinkled—"too magnanimous to injure others by clearing himself. He wouldn't tell his motive; that would have involved others."

Judge Gilbert leaned back comfortably in his chair and surveyed her through half-closed eyes. It would be amusing to let her tell her story. Of course the case was as plain as day, but he wondered what motive she could find to acquit him.

"You may explain," he said.

"You accuse Mr. Hale of being wilfully extravagant, of taking money which was not his own to spend for needless dissipations, do you not?" she demanded.

He nodded.

"Then you are entirely wrong. You

have been misinformed. Mr. Hale was *obliged* to take the money. He was under a great pressure, which only his most intimate friends knew. Wentford Ardale, my father, and Mr. Hale became acquainted some years ago. My father extricated Mr. Hale from certain embarrassing circumstances, which need not be mentioned here. It is enough for me to say that from then, Mr. Hale felt himself so in my father's debt that he would have done anything he ordered him to do. Strangely enough, after befriending Mr. Hale my father began unaccountably to hate him. He hated him, not with a general dislike, but with an aversion which grew stronger and stronger." She paused to control her voice; then went on again more slowly.

"I cannot account for this. Perhaps he knew things that Wentford Ardale would have preferred he shouldn't. It was Wentford Ardale who forced him into such extravagances, with one intent, to ruin him financially and socially." She stopped. Her breath came quickly, and she watched the Judge. It was out now. Would he believe her or not?

"That is a grave charge," he replied slowly, "and one peculiar to hear from Wentford Ardale's daughter."

"It is true," she said defiantly.

The Judge rose and took a turn about the room. He wondered if she regarded him as a perfect imbecile. She must if she thought he had swallowed what she had said. Why was she so tensely dramatic about the whole thing, any way? What was Hale to her? He came back and stood in front of the fire, his hands in his pockets.

"What—I think if I am to judge fairly I must know it—was your relation to Mr. Hale?"

She shrugged her shoulders evasively.

" 'What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba?' " she quoted, smiling.

"Surely something, for you to tell me this about your father," he answered.

She made a slight, impatient movement with her hand.

"I wanted justice done," she said, steadily.

"So? You love him!"

Miss Ardale shook her head slowly and rose.

"I think you know enough to judge him fairly. The case comes up on Monday. I shall be in the gallery and I shall expect the proper verdict."

She was already near the door before the Judge spoke. When he did, his voice startled her. Though his words were natural, his manner had entirely changed.

"May I trouble you a moment more?" he asked, serenely.

"Certainly."

"Do I look such an utter imbecile as you think me?" His great frame fairly shook with laughter.

She looked at him angrily, and flushed, while her hands, unseen within her muff, clutched one another nervously.

"I don't know what you mean," she murmured.

"I mean just this. I have authority for the fact that you are not Wentford Ardale's daughter. Your name of Miss Ardale has been assumed to trick me. Forgive me if I say it might have been more cleverly done." He placed a chair for her and she sat down feebly.

"I believe I have the honor of now conversing with Miss Fielding, have I not?"

She flushed angrily.

"How did you know?" she demanded.

The Judge produced a note from his pocket and placed it on the table.

"From a gentleman who has been detailed to watch out for Mr. Hale's interests," he explained, and read aloud.

"He evidently expected his arrest and arranged accordingly. Some of the money was spent in bribing. Watch out for Ardale's daughter, Miss Fielding. Black hair and eyes, perfectly suited to look distressed and pathetic. I've seen her once before. Good little actress."

Miss Fielding pushed back her chair with a jerk and faced the Judge.

"Of course you think I did it for the money." There was hurt pride and resentment quivering in her voice.

The Judge's hand stole to his mouth to hide a smile.

"No," he said gently; "you didn't read the end."

She leaned forward and read the remainder to herself:

"Just a bit of side information: I believe she used to think a good deal of Hale herself."

"Then you thought?"

"I still think," said the Judge.

"That I do?

"Don't you?"

"Well—perhaps."

Miss Fielding turned quickly towards the hall door and brushed her muff across her face.

"I thought so," said Judge Gilbert.

DEDICATION.

R. S., R. M. T. S.

Sweetheart, I wrote for you the verse
That the world has hung in the Hall of Fame;
For you was the little time-frayed song —
Yours was the only claim.

I had not thought that the world would see
What the world has seen in the measured line;
I did not know I had struck therein
A chord that the world would call divine:
I had not meant that one save you
Should e'er untangle that verse of mine.

And yet the world has beat a path
Through the winding jungle of ragged rhyme;
With you it rangeth that maze of words
And steals what it likes for the Hall of Time.
But you, sweetheart, in the balanced phrase
Find more than the world has marked sublime.

Sweetheart, I wrote for you the verse
That the world has hung in the Hall of Fame;
For you was the little time-frayed song —
Yours was the only claim.

Why Taffy Played Squealer.

L. N., C. L. S., '08.

Whin yer livin' in expectations o' a great event an' yo' see yer expectations erbout t' lose their ground story, yer feelin's is likely t' be disterbed. Therefore, yo' 'll understand th' strength o' my emotions whin I saw th' central piller o' th' grand scheme a totterin'; saw Taffy backin' out a side door, so t' say. Three weeks ago, th' ol' maids thet dwell in Ol' Glory down th' hill by th' railroad tracks got a notion in ther blocks thet there might be some need fer kindlin' wood now thet winter wus approachin', an' one of 'em nabbed Taffy softly by th' collar one mornin' an' told him how he could earn five plunks. He jumped at th' proposition like a drownin' man at a straw, fer he knew thet more 'en five plunks would be needed afore my mother wus out o' th' hospital, an' he remembered thet th' shirt he had on wus one of th' three she made him. Lookin' upon this dear ol' maid like she wus his guardian angel, he started on a record breakin' race fer me an' related his luck wid sech a whoop o' joy es might a made a wild Indian rage wid envy. Then he set off agin like a cannon ball shot from a eighteen-pounder an' chopped wood all day an' all night a whole week fer th' five plunks he never got. An' now, after plannin' a darin' revenge, he wus tryin' t' wiggle out o' it. Had I told this t' any o' th' boys they would a thought I wus a lawyer tryin' t' qualify for th' Supreme Court. Es fer me, I wus disgusted t' find soft spots in Taffy, —Taffy, th' King o' th' Tribe,—an' in spite o' th' fact thet this wus ther first breakin' out on th' surface, my voice wusn't coated wid sugar whin I said, jerkin' th' strap o' his newspaper bag:

"Aw, come off, Taffy; ain't yo' goin' t' be in ut?" and only th' 'membrance o' th' time he broke his arm afore he let th' cops elope wid th' unsuspectin' Kid, kep' me from makin' my disgust more flashy. But Taffy wusn't so easy es he looked.

"Yo' let up," he said, like thunder thet ain't quite here yet.

"G-e-e," I whistled softer 'en th' winds o' summer. Still es th' stars, we crossed th' dispopulated streets an' marched inter th' kingdom o' our alley.

Taffy began th' conversation. "Go load," he said.

In the speech o' th' illegant this means 'eat,' an', although it sounded invitin' an' I knew by th' tone o' th' invitation thet the wavery piller had been straightened, I only said, kind a-grumpy, "Chase yerself, my rint's due."

"Come off!" said Taffy, es if th' facts startled him.

"True blue," I swore, a little solemn.

"Load anyway," advised Taffy, like a millionaire.

Now this wus downright temptin', so I called over my left shoulder like they do on th' stage, "Aw-rewar," an' sped t' my desternation. I heard Taffy yell, "Ol' Glory—eight sharp," an' I wished awfully I wus near enough t' land him one. He must a thought those blue-coats stuffed cotton in the ears to keep out ear-ache. However, all my troubled feelin's disappeared whin I stumbled over the delaperdated portal thet lets th' friendly breezes play over the trembly floor o' my mansion, an' I turned nurse girl t' my achin' shin. While my shin wus convalessin', I dispatched a loaf o' bread an' sprinkled my inside wid a pailful o' cold water. Between gulps, I took t' thinkin' o' Taffy an' whut th' matter wus, but I couldn't come t' no satisfact'ry conclusion (fer how wus I t' read th' signs o' a two days' fast?), so I gave it up an' took t' thinkin' o' stackin' th' ties thet wasn't made int' kindlin' wood up aginst th' ol' maids' one door. I laffed till I shook like a earthquake whin I thought of th' squarin' o' th' score atween us an' th' three ol' maids a chucklin' t' themselves in ther doll house down by th' hill. Es soon es I wus sufficiently calm t' straighten myself out, I made a dive fer th' stairs, an' bein' es I wus kind o' hurried, I clean fergot which one t' skip an' nearly took a gen-

tle drop—a sort o' unpatented air shaft elevator—fer th' cellar.

"Whut's yer rush?" asked Taffy whin I landed on th' ground.

"Gee, but yo' give a feller a turn," I remarked, es I tried t' swaller my heart; "I thought th' overlord had come t' claim th' taxes on my mansion." Funny, ain't it, how I fergot t' ask him ef he'd loaded yet?

"Aw, a couple o' minutes," he answered, like it wusn't a pleasant starter. "Suppose we take th' Kid along," he said in a hurry, whin he saw me lookin' at him from th' corner o' my eye.

"Thought you an' me wus t' meet at Ol' Glory," I said, still examinin' his features.

"Thought I'd call fer you," explained Taffy, fergettin' all erbout th' Kid. Th' thing thet haunts my nightcap is how he could a kept from fergettin' thet he owed me a good swat fer th' kind look I cast at him.

"Yo' lookin' pale," I said; "yo' sick?"

"Go t' thunder," Taffy exploded; "yer color blind."

"Well, o' all th'—"

"Yo' ain't got time fer that," an' Taffy, towerin' mad, hauled me behind him like a trailer on a fast express.

Not bein' used t' sech rapid transit, I wus naturally took off my feet an' found considerable trouble in regainin' 'em. However, in th' course o' a few revolvin' seconds, I got 'em untangled an' wus beginnin' t' feel secure whin Taffy slowed down.

"Fergive us, ol' Buck," he said, droppin' his hands down by his sides like his shoulder joints wus out o' order.

Playin' th' part o' th' trailer had erbout winded me, but this made me faintlike. This conglomeration o' contradictory imotions displayed by th' level-headed king o' th' tribe reminded me o' a mixture o' chills an' fever.

"Taffy—"

"Yo' look blowed," said Taffy, tryin' t' joke.

The heavy weight o' dumfounded surprise slipped off th' end o' my tongue an' I fired up like a barrel o' gasoline touched wid a lighted match, but Taffy had th' extinguisher ready.

"Honest, I got a splitter," he said, liftin' his hands t' his head like he had th' rheumatiz.

I wusn't in a tenderly sympathetic mood es I leaned aginst th' wall wid a face like a danger signal an' feelin' inside like a 'ruption o' Mount Vesuvius, but rememberin' thet he furnished more'n half th' chink thet bought my mother's dope, I discarded any unrighteous intentions I may have had respectin' th 'dimmin' o' his lights or the dislocation o' his sneezin' hinges, an' I asked:

"Been testin' yer capacity es regards th' amount o' cigarettes smokeable es a after dinner recreation?"

"Naw," said Taffy; "been practisin' boxin' wid th' Kid."

This was short an' sweet, but how it could be twisted int' a excuse fer war in th' top story wus too great a stunner fer me.

"Thin es tissure paper—thet tale o' yers," I remarked, es we rounded th' corner.

"An' yet yo' can't see through it," said Taffy, like he'd hate t' teach me my A-B-C's.

"All tissure paper ain't transparent," I observed, not exactly understandin' (Sherlock Holmes thet I wus!) but feelin' thet I had a rep. t' defend.

Taffy laffed. "Right yo' are, Ol' Buck," he said, emphasizin' wid sech a appreciative love-tap es nearly made me turn a hand spring. "Sparklin' stars, ef there ain't th' Kid," he cried, an' from his tone I think *now* thet nothin' but a square meal would a delighted him more—*then* I didn't know.

"I say, whut yo' up t'?" asked th' fragment o' th' universe thus addressed, no doubt feelin' thet this wus Taffy's informal way o' acceptin' his services es a squire an' tryin' wid nerve an' muscle not t' appear daffy wid joy.

"We wus discussin' th' ol' maids," said Taffy.

"An' yerself," I added, by way o' fillin' in.

"Yes," interrupted Taffy like a streak of lightning, "we wus wonderin' how you'd like t' play outpost."

"Whut doin'?" asked th' Kid, imaginin'

hisself already dubbed a knight, while I grew curious erbout th' boxin'.

"Settlin' wid th' ol' maids," explained Taffy.

"Sure," agreed th' Kid, swellin' up like a turkey at th' thought o' comin' wid us big guys. "Goin' now?"

"Yep," said Taffy, "on th' way."

"All right," an' th' Kid put his hands in his pockets.

Findin' th' platform deserted, I took my stand. "Tell us erbout th' boxin'," I said, an' Taffy commenced t' walk like he wus anxious t' stack ties in front o' th' ol' maids' door.

"Whut boxin'?" asked the Kid, es we turned our backs on his palatial residence.

"Catch me givin' yo' another lesson," said Taffy, rapidly lessenin' th' distance atween us an' Ol' Glory.

"O, sure!" exclaimed th' Kid like he wus grabbin' on t' a life line, "th' boxin'!"

"Yes," said I, "th' boxin'!"

Perceivin' hisself nailed in, th' Kid began t' feel around fer loose slats. "I ain't no good at describin' things, better let Taffy," said th' young diplomat.

"It wus like this," began Taffy, breathin' like his name wus struck off a death list, "th' ceilin' wusn't high enough fer th' sudden straightenin' up I felt th' victor ought t' take. I tried t' furnish th' room wid a skylight."

"Yes," said th' Kid, buttin' in wid a laugh, "th' ceilin' slopes, yo' know."

Like a X-ray had been throwed on thet tissure paper o' mine, I began t' see through it. This wus one o' those stories like th' reporters sometimes regale th' editors wid; there hadn't been no boxin' wid th' Kid.

"Yo' might a done better," I said t' Taffy, fer I felt like I'd held out my hand fer a shake an' he'd gently touched my finger tips—like I had told him all my secrets an' he had told me none o' his. We had good times together, Taffy an' me, afore my mother wus carted off t' th' hospital. I remembered 'em now an' was so squelched at Taffy's cuttin's up thet I would sooner a jumped in th' river than ask him whut th' matter wus. "Yep, yo' might a done better," I said agin, kind o' insinuatin'. The Kid told me next day how Taffy bit his lip till it bled and turned th' color o' a boiled lobster, but I was busy studyin' th' stars an' didn't see; wus wonderin' how many miles atween us an' Mars, an' how long it'd be afore we had telephone connections; how many months atween my mother an' health; how long it'd take t' stack enough ties aginst th' ol' maids' door.

"Yo' enjoy estronermy?" Th' perlite tones o' th' Kid brought my eyes t' th' ground in time t' keep me from stumblin' on th' railroad tracks. We had reached our desternation.

"Yep," said I, calculatin' how many ties would be necessary t' satisfact'rily block in our friends; "no other way t' get even wid 'em."

"Thet's so," agreed th' Kid.

"Cheese it!" said Taffy, who probably found th' conversation mystifyin', "duck!"

Bein' well versed in th' art, we dropped from sight like a magician had waved a magic wand. Half a second after, th' light o' th' ol' maids' lantern played over our prostrate forms, an' I felt like Diamond Dick might a felt ef he'd ever been handcuffed. When I wus black in th' face from holdin' my breath, I heard th' door o' Ol' Glory shut wid a creak. Th' ol' maids had retired fer th' night.

"Golly," said th' Kid.

"Shut yer trap," said Taffy.

"An' get busy," said I.

Actin' on this gentle hint, th' Kid stationed hisself a few yards off an' demonstrated his idea o' a sentinel by wigglin' his head till he got dizzy an' took a tumble. Taffy an' me walked out t' where th' ties wus.

"Six," counted Taffy.

"Think it's enough?" I asked.

"Plenty," he answered like he wus chewin' a sour pickle.

I looked at him enquirin'ly. "Yep; they're kind o' weighty," I said.

We each grabbed a end. Taffy lifted his end a foot from th' ground. "Heavy, ain't it?" he said apologetically es he let it drop.

"Yep," said I, feelin' thet th' stingin' in my hands more 'n made up fer th' sarcasm, "taxes yer strength, I perceive."

"Didn't get a good hold," he said.

Catchin' a queer note in his voice, I squinted my eyes an' looked at him es we

bent down t' get a fresh hold. Ef I hadn't a heard him express sentiments on th' subject, I should a thought him guilty o' powderin'—he looked like he'd been dropped in a flour barrel.

"Whut's the matter, Taffy?" I asked, like I'd seen a ghost.

"Goin' t' lift this tie or not?" he asked, shuttin' his eyes an' sittin' down on th' other end o' it.

"Guess not," I told him, not exactly seein' how I could.

Taffy put his head in his hands like he wus resignin' hisself t' th' Fates, an' I began t' wonder how he could a eat his supper an' got over t' my house in sech a short time t'night. He must a loaded on th' way.

"Whut'd yo' feed on t'night?" I asked, feelin' like I wus beginnin' t' wake up.

"Same's breakfast," he said.

This wus a poser an' I never wus good at riddles. "Whut was thet?" I asked.

He kept still es th' night an' I feel t' speculatin' es I looked through th' holes in his cap. What ailed him this mornin'? Why did he pertend t' ferget t' nights experdition an' when I reminded him o' it try t' turn squealer? Why had th' mercury o' his temper bounced from twenty below t' ninety in th' shade an' back agin whin I happened t' look at him? Before much o' the future was swallered up by th' past I was able t' answer those questions so well thet I never ferget 'em.

"Taffy," I said, touchin' his shoulder, "whin'd yo' eat last?"

All Taffy's make believe backbone gave way, an' he rolled off th' log. "I wusn't goin' t' tell yer, Buck," he said.

"Yer wusn't goin' t' tell me—tell me whut?" I asked.

"I ain't et fer two days—two an' a half—but yer mother's bill's paid."

"Taffy," I said, turnin' round fer fear th' Kid would think I wus cryin', "w-whut yo' been a doin?"

"Jest provin' I ain't a squealer," he said es I helped him home.

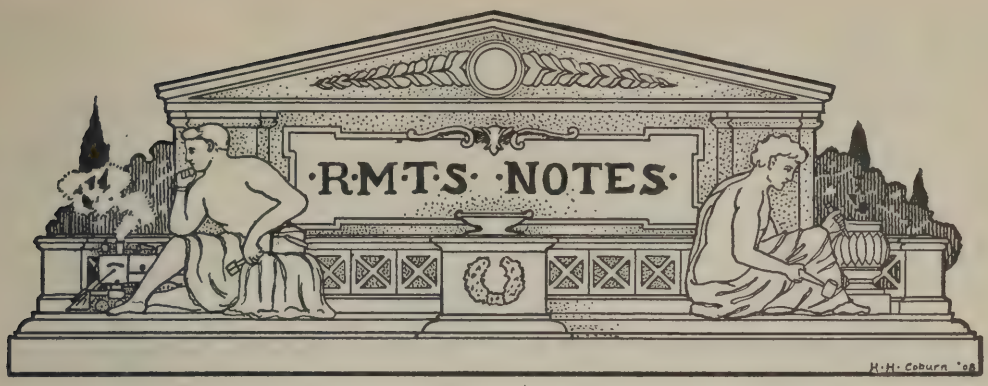
BOOK REVIEWS.

"Under Togo for Japan," by Edward Stratmeyer. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. 309 pp., $1.25, decorative cloth.

"Under Togo for Japan" is the fourth volume of the "Soldiers of Fortune" Series. Though it is a complete story in itself, its principle characters have appeared in the earlier volumes of the series, making this book especially interesting to those who have read the three preceding stories. The scene is laid in Manchuria, and the Japan Sea, during the recent great struggle between Russia and Japan. The battle of Mukden and the destruction of Rojestvensky's fleet are brought into the story. The adventures of the four Americans in the service of the Mikado are manifold and thrilling. The villains are Russians, who kidnap an American merchant in Port Arthur. The efforts of the soldier boys to release him are crowned with success, but not until they have been in several dangerous predicaments. Mr. Stratmeyer has kept up to his usual high standard.

"A History of the United States," by Allen C. Thomas. D. C. Heath & Co. 592 pp., $1, half leather.

Mr. Thomas' history contains the history of this country from its discovery in 1492 by Columbus to the Baltimore fire in 1904. It is profusely illustrated, printed in large, clear type on good paper. In the appendices, of which there are ten, are the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, Abraham Lincoln's second inaugural address, a topical analysis, a list of chief dates in American History, etc. There are several full page maps. The context is arranged in paragraphs with marginal topics that make the study easy and interesting. At the end of each chapter the principle points are given in a "summary," which makes the review of the book easy. There are thirty-two maps and over one hundred and seventy-five illustrations. The binding is strong and will stand hard usage.



1906.

The speeches are over, we are sorry?

Mr. B.'s bachelor class is improving rapidly.

Leavitt's geometry says that a 23 sided figure is called a skidoohedron.

Webb is a German scholar?

Sie kochte selber=She cooked herself.

How is C—er's name going to look on a diploma?

Mr. B-r-n: "Who was Morpheus?"
L—t: "Morpheus was the God of Morphine."

"They found themselves in a valley surrounded by hills."

Rations: One-third of a block every three months.

It is surprising how easily eight or ten fellows will jump when hitched to a Leyden jar.

Where did you learn to throw oranges, H-y-s?

Ask Collidge what a goose egg is.

Phelan's velocity in German translation is only exceeded by that of a locomotive.

1907.

We hope Allison will master the measles as successfully as he does his lessons.

It is rumored that Girard holds hands on his way to school.

Hugelman sharpens his pencil at the window during the High School recess, every drawing period. Rather a strange coincidence.

All fellows wishing to test their jokes should join one of Miss Ellis's classes. She must hear all jokes.

We translate "de facons de chevaux," as "skates."

James, translating "Votre figure est à peindre—Your face is painted."

1908.

Mr. Brown tells us that there are one or two in our class that are getting pale. He goes on to state that the probable cause is that they have been rejected. We hope they have not, but if it is so, we congratulate ourselves that they are not many.

Dean says there is only one day he can study French, that being February 29th.

Get your zeroes at the desk when leaving Room I.

Mr. Conlin tells us to look out for the que (cur).

Did Ju no Ferdinand?

Cutting says Helen and Paris sailed for Greece.

Christman says he has never been stopped by a police wand.

Houston is still wondering why the philosopher was talking to himself.

Teacher: "Translate 'How old are you?' "
Pupil: "Please do not ask such embarrassing questions."

McPherson's new French Vocabulary: Fritté—to frighten.

Mr. Norton: "What is the first step?"
Pupil: "I don't know."
Another pupil: "Get on."

In French: "The water was sweet, doubly sweet."
Cogswell: "Was it salt?"

Warning: Don't kill that mosquito on Baker's face.

Pupil, to French teacher: "Does 'perjamais' mean a night attire?"

Berry would like to know how crocodiles are killed with electricity.

Pupil to instructor: "Will you please tell me the date?"
Instructor: "23." And "——" was offended.

Arey says he lives on "bon ami."

Pupil starts to translate: "Get—"
A bright one just waking up: "—the hook."

Come, fellows, where is your spirit? Don a running suit and show what you are made of. The track meet is nearing.

Teacher: "You got 40 per cent., D-ng."
"Oh! the dickens."
We are sorry to say he is dead.

We are glad to welcome Dunning back from his illness.

Demagogue—from Greek demos, people, and English gag: One who gags the people.

Fellows says a Dachshund is a low-down dog.

Dean says that the dance he went to recently was a physical exercise invented by St. Vitus.

Take this to the lunch room:
Frankfurters, four for twenty, in German. Derived from frank: open, and fortitude, meaning brave. Sold and eaten by the brave.

Francis tells us that the legislature was a company of men brought together to bluster, or a company of law-makers who knew nothing about law.

1909.

Mr. Hubbard must like to correct examination papers.

While in the locker, H. Farwell's lunch box was broken into by a mouse. It is rumored that Farwell has offered a reward to anyone who will kill the mouse.

The sporty members of Div. IV C vie with each other in getting the most awful combinations in hosiery.

It is said that some of the fellows have had nightmares in which a skeleton was prominent.

Up in the shops there are boats enough being built to form a whole fleet.

First fellow: "What are you making up in shops?
Second fellow: "Oh, I'm making the time fly."

1906.

We congratulate the Misses Thayer and Nelligan on their rank in the class, which gives them, respectively, the valedictory and salutatory honors.

It is creeping on toward the time when we shall have to say "Farewell."

Have you had your pictures taken yet?

Everybody settle up on dues as soon as possible. We need the money.

Another month and there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

Miss LeF—, please don't kill Williams when you close the window.

Girls, keep your desk covers *down!*

The interclass meet was a good illustration of the phrase, "The first shall be last and the last shall be first."

Girls, this is the *last* year we have to win the championship games.

Miss Davison, what does "T. D." mean?

Heard in English:
Teacher: "Explain 'to undo three tailors.'"
Miss LeF—: "To wear out three suits of clothes."

Miss Davison, why did you and Miss F— change seats?

The members of the Athletic Association thank all the members and friends of the class who attended the concert and helped to make it the success it was.

The girls in the cooking class can sing and make "dough."

Wave at the Marcelles and watch them wave back.

Williams, the star player, belongs to our class. We are most proud to acknowledge the fact.

Ask Miss R-b-rts how many bones she found in her oysters.

Who is the swimmer in 1906?

What does U. S. V. L. S. C. stand for?

1907.

We are all glad to have Miss McIntire with us again.

Ask Miss C-tl-r how she liked scalloped oysters.

Did you enjoy the concert, Miss H—l?

Often heard: "Meet me fifth hour in the Chemistry Room."

We are all glad to see Miss Cummings back again.

Did you notice how *affectionate* the boys of the Advanced French Div. are toward each other?

Isn't that a pretty pin Miss P-ll-k wears?

Miss Sullivan has been elected captain of next year's basket-ball team.

Ask Miss Priest what her pet pass-word is.

1908.

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to Miss Mary Quinn in her recent bereavement.

Who are "Billy" and "Johnny" in Room IV?

Lost—A ruler, bearing certain valuable initials. Finder may keep the ruler, but return the initials to Miss R., Room III.

A problem for some of the Algebra scholars:
M. E. K. + E. A. C.=?

Do your best in basket-ball, girls. Let us have a winning team!

French translation:
"You have no right to speak evil of him, he has only relieved you of your purse."

"He was his father's son." Strange!

Miss Von der Luft, what do those sly glances across the room during French recitation mean?

Who is the "Model of Propriety" in Div. V?

Who said that only girls were vain? Ask C-n-l-y how many times he looked in the mirror up in the laboratory.

Be a sport for sport's sake.

Trident—an animal with three teeth.

Little boys should not play with the window cords, Olsson.

Miss McIntire thinks Bennett would get along better the fourth hour if he paid more attention to French and less to the girls.

We wonder what kind of a train an "elevator-train" is.

What does B. S. S. '06 on Miss Gray's block mean?

Heard in English:
Teacher: "Miss G-e-n-e, give the meaning of molecule."
Miss G-e-n-e: "The state of being covered with moles."

1909.

Teacher: "What is an aqueduct?"
Pupil: "A bird with four legs."

Miss Lynch would like to know what a *"fabricator"* is. Can anyone in '06 tell her?

Would you be guilty of murder, Master Nover?

Div. 8 is requested to *keep* to the text in French.

Did you succeed in selecting your hat, Miss My-rs?

Miss McC-ty and Miss McB-de have been commended for the *neat* appearance of their desks!

LATIN SCHOOL.

C. L. S. 7, WAKEFIELD 4.

In the first game of the season, Latin defeated Wakefield on Saturday, April 7. Latin School scored three runs in the first inning on errors, and four more in the fourth on two errors, a base on balls, and hits by G. Chase and Boyer. Wakefield scored four times in the eighth on four passes and a hit. Boyer pitched six innings without allowing a hit, and only one was secured off Chase in the remaining three innings. The hitting was weak, Murphy securing two of Latin School's four singles. The score:

Innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
C. L. S.	3	0	0	4	0	0	0	0	0	7	4	2
Wakefield	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	0	4	1	7

C. L. S 12, WINCHESTER 1.

On April 10, Latin School defeated Winchester by pounding out fourteen hits and putting up an errorless game in the field. Boyer pitched a strong game, striking out seven men, and allowing but six scattered hits. Latin School ran bases well and hit the ball hard when hits meant runs. A. Chase got four hits out of four times at bat, and Vickery got three out of five chances. Stiles put up a strong game at second. The score:

Innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
C. L. S.	2	0	0	0	2	3	5	0	0	12	14	0
Winchester	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	6	3

DEAN ACADEMY 17, C. L. S. 4.

Latin School was badly defeated by Dean on April 14. There is no detailed report of the game at hand.

C. L. S 4, NOBLE & GREENOUGH 3.

WALTHAM 6, C. L. S. 5.

On April 19 Latin School was defeated by Waltham High in a close and exciting game. Waltham scored in two innings and had a lead of six runs before Latin School made a run; but the team kept right at it and scored twice in the seventh and three times in the ninth, giving Waltham a bad scare thereby. Although Latin School made one more hit than their opponents, Mahoney had slightly the better of the pitching argument, striking out fourteen men and giving three bases on balls. In the second inning, after allowing the bases to be filled on a hit, a dead ball, and a pass, he put on steam and fanned the next three batters. Again in the fifth, two hits were sandwiched in with a strike-out and two short flies so that no runs resulted. Besides pitching a good game, Chase made three hits out of five times at bat, driving in runs with two of them. Waltham scored three runs in the second, on bases on balls and a hit, and three more in the fourth on four nicely bunched hits and an error. In the seventh Latin School scored twice on an error and hits by Murphy and A. Chase, and in the ninth Murphy led off with a hit, G. Chase bunted and was safe. Stiles advanced both men and A. Chase scored Murphy with a pretty hit. White threw wild to third, scoring G. Chase and Stiles, and advancing A. Chase to third, where he was left. The score:

Innings:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9	R.	H.	E.
Waltham	0 3 0 3 0 0 0 0 x	6	7	3
C. L. S.	0 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 3	5	5	2

ST. MARK'S 3, C. L. S. 2.

On April 21 the team made the trip to Southboro and was defeated by St. Mark's in a very close game. It was not until the ninth inning that the home team scored the deciding run of the game. The score:

Innings:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9	R.	H.	E.
St. Mark's	0 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 1	3	5	2
C. L. S.	0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0	2	7	4

The game with the Harvard Freshmen, scheduled for April 24, was cancelled on account of the weather.

C. L. S. 15, ROXBURY LATIN 15.

Latin School battled with Roxbury Latin for fourteen innings on April 26, and at the end of that time the score was a tie. In the first inning the team went to pieces and allowed Roxbury to score four runs, none of them being earned. After that the visitors were blanked until the ninth, when they scored four more runs on a pass and four hits. Latin School added two more to the six runs already scored, and tied the score in their half of the ninth, only to see seven of the visitors cross the plate in the tenth. Latin School, however, once again showed that never-say-die spirit that is bound to win out in the long run, and once again tied the score, making ten hits in their half of the inning. Neither side scored again, and the umpire, evidently thinking his supper of more importance than the game, called it off at the end of the fourteenth on account of darkness. The game was a queer combination of good, bad and indifferent ball playing, but the ability of the team to hit the ball hard at critical moments, and to keep on fighting however large the score might be against them, gave much satisfaction to the Latin School supporters. The hitting of A. Chase and Stiles was excellent, Chase getting five hits out of seven chances, and Stiles, besides making two fine singles, tied the score in the ninth with a clean home run to deep left. He also made a grandstand catch of what looked like a sure hit in the sixth. The score:

C. L. S.—	R.	H.	E.
0 1 2 0 3 0 0 0 2 7 0 0 0 0	15	18	9
Roxbury Latin—			
4 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 4 7 0 0 0 0	15	13	9

SOMERVILLE 7, C. L. S. 0.

On April 28 the team was defeated by Somerville in a game which was much closer than is indicated by the score. The team developed the usual attack of stage-fright which is always in evidence when Latin School plays at the Broadway grounds, and only the last one of the home team's seven runs was earned. Both pitchers had excellent control, Boyer giving but two bases on balls and Munroe one.

Boyer hit the first man up, he was sacrificed to second and scored on Murphy's error. In the third, two more runs were scored on two hits and an error, a base on balls and a hit were responsible for one more in the fifth, and in the eighth the last run came in on a hit and a wild throw.

The game was interesting throughout, and Somerville was obliged to work for every run they made. The score:

Innings:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Somerville	1 0 3 0 1 1 0 1 x
C. L. S.	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

HARVARD SECOND 10, C. L. S. 9.

Latin School was defeated, on May 5, in a close and interesting game. Heavy showers were frequent, so that the ball was heavy and soggy, making any kind of control almost impossible. Boyer pitched his best game of the season, and should have won easily with perfect fielding. He held the heavy-hitting second team to six hits, and fanned eight of them.

After Harvard had scored two runs in the first, Latin School made one run on three consecutive hits by G. Chase, Stiles and A. Chase. Four more came in the

fourth on hits by Reeves and Stiles, a base on balls and two errors. The second team scored two in the fourth and one in the fifth, errors being chiefly responsible. Boyer struck out three men in the fourth. The score remained a tie at five all until the eighth, when the second team began to hit the ball with any degree of certainty for the first time. Three hits, one of them a home run, were responsible for five runs, and it looked all off for Latin School. It is very evident, however, that it takes more than a lead of five or six runs to make the team acknowledge themselves beaten, for with two down in the ninth, hits by A. Chase, Vickery, Reeves and Boyer netted four runs—just one short of enough to tie. The score:

HARVARD SECOND.

	a.b.	b.h.	po.	a.	e.
Powers, 2b	3	0	0	1	1
Bird, c. f	4	0	2	0	0
Walker, 1b	4	1	13	0	0
Pounds, r. f	5	1	1	0	0
Wickersham, 3b	5	0	2	3	1
Taylor, p	4	0	2	6	1
Lovering, c	4	1	4	1	0
Ware, l. f	4	1	2	0	0
Pritchett, s. s	5	2	1	2	0
Totals	38	6	27	13	3

CAMBRIDGE LATIN.

Murphy, s. s	6	0	0	0	2
G. Chase, c. f	4	1	1	0	0
Stiles, 2b	4	2	2	3	2
A. Chase, 1b	4	2	9	0	0
Babson, l. f	4	0	1	0	0
Vickery, r. f	4	1	1	0	0
Chapin, 3b	2	0	0	2	2
Reeves, c	4	2	8	0	1
Boyer, p	4	1	1	4	0
Totals	36	9	*23	9	7

Innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Harvard 2d.	2	0	0	2	1	0	0	5	x	—10
Cambridge	1	0	0	4	0	0	0	0	4	— 9

Runs—Powers (2), Bird, Walker, Pounds, Wickersham, Taylor (2), Lovering (2), Murphy, G. Chase, Stiles, A. Chase, Vickery, Chapin, Boyer, Reeves (2). Two-base hits—Lovering, A. Chase. Home run—Pounds. Stolen bases—Powers (3), Bird, Waters, Ware, Pritchett, G. Chase, Stiles (2), A. Chase, Vickery, Chapin (2), Boyer. First base on balls—Off Taylor, 10; off Boyer, 6. Struck out—By Taylor, 3; by Boyer, 8. Passed balls—Lovering, 2; Reeves, 4. Time—2h. 10m. Umpire—H. Currie.

*Pounds out, hit by batted ball.

TRAINING SCHOOL.

We regret very much that we are unable to give any account of the Training School games in this issue. The athletic editor informs us that there was some difficulty about getting the score book. A full report of all games played will appear next month.

HIGH SCHOOL.

High School vs. Boston College High School.—Owing to the poor condition of the Common the game between High School and Boston College High School was called off.

HIGH SCHOOL 8, BALLOU & HOLIGAND 1.

High School opened its base-ball season on April 9 by defeating Ballou & Holigand, 8—1, on the Common. Owing to the lateness of the Boston team in getting on the diamond, only six innings were played. The day was too chilly for good ball playing, so neither pitcher played his best game. For High School Murray and Erickson did good work, while Coffin played well for High School.

Innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6		R.	H.	E.
High School	3	2	0	0	3	x	—8	9	2	
Ballou & Holigand	0	0	0	1	0	0	—1	4	4	

HIGH SCHOOL 12, WEST ROXBURY HIGH 4.

On April 13 High School defeated West Roxbury High School on the Common by the score of 12—4. Again, owing to the poor condition of the Common and the lateness of the visitors in getting on

the field, the game lasted only six innings. The fellows found it easy to hit the West Roxbury pitcher and landed on him for twelve safe hits. For High School, Beeching and Erickson played well, while the playing of Jones for West Roxbury was of a high order.

The summary:

Innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	R.	H.	E.
High School	5	2	3	2	0	x	12	10	2
W. Rox. High	0	0	2	0	2	0	4	4	5

HIGH SCHOOL 12, MILTON HIGH SCHOOL 4.

High School went to Milton on April 13 and there defeated the Milton High School team by a score of 12—4. Both sides played loosely at times, but High School, after the fifth inning, managed to prevent the Milton team from scoring. With the exception of the fifth inning, when Milton bunched their hits and managed to get four runs, High School put the Milton players out with ease.

For High School, the batting of Monahan and Skilton and the fielding of Murray were the features, while Welch and Craft played well for Milton.

The summary:

Innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
C. H. S.	4	0	0	0	2	2	2	1	1	12	13	6
M. H. S.	0	0	0	0	4	0	0	0	0	4	8	9

HIGH SCHOOL 12, NEWBURYPORT HIGH 5.

Newburyport High School was defeated by High School at Newburyport April 19. In the third inning High School scored four runs, and after the fifth inning shut out Newburyport. Murray pitched a fine game, striking out twelve men, and the fine support given him was of a high order.

The features of the game were the pitching of Murray and the batting of Williams.

The score:

Innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
C. H. S.	0	0	4	0	3	0	2	1	2	12	12	3
N. H. S.	2	2	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	5	4	7

HIGH SCHOOL 8, BROCKTON HIGH 3.

High School scored its fifth straight victory by defeating Brockton High at Brockton on April 26, by a score of 8—3. The game was very tight and interesting throughout.

In the second inning, with men on second and third, High School worked their favorite play to advantage, bringing in the two men and putting two others on the same bases. Monahan batted next and sent out a fine two-bagger to deep centre, bringing the two men home. Beeching sacrificed, putting Monahan on third. Murray singled, bringing Monahan home and making the fifth run. The next three men went out in order.

In the fifth, Brockton scored, making the score 5—3, and it looked as though Brockton might take the lead, but Beeching struck out the next two men and Hugman put up a pop fly to Williams, which ended the inning.

In the sixth, High School scored one run and in the ninth two more, while they prevented Brockton from scoring after the fifth inning.

For High School, Mullins and Williams played good ball, while Kelley excelled for Brockton.

The summary:

CAMBRIDGE HIGH SCHOOL.

	a.b.	r.	b.h.	po.	a.	e.
Monahan, c.	5	1	2	8	0	0
Beeching, p.	4	1	2	1	3	0
Murray (capt.) l. f.	4	1	1	4	4	0
Skilton, c. f.	4	0	2	1	1	0
Igo, r. f.	3	0	2	0	0	0
Williams, s. s.	3	2	2	2	1	1
Erickson, 3b.	3	1	1	2	2	0
Rourke, 2b.	3	1	2	4	3	0
Mullins, 1b.	3	1	3	5	1	0
Totals.	32	8	17	27	15	1

BROCKTON HIGH SCHOOL.

	a.b.	r.	b.h.	po.	a.	e.
Kelley, l. f.	4	1	2	7	4	0
Snell, c.	4	1	2	9	1	0
Hugman, s. s.	5	0	1	1	2	2
Murphy, 1b.	4	0	0	7	3	0
Thomas, 3b.	4	0	1	1	1	0

TRAINING SCHOOL BASKET BALL TEAM.

Sullivan, 2b	3	0	0	1	0	0
Smith, c. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Hill, r. f.	3	1	1	1	6	0
Long, p.	3	0	0	0	3	0
Totals	34	3	7	27	20	2

Innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Cambridge High	0	5	0	0	0	1	0	0	2	—8
Brockton High	2	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	—3

Two-base hits—Mullins, Monahan, Kelley, Hugman. First base on balls—Off Long, 2. Struck out—By Beeching, 8; by Long, 9. Double plays—Long and Murphy. Hit by pitched ball—Murphy. Time—1h. 30m. Umpire—McDonald. Attendance—500.

DEAN ACADEMY 3, HIGH SCHOOL 2.

High School received its first defeat from Dean Academy at Franklin, April 28, by the score of 3—2. The game was the best High School played so far this season. Murray pitched a fine game.

In the eighth the score was 2—2, and Dean's second baseman bunted. Rourke fielded it, but threw wild to Erickson on first, allowing the man to score. The next three men were put out in order, but High School could not score in the ninth.

For High School, Skilton and Igo batted well, while White played well for Dean.

The summary:

DEAN ACADEMY.

	r.	b.h.	po.	a.	e.
Walker, l. f.	2	1	0	0	0
Tilton, s. s.	0	2	0	2	0
Daley, 2b.	1	2	2	0	1
Whitney, c.	0	0	13	3	0
Vaughan, 3b.	0	1	2	0	3
Raftery, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Winslow, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Dickinson, c. f., 3b.	0	0	2	1	1
White, 1b.	0	0	4	0	0
Wyatt, p.	0	0	0	1	1
Stevens, p.	0	0	2	0	0
Henderson, p.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	3	6	27	7	6

HIGH SCHOOL.

	r.	b.h.	po.	a.	e.
Rourke, 3b.	1	2	1	2	1
Erickson, 1b.	1	1	10	1	0
Murray, p.	0	1	0	4	0
Monahan, c.	0	2	10	1	0
Skilton, c. f.	0	1	2	0	0
Igo, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Williams, s. s.	0	1	1	2	0
Beeching, 2b.	0	0	0	2	0
Mullins, l. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	2	8	24	12	1

Innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Dean Academy	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	x	—3
High School	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	—2

Stolen bases—Walker, Tilton, Daley, Rourke (2), Mullins. First base on balls—Off Henderson. Struck out—By Murray, 10; by Wyatt, 3; by Stevens, 4; by Henderson, 3. Double plays—Dickinson and Daley; Erickson and Rourke. Hit by pitched balls—Rourke, Erickson. Time—1h. 25m. Umpire—Shea. Attendance—600.

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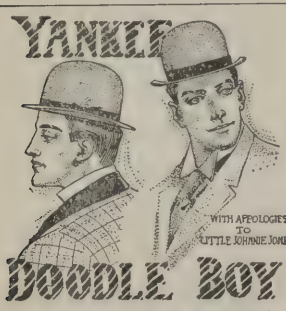

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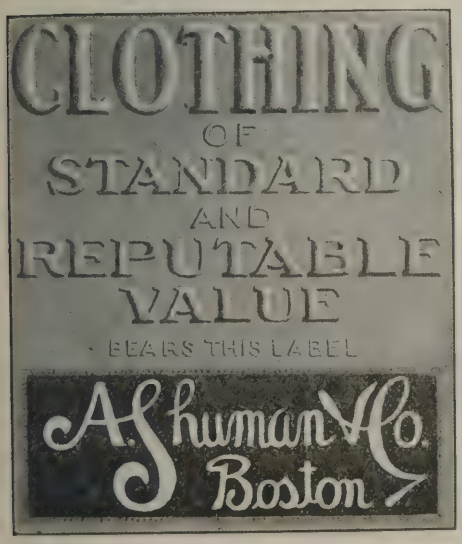

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The CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

JUNE

VITA SINE LITERIS MORS EST

..Table of Contents..

JUNE, 1906.

Board of Editors 2

Editorials ..... 3—4

A Sonnet 4

The Copper Cylinder ..... 5—8

F. H. Miles Appointed to West Point 8

Serge Witte ..... 9—10

The Gallery on the Wall 10

Class Hits, English High School ..... 11—13

Class Picture 12

A Bull-Fight in Mexico ..... 14—15

Resolutions, C. L. S., 1907, C. L. S., 1908 15

Class Picture, Latin School 16

Class Hits ..... 17—19

Technical Notes ..... 19—20

Exchange Notes 21

Class Picture, Training School 22

Class Hits, Training School ..... 23—24

Latin School Notes ..... 25—27

Training School Notes ..... 28—30

High School Notes ..... 31—32

A Southern Bandit ..... 33—34

Athletics ..... 35—47

Index to Volume XX ..... 49—50

THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

Vol. XX No. 9

Representing the Latin, High and Rindge Manual Training Schools

Cambridge, Massachusetts, June, 1906

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EDITORIALS.

It seems hardly possible that ten months have passed since we first took up our work on the REVIEW. Yet it is so, and with this issue our active connection with the paper comes to an end. To say that we have enjoyed the work would be putting it mildly, to say that the work has not been hard and at times tiresome would be far from the truth. Next year the paper will be in other hands. We bespeak for the editors, the same interest, the same support, and the same good feeling that has been accorded the present staff throughout the year.

In bringing to a close volume twenty of the REVIEW, we wish to thank most sincerely all those who have given us their aid during the past year. The staff we thank as a whole. Without exception their work has been careful and painstaking. Miss Ivers at the High School and Mr. Kinsman at the Training School have had charge of the paper in their respective schools, and have worked untiringly in its behalf. Mr. Benshimol, we wish especially to thank. His advice, ever ready and valuable, has helped us over many hard places.

Next year will mark the twentieth anniversary of the REVIEW, and it is our hope that that anniversary will find the REVIEW the largest, the best, and the most loyally supported school paper in the country.

The REVIEW extends its hearty congratulations to Mr. Miles. In receiving the direct appointment to West Point, and in passing so successfully the severe mental and physical examinations, he has brought honor not only to himself but to his school and his city. His work on the REVIEW staff has always been of a high order, and again we take great pleasure in offering him our congratulations and in wishing him God-speed for a happy and successful career.

The Latin School as well as the Training School has been honored during the past month by the success of a pupil, or rather of a graduate, and once again the REVIEW claims a modest share of the honor. Mr. Robert E. Rogers, editor of the REVIEW in 1904-05, has just been awarded the Lloyd McKim Garrison prize of one hundred dollars for the best poem submitted by a member of Harvard University. In thus winning in his freshman year a prize open to the whole university, Mr. Rogers has but opened the way to future successes. We take pleasure in printing the poem in this issue, through the kind permission of the *Harvard Monthly*, of which Mr. Rogers is one of the editors.

We had hoped, in this issue of the REVIEW, to be able to extend our congratulations to the victorious Latin School crew. A dead heat, however, between Latin School and Brookline necessitated another race between these two schools, and the REVIEW will have gone to press before this race is rowed. At this writing, therefore, we can only express our confidence in the crew, and our hope and belief that when the REVIEW reaches its readers, Latin School will have one more championship crew to its credit.

Whatever the outcome of the race, the crew may rest assured that they have won the praise of the whole school by their hard and unceasing fight for victory.

The base-ball teams of both Latin and Training Schools are to be congratulated on their determination to play out their schedules under conditions so adverse. Although both teams have been hard hit by the disqualification of players, Latin School is perhaps the worst off, having lost three of the best fielders and heaviest hitters on the team. There was talk at the Latin School, of playing out the schedule with the ineligible men on the team, and then forfeiting the games, and even of disbanding the team. Better counsel prevailed, however, and it was decided that the schedule should be played out.

Other schools may do these things, but it is not the Cambridge way of doing business, and it is not by such methods that the Cambridge schools have built up the excellent name which they bear. Wherever Cambridge teams are known they are respected not less for their powers in the various forms of athletics in which they engage, than for their good name, and their fair play. It is a great pleasure, in visiting other schools, to hear the teams from the Cambridge High Schools always spoken of as a clean and manly lot of fellows.

While we are on the subject of base-ball, we should like to say just a word concerning the action of the Interscholastic League in regard to the Malden team. Early in the season, Malden played a league game with Training School in which an ineligible student took part. Malden won and very properly the game was protested by Training School. The league committee, after admitting the ineligibility of the player and the propriety of the protest, decided that since the game was played so early in the season, the score should be allowed to stand. The absurdity of the excuse is equaled only by the unfairness of the decision. Besides the unfairness to Training School in this particular case, it seems to us that a very bad precedent has been established. In the future any team has a right to consider itself immune, if at the beginning of a league season, men who have no right to membership on the team are allowed to play.

It gives us great pleasure to annouce the appointment of Mr. Francis A. Hubbard and Mr. W. Harold Eckert, both C. L. S. 1907, as editor and business manager respectively of the REVIEW for 1906-07.

A SONNET.

L. N., '07, C. L. S.

I look into the still, star-burdened night
And think to find an answer to my sigh;
I listen: but the wind-blown stretch of sky
Speaks nothing through its many tongues of light,
That, like pale, mystic magnets, with strange might
Have drawn out through the night that noiseless cry
Whose echo, distance-faded, goes to die
Back to the cloud from which it took its flight.

And yet, in all that mystic darkness, stilled
By brother sighs and wishes long since said,
It seems there must be something buried deep
That, found, would be the crumbling of the keep
Wherein the night has prisoned sighs years dead
Whose ghosts might give the answer if they willed.

The Copper Cylinder.

(Concluded.)

WILLIAM B. DURANT, JR., C. L. S., 1906.

"I suppose you're rather curious to know what all this is about. Well, you ran into a little smuggling scheme of mine, and, although you didn't see through it at once, I was afraid you would later, so I took these precautions. I had Jackson sandbagged while he was prowling around on the shore of the pond, and when you, Montram, came along I thought you were dangerous and captured you, too.

"But I don't suppose you see through my smuggling scheme, so I'll tell you about it. It'll give you something to think about these next forty years."

This was said with a grim smile that made me shudder.

"In the first place, the opium is delivered in bulk from the steamships that bring it over, it doesn't matter what line they are, to that little sloop you had your troubles with. You see now why you weren't wanted aboard. Then the men on the sloop load it into those cylinders, one of which you found. You see, I've kept pretty close tabs on you.

"Then the cylinders are fired from that ballista on the bow of the sloop, over the neck of land, into the pond. There we gather them up, as they float easily, and take out the opium. The cylinders are used over and over.

"The work is usually done at night, after we've signalled from the staging on the shore of the pond, but on the night you got that duck, Montram, the men on the sloop started ahead of time and happened to hit one of the birds. The cylinder fell short and you found it the next day.

"Now, I suppose you would like to know what's going to happen to you. I can't kill you, as Jackson has said; so, as far as I can see, you'll remain here indefinitely unless you choose to commit suicide, a course which would suit me exactly."

With this curiously worded and totally discouraging speech he left us, closing the door after him. In a few moments, however, it opened again and a negro girl of about eighteen, passed through the eight-inch square hole in the grating our rations for the day. These consisted of bread, fish, and water, a welcome repast. We succeeded in learning from her the time and date, things we had lost count of during our unconsciousness under the chloroform. Thus we learned that it was two days and four hours since we had last seen our friends and the daylight. This was on September 26th, a date I shall not soon forget. In those two small rooms we lived until April 18, 1906.

After this, for seven months our life contained no excitement, no enjoyment, nothing to vary the monotomy. Twice a day we were fed with rice and fish. We racked our brains for amusement. We used to spend hours of each day in trying to retrace lines of thought. If either of us had ever learned the game of chess, we could have played that without a board, as all chess players do, but neither had ever consented to learn the game, thinking it stupid and over-scientific. So we lost the best amusement that we could have had, and have bitterly regretted it ever since.

We did not let our physical condition get run down while we were imprisoned, but took lengthy calisthenics every day. We also wrestled and boxed, so that the scanty food and abundant exercise decreased my weight to only two hundred and seven pounds. Jackson strange to say, took on flesh very rapidly and had to limit his diet to almost nothing, to keep from reaching my condition, a thing which he regarded as nothing less than a catastrophe of the first magnitude.

We were careful to keep count of the days

and months, and I remember well placing a boot next the seventeenth brick in the wall, to denote the seventeenth of April on the last day that we spent in our prison. That way of keeping count was Jackson's idea and worked very well, except that in the daytime the boot was likely to be displaced and throw us off in our reckoning. We obviated this, however, by placing the table or a chair over the boot as a shield.

To resume, on the night of the seventeenth we went to bed as usual after piling the chairs and table against the door, for we always feared that our captor might change his mind, and decide to have us murdered, and if he did, we wanted to take several of his henchmen into the next world with us. So we went to sleep and never dreamed of what was to come.

We were awakened in almost total darkness, for the light did not penetrate to our dungeon until the sun was almost at its height. There was a rumbling, a crashing, a grinding. As we jumped out of bed we were thrown to the floor by a swaying of the foundations. The air was full of dust and the plaster was falling in slabs, from the ceiling. Another swaying came, not so violent, this time. We struggled into our clothes, hampered by the successive, but decreasing shocks and the falling plaster. Then there came a last mighty heave, and a huge beam broke through the ceiling. This enclosed us in a triangular cave formed by the caved-in ceiling and the wall. There we crouched, half choked by dust and in absolute darkness.

Suddenly where there had formerly been solid wall, appeared a dull red glow, and we wormed our way towards it. We crawled, and twisted, and writhed, through openings that naught but the fear of death could ever have made us attempt. Six months before I could not have done it, but in my attenuated condition I managed to squirm through.

Finally we found ourselves in a place where we could stand up, evidently the corridor outside our former prison, for we could see a flight of stairs which led upwards. The farther end of the place was in a blaze, evidently from a broken lamp, and we wasted no time in getting to the stairs. We stumbled up them with difficulty, for they were covered with debris, only to find our way blocked by a trap-door at the top.

"Get a beam and break it in," shouted Jackson through the smoke.

I gave assent and we plunged down the stairs and went towards the end that was ablaze, to see if we could find a beam by the light of the fire. As I was running along, I tripped over something soft and fell headlong. It was the mandarin who had been holding us captive for so long, and he had been hit by a falling timber and rendered unconscious.

The shock of my kicking him, however, aroused him and he jumped up. Drawing with his right hand a revolver, and his left a dagger, he made at us. He had entirely forgotten his scruples about letting blood and was screaming and cursing like a demon. It seemed as if the shock had made him insane, judging by the way he brandished his revolver and shot up towards the ceiling.

Suddenly a change came over him, and he stopped and took careful aim at Jackson. My companion stood perfectly still and tried to outface him, as a keeper sometimes does an insane person, but the Chinese was unaffected and continued to take calm and deliberate aim. His finger was pressing the trigger, and I could see Jackson's muscles tightening for a leap. All this time I was standing bewildered, like a dolt. My limbs were bound as by a nightmare and I could not move.

Suddenly, just as the Chinese was about to fire, his clothes burst into flames. With a howl of agony he fell, writhing, to the floor. The revolver exploded towards the ceiling and fell from his hand. We did our best to help extinguish the flames, but it was of no use. Finally, in the extremity of his agony, he stabbed himself with his dagger and so ended a rascally and pernicious life.

All this takes time to tell, but it was enacted in about five minutes. During this time the fire was spreading, and it was with difficulty that we found an unburned joist, and made

our way back to the stairs. In our cramped position we could not get in any effectual blows on the bulkhead, and it was not until the flames were licking the foot of the stairs that we broke the fastenings, and throwing back the door, rushed up into the clearer air.

We found ourselves in a scene of ruin almost as bad as the one we had just quitted. It had evidently been a flower-shop, for all around were broken pots and vases, and crushed flowers. The water and dirt from the vases and pots, had effectually prevented any fire catching there, so that the air was comparatively clear. Considerable light was afforded by the rising sun and we could see our way with perfect ease.

Over the vases and flowers which strewed the floor, over piles of plaster and laths, we stumbled, through long and devious corridors, through doors that had jammed so that they had to be smashed open, until we reached the street. The house had been deserted, and we had almost imagined ourselves in a city of the dead, but in the street all was clamor, all was uproar. A perfect babel of tongues arose. The Chinese population, wich never goes to sleep, was there in full force, fully dressed and burdened with household goods, like beasts of burden.

I saw one woman carrying on her back a cabinet beautifully inlaid with precious woods. It was laden with delicate china, and she was balancing it so as to break none. It must have weighed a hundred and fifty pounds, but she seemed to mind it not at all. At a street corner, she was caught in a jam and forced against a building. The cabinet was wrecked and my last glimpse of her was seeing her regarding the ruins mournfully, while chattering a perfect stream of Chinese. This woman, let me explain, was not one of the foot-bound, aristocratic ladies, but only a common house servant. I saw several of the ladies trying to hobble along on their crippled feet, but they could not keep up with the crowd, and were soon lost to sight.

The mob was moving rapidly, and carrying us on with it. We were going southwest, and behind us some United States Infantry was urging on the crowd with butt and bayonet. Jackson and I managed to escape down a side street where there was as yet comparative quiet. All around us, we could hear the shouting of crowds, the whistles of steam engines, but in that street reigned perfect peace. The inhabitants had left, and all seemed as usual, except for the broken windows, the rumed chimneys, and the queer cracks and upheavals in the pavement.

It was by this time about seven o'clock, and we began to be hungry. Suddenly we remembered that we were members of the state militia, a fact which had entirely escaped our memories during the excitement. So we wended our way to the armory. This we found in fair condition, and in front of it was our company, just about to march off. We seized rifles and caps in lieu of uniforms and took our places in the ranks. Just before we left, the Riot Act was read to us, and Mayor Schmidt's proclamation, giving the military all authority in the city.

After this we were marched to the place where the worst fire was burning, on Market Street, and given orders to clear the buildings. In one business block I found a man kneeling before a safe, fumbling at the knob.

"Come out," I said, "orders to clear the building."

"Can't. I've got to get this safe open. It isn't fireproof, and if it should get melted"—

"Hurry up, then. I'll give you three minutes."

He fumbled and fussed, and tried combinations till my suspicions were aroused.

"You don't seem very familiar with it," I said.

"No; I'm so excited I can't keep my fingers steady," he replied, and started to leave the room with me. Just as we were going out the door together, he jammed me against the frame; and before I could recover, being taken entirely by surprise, he dealt me a terrible blow on the chin, and I lost consciousness.

When I awoke, I could not, for an instant,

remember where I was. I imagined myself back in my Chinatown prison, but the room looked unfamiliar. Suddenly I remembered. And there was my assailant, still at work on the safe. I could not have been unconscious more than five minutes. My head was still throbbing, and my rifle was gone, but I crept up behind the safe-breaker and launched myself upon him. I was the heavier of the two, and he was taken unawares, so it was not long before he succumbed, and I tied his hands with his own belt. Then I picked up my rifle, which he had only thrown into the hall, and marched him downstairs. We found the company waiting, and the captain asked me to report. In a few words I told him of my capture.

"Men," he said, "here is our first example. Corporal Brown, take a squad of five men."

The six men fell out of the ranks and—the rest has been told too often.

All through those days of fire and death, we were toiling at rescue from destruction. I saw the beautiful residences on Van Ness Avenue collapse into ruins. I saw the heart of the city eaten out by the flames. I drove wagons filled with dynamite over rough and broken pavements at full speed. I helped mete out justice in more than one instance to the ghouls who were caught while carrying out their hellish work. I helped distribute stores to the starving, to rich and poor alike. All the details of that great catastrophe are known, so that I shall not enlarge upon them.

After our regiment was disbanded, I collected some revenue officers, and we went down to Los Angeles to clean out the smugglers. We sent out some of the party in a steam launch to capture the men on the sailboat, and another party to overpower the land smugglers. Our plans worked out to perfection, and the Chinese are now making a beginning of some long sentences in prison, and Jackson and I are making a beginning of a good long rest.

Let me give you a bit of advice. Never pick up a duck that you haven't shot yourself, and never, if your life depends upon it, pick up on the beach a copper cylinder about a foot long and two and a half inches in diameter, with rounded ends and covered with engraving.

THE END.

F. H. MILES APPOINTED TO WEST POINT.

Francis H. Miles, R. M. T. S., 1906, has received the appointment to West Point from this district, and has passed both the mental and physical examinations.

At the Competitive Examination, held in Winchester, Miles was not a candidate, but both the highest man and the alternate failed to reach the required physical standard, and Congressman McCall then exercised his prerogative of making a direct appointment. The principals of the Cambridge High Schools were asked to recommend a candidate, and Mr. Morse recommended Miles for the appointment. Miles took the examinations and passed with high standing.

Miles, in addition to being an excellent student, has always been active in undergraduate interests. He was manager of the base-ball team last spring, and of the foot-ball team this fall. He has also, during the past year, been technical editor of the REVIEW. He is valedictorian of his class, and has stood at its head throughout the four year course. He expects to leave for West Point on the mid-night train on Thursday, June 14, immediately after his graduation.

Miles has always been held in high regard by his school mates, and he carries with him the kind wishes and best regards of all his friends and companions.

SERGE WITTE.

Lloyd McKim Garrison Prize Poem.

ROBERT E. ROGERS, C. L. S., '05; HARVARD, '09.

Reprinted from the *Harvard Monthly*.

Thou hast set mine hand to the plough, Oh God,
And I may not turn aside,
From the way my weary fathers trod,
Weary yet great with pride,
While the sullen people watch and say,
"He is like his fathers of yesterday."

Thou hast laid the burden upon my back,
The fruit of a thousand years,
When Kings recked not of their people's lack,
Nor wept for their children's tears;
When Lords and Captains thy hand had made,
Hardened their hearts and were not afraid.

There is one who sits on an ancient throne,
In the Hall of Splendid Kings,
And his heart is sick, for he must atone
For his sires dread wantonings,
While the red flag sweeps o'er the city gate,
And the great black guns are still and wait.

And the Spirit of Pain, as the sands run low,
Grins into his darkened eyes,
With shifting visions that come and go,
Of souls at the great Assize,
Who curse *his* soul for the war he sought,
And the crucified Man he set at naught.

From street and lane comes the cry of men,
Whose sons went forth in dread,
Nor dared to hope to return again,
For the way was hard to tread,
Who stumbled and fell under distant skies,
With the red Sun-flag in their dying eyes.

And the fathers clamor before the gate,
Who starve for their children's life,
That their lord be chastened, and expiate
The sins of this greed-born strife,

For the strength in which was the people's trust,
Hath crumbled and fallen to earth as dust.

From age-long travail my people bore,
  From hunger and death and sin,
Their eyes are set to the day before,
  When Justice shall enter in,
And the sword is bared in their hands to slay,
Vengeance is theirs, Oh Lord, today.

I know not what is thy hidden will
  Toward their blindness and their wrath,
My lot is theirs, whether good or ill,
  To tread in the self-same path;
Spare the strokes of thy bitter rod,
Aid me to lift them up, Oh God!

THE GALLERY ON THE WALL.

M. F. GRAGG.

Dailey awoke with the feeling that something was going to happen. It was dark in the room and cold. He shivered as he dragged himself to a sitting posture in his bed. Yet he was hot with fever which had wasted him and left him nothing but a shadow of the stalwart man which he had been a few months before. His eyes unnaturally bright, like phosphorus in a death's head, made the seared and deeply wrinkled face seem horribly alive.

His hand shook, as he fumbled for a match to light a penny candle, which he placed in the neck of a bottle on the chair beside him. The flickering candle light gave uncertain glimpses of the cracked walls and ceiling, making hideous, grotesque shadows all about him. They hid the glaring poverty of the place somewhat, but they tormented him as he lay watching them. To while away the time as he waited for something, he could not tell what, he began to mutter various snatches from the rôles in which so long ago he had won applause from fickle audiences. As he continued, he became more and more animated, his thin cheeks were flushed with feeling. He raised himself upon his elbow. In front of him and shadows on the wall danced back and forth, more mysterious, more fanciful than ever. They seemed to join themselves and become forms of people, people he had known long ago, who used to go to the theatre and applaud their idol. How long ago it seemed!

As when he used to act the part of "Richard" he moaned and tossed about upon his bed, the perspiration breaking out upon his forehead. He played to that gallery of shadows on the wall as he had never played to them in life.

"Give me another horse; bind up my
  wounds,
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream."

His frantic hands outstretched, as if to push back the spirits which oppressed him, writhing in agony partly real, partly assumed, he wriggled from his bed onto the floor, and lay there breathing heavily.

The tiny flame quivered and went out. The great sun rose, and its cold beams struggled between the dreary housetops, through the attic window, into the pitiful room. It shone upon the last act of the play, for "Richard" and Dailey had been summoned for their last curtain call before the gallery of the wall.

CLASS HITS, HIGH SCHOOL, 1906.

Name.	Hobby.	Chief Characteristic.	As Others See Us.
Bradbury, Agnes.	Dance Orders.	Graceful.	How her little feet do slide along.
Broughton, Charlotte.	Piano.	Nervousness.	'Twere impossible to be at rest.
Brown, Amy.	Silence.	Pensive.	A most excellent young woman.
Brunt, Lillian.	Whist.	Retiring.	Gentle in mien, words and temper.
Burke, Sadie.	Frizzles.	Frisky.	Though of no great quantity, quality is good.
Buttrick, Mary.	Books.	Settled.	A light-hearted lady.
Claflin, Laura.	Smiles.	Gentleness.	A sweet, attractive kind of grace.
Collins, Susie.	Economics.	Sociable.	She is a winsome lass.
Corkery, Grace.	Doing Nothing.	Dry.	Your praises I leave unexpressed.
Cox, Ida.	Theaters.	Humor.	Pleasant it is to be with her whose heart is ever light.
Creelman, Carrie.	Roller Skating (?).	"Manly."	Fresh as a summer's morn.
Cutter, Frances.	Cooking.	Good Natured.	She knows what's what.
Davison, Edith.	Pompadours.	Eyes.	She has two eyes so soft and brown—take care!
Delvy, Florine.	Drawing.	Demure.	She is as good as she is fair.
Dickson, Verl.	Blushing.	Quiet.	With all her faults we love her still.
Diehl, Mary.	Pickles.	Tardiness.	Better late than never.
Dineen, Julia.	Baseball.	Jolly.	Happy as the day is long.
Doyle, Alice.	Civics.	Faithful.	Lowly and meek of spirit was she.
Doyle, Elizabeth.	Study Hours.	Well Meaning.	Those of few words are the best.
Farrington, Grace.	Solitude.	Disposition.	I think, but dare not speak, my name.
Ferdinand, Ethel.	Herring.	Affectionate.	A fragment of a rainbow bright.
Fergusen, Lida.	Her Cat.	Sensible.	O would I had a voice as sweet as thine.
Fessenden, Emily.	Memory Passages.	Dignity.	For every why she has a wherefore.
Field, Alice.	Tumbling.	Amusing.	She attracts me daily with her gentle virtues.
Forrest, Mary.	Reports.	Shy.	A bright and shining light amongst us.
Fortin, Yuonne.	French Songs.	Stylish.	She would sing the savageness out of a bear.
Furfey, Margaret.	Swimming.	Merry.	Where in the world is her equal.
Gaugham, Alice.	German.	Meek.	Silence in woman is like speech in man.
Griswold, Ethel.	Examinations.	Pleasing.	God hath blessed her with a good nature.
Henderson, Helen.	History.	Reserved.	Telque je suis, sans aucuns défauts.
Haley, Margaret.	Chocolates (Lenox).	Easy-going.	A smile that fills the place with light.
Houtman, Helen.	Borrowing.	Breezy.	There are others just as bad, but few as good.
Ivers, Grace.	"Gym."	Sweet.	Hail to thee, blithe spirit.
Ivers, Leone.	Reviews.	Stunning.	O perfect woman, nobly planned.
Jenkins, Ethel.	Conversation.	Timid.	She is the mildest-mannered woman.
Johnsen, Lillian.	Translation.	Happy.	I am content, that's all.
Kelso, Jeanie.	Stickpins.	Catchy.	Light or dark, short or tall, she sets a snare to catch them all.
Knight, Edna.	Dramas.	Forgetful.	A second Edna (May).
Kirkendall, Florence.	"The West."	Old Fashioned.	Divinely bent in meditation.
LeFavre, Alice.	Jumping Rope.	Indescribable.	Hair à la every mode.
McCabe, Annie.	Grinding.	Steady.	Never known to fail.
McCormick, Mary.	Bookkeeping.	Virtuous.	Appearances are deceitful.
McIver, Ethel.	Walking.	Talkative.	A gentle girl, but deep.

CLASS OF 1906, CAMBRIDGE ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL.

CLASS HITS, HIGH SCHOOL, 1906.

Name.	Hobby.	Chief Characteristic.	As Others See Us.
McKenzie, Clara.	Playing.	Mischievous.	Begone, dull care.
McLean, Elizabeth.	Cheshire.	Fussy.	That sociable smile!
McNamee, "Kid."	Princesse Dresses.	"Pretty Nifty."	You can't, for the life of you, learn how to frown.
Marr, Dorothy.	Girdles.	Slow but Sure.	The goddess of the "Hunt."
Marsh, Florence.	Reading.	Pessimistic.	There is a little melancholy element in her.
Miller, Gertrude.	Changing Names.	Self-sufficient.	How her voice rolls and echoes through the hall.
Murphy, Anna.	Grapes (Concord).	On the Move.	The sweetest flower that ever grew.
Myerson, Annie.	Over Town.	Wisdom.	And still the wonder grew—how one small head could carry all she knew.
Nelligan, Grace.	High Marks.	Clever.	Knowledge comes of learning well retained.
O'Brien, Ruth.	Combs.	Full of Fun.	There's lots of things she never learned at school.
Perry, Mabel.	Cheese Crackers.	Entertaining.	As lithe as a willow rod.
Pierce, Zillah.	Grimaces.	Amiable.	Thou art a woman, that is saying the best and worst of thee.
Prince, Mabel.	Cookies.	Pleasant.	By my troth, a pleasant-spirited young lady.
Quinn, Florence.	Unknown.	Careless.	Golden hair, like sunlight streaming.
Roberts, Hazel.	Guarding.	Laughter.	A sunny face hath holy grace to dim the sun forever.
Robertson, R. S.	Painting.	Artistic.	In a little woman there is a touch of Paradise.
Samuelson, Signe.	'Friddles."	Excitable.	A thing of beauty and joy forever.
Sleeper, Casalena.	Whispering.	Modest.	Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.
Stimpson, Emma.	Hostess.	Willing.	Her gentle virtues win the hearts of all who know her.
Smith, Ethel.	Giggles.	Sedate.	Fair Nature's sweet simplicity, with elegance refined.
Stubbs, Hazel.	English.	Prim.	A shade more plump than common.
Svenson, Clara.	Cooking.	So Sober.	She is ignorant of her own value.
Thayer, Helen.	Rowing.	Intelligent.	Fame is thy spur, success thy reward.
Trelegan, Annie.	Maps.	Undecided.	Little more life, please.
Webber, Lena.	Mandolin.	Witty.	Honest as the day.
Wilson, Frances.	Posing.	Courteous.	Of stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman.
Wilson, Lila.	Canoeing.	"Handy."	Short but sweet.
Wilson, Ruth.	Students.	Lofty.	She moves like a goddess and looks like a queen.
Wiseman, K. E.	Nineties.	Wise.	Thou art ever meek and mild.
Woods, Grace.	Lunches.	Unassuming.	Well deserves, needs not, another's praise.
Woolard, Marion.	Fudge.	Innocent.	Be to her faults a little blind, be to her virtues a little kind.
Angus, Henry.	Excuses.	Obliging.	My father moved that house.
Erickson, Nelsen.	Basket-ball.	Loveable (?).	Drink to me only with thine eyes.
Feeney, Francis.	Bench-warming.	Business.	Mind the grease.
Hunt, William.	Stenography.	Grinning.	"A fresh-air kid" from the farm.
McNamee, John.	Hairpins.	Popular.	When there's a lady in the case, All other things will soon give place.
Patten, Ernest.	Bundles.	Grace.	He has a sweet, attractive air about him.
Watkins, Thomas.	Running.	Gentlemanly.	Prithee, I would trust that youth.
Weeks, John.	Speeches.	Studious.	Known unto few, but prized as far as known.
Williams, Edwards.	Recesses.	Frowning.	When he is sad, 'tis for the lack of money.

J. M. K. H. G. A.
J. F. M. L. W.

A Bull Fight in Mexico.

E. H. THOMPSON, R. M. T. S., '08.

It is a superb Sundry afternoon, and the warm tropical sun shines brightly on the picturesque Mexican city of Merida. The *"Plaza de Santiago"* is filled with multitudes of people who have come from far and near to see the greatest bull-fight of the year. Here a light-complexioned Spaniard and a swarthy Mexican are discussing the merits of the different bull-fighters who are to participate that afternoon, while over yonder groups of native Indians, dressed in their holiday clothes, are patiently waiting for the opening of the entrances to the *plaza de toros,* as the place where the fights take place is called.

The church bell strikes three. Already the ring is crowded with men, women, and children. Suddenly the chattering of the people ceases, and the band begins to play some national air. All eyes are turned towards the main entrance of the ring, and just as the governor steps out of his magnificent carriage, a great cheer rings out. After many customary ceremonies the governor takes the seat of honor, and gives the sign for the bull-fight to begin. At his signal five nimble *toreadores,* or bull-fighters, step into the wide arena amid the thunderous applause of the spectators.

It is indeed a pleasing picture that they make as they go across the glaring ring, in their gaudy close-fitting satin jackets, knee trousers, silk stockings, and fancy slippers. As each is dressed in a different colored costume and carries a crimson cloak on his arm, they make a dazzling combination of colors which to the unaccustomed eye is rather unpleasant, especially as the sun is very bright.

After the fighters have displayed themselves to their satisfaction, the cruel, yet thrilling strife between man and beast really begins. At the blast of the bugle a thrill runs through the eager spectators, to whom no music is so dear as the bugle call before the bull is let into the arena. These notes distinctly cry out, *"que traigan el toro"* (bring in the bull) and their command is directly obeyed, for the echo has hardly died away when a narrow gate is opened and a jet black bull rushes into the arena. No sooner does he spy the brightly dressed *toreadors,* challenging him with their crimson cloaks, than he charges at one of them with all the fury of a fiery monster. The nimble bull-fighter springs lightly to one side just in time to avoid the sharp horns as the bull thunders by. Again, and many times more, the clumsy brute madly charges, but every time uselessly, for the *toreadores* are far too agile for him to catch.

After these bull-fighters leave the arena the game is continued by five other *toreadores* who are dressed like Spanish knights of the seventeenth century. Their steeds are worthless horses, and their lances stout poles with short steel points at one end. With these lances the *picadores,* as those who fight in this manner are called, try to repulse the charges of the bull.

At once the infuriated animal charges, with such tremendous force that no man can stand his onrush, and a *picador* is thrown to the ground. The man quickly springs to his feet before the bull can charge again, but his poor horse is wounded too badly to get up; however, the spectators are pleased and applaud more than ever. Then with bloody horns close to the ground the victorious bull charges again, and another poor horse lies wounded or dying on the hot sand.

Finally the *picadores* leave the arena and five other bull-fighters, the *banderilleros,* dressed like the first ones, take their places. In their hands they have barbed darts about two feet long, ornamented with gay ribbons and paper rosettes. These they skillfully stick into the rugged neck of the bull until it is completely covered with them; and now

comes the final and most exciting scene in the whole tragedy.

Alone and dressed in a black costume the *matador* who is to kill the bull enters the arena. In one hand he has a long straight sword, and in the other he carries a short stick with a crimson silk handkerchief fastened to it. This is called the *muleta,* and serves to challenge the bull.

The spectators applaud enthusiastically, for he is Carlos Perera, the famous bull-fighter from Madrid, who has come to Mexico for the first time. He slowly approaches the governor and makes the customary short speech before going to meet the bull. He gives a modest account of his past deeds in the bull ring and he also reminds the people that by the unwritten law of bull-fighters he would lose his high standing as *matador* should he fail to imbed his sword near the junction of the neck and spinal column of the bull. "Death," he says, "would be far better than this humiliation."

His assistants, or *chulos,* who have been keeping the bull's attention away from him while he was making his speech, now leave the arena, and the *matador* slowly goes to the middle of the ring and challenges the bull to mortal combat. Twice he allows the animal to charge and go by unharmed and then just as he is about to charge a third time Perera takes a kneeling position and with uplifted sword awaits the onrush of his doomed antagonist, while every spectator holds his breath in apprehension; for this is the most dangerous position that a *matador* can take.

"Bravo! Viva Perera! Bravo!" The spectators are mad with joy, for the thrust was well made. The *matador,* however, does not spring to one side quickly enough to escape the sharp horns and he falls with an ugly, though not dangerous, wound on his thigh.

No other scene during the bull-fight, however, makes such a lasting impression as that when the proud animal fights death, more fiercely even than a few minutes before he had fought the *toreadores.* In spite of the terrible pain caused by the cruel sword, he staggers about gasping for life. But his efforts are vain and he finally falls dead in a pool of blood.

Then a large gate is opened and three handsome mules harnessed together and ornamented with ribbons and silver bells, dash into the arena and drag out the body of the bull almost as fast as it had come in a short time before.

In this manner five or six bulls are tortured and killed, and many times as many horses are slaughtered or wounded by the bulls, until finally it is all over and the spectators go home to talk over the glorious bull-fight that they had seen that day.

RESOLUTIONS, C. L. S. 1907.

WHEREAS, by the will of the Divine and All-wise Providence, our classmate, William H. Dane, has been suddenly deprived of the father who has cared for and protected him; be it

Resolved, That we, the class of 1907 of the Cambridge Latin School, do hereby extend to him our most sincere sympathy in his great sorrow; be it

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon the records of the class, and that a copy be printed in THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW.

RESOLUTIONS, C. L. S. 1908.

WHEREAS, Our classmate, Mabel L. Ferry, has been taken from us by death, be it hereby

Resolved, That we, the class of 1908, in the Cambridge Latin School, desire to express our sorrow in the death of our classmate, and our sincere sympathy with her family in their loss, and our appreciation of her faithfulness in her work, done under great difficulties.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to her parents, and that they also be published in the CAMBRIDGE REVIEW.

CLASS OF 1906, CAMBRIDGE LATIN SCHOOL.

A "Trot" to 1906.

Class Hits, C. L. S. 1906.

For five long years we've been a source
Of woe and tribulation
To every teacher in the school,
To some one's great vexation.

And now at last we quit the school,
And yet he begs us stay,
And many get an interview
At least two times a day.

For the last time we've been censured,
Done are all our naughty tricks,
Listen now and hear the story
Of the class of nineteen six.

James Eccles is a saint reformed,
Perhaps you didn't know.
He answers questions for us all,
For silence hurts him so.

A famous actress is Miss Gragg,
To see her in a play,
You'd never think that on the farm
She feeds the pigs all day.

Football, baseball, fussing, too,
Boyer leads the field;
Whoever tries to beat him,
In the end will have to yield.

Miss Mason is a captain bold,
By rival captains feared;
She thinks a small moustache much less
Becoming than a beard.

Though Graustein is an honor man,
His honors there don't end,
For oft he's donned his football togs
Our goal-line to defend.

Miss Carter, of the famous nine,
Wins honors easily;
What wonder many wish they were
One-half as bright as she.

Of Burrages we have a pair,
A singer sweet, Miss E.,
Her voice can go from high to low,
From A way down to B.

Miss A's a fusser, so they say;
If you're inclined to doubt,
Just ask to see the pin she wears,
When no one is about.

Dates used to trouble Crowley most
In ancient history,
Now they don't trouble him so much,
He thinks them all A.D.

Vick's not an honor man, but still
He's of our famous nine,
And when there isn't any game,
You'll find him in Brookline.

Behold the valiant "Chippy"; though
He may be small, he's stocky;
Baseball and dramas on the side,
His forte is playing hockey.

Miss Packer is a war-like lass,
She likes the army line,
She doesn't care for generals,
But thinks the sergeants fine.

We have a business manager
Whose form is straight and tall;
And since he is so very large,
He lords it over Small.

This Small, you know, is very bright
And does a circus act;
He rides three horses all at once.
I've seen him; it's a fact.

Durant's a prodigy. They say
He grinds to beat the band.
He writes Greek plays that nobody
Can ever understand.

Miss Beard is never absent, no,
Nor is she ever late,
And never, while she finds the place,
Does the Greek class have to wait.

Miss Fletcher every day in Greek
Is sure to go to sleep,
But when her turn comes to recite,
She always knows a heap.

Foster's learning the alphabet;
He's stupid, you'll agree;
Though he's been at it many months,
He can't get beyond B.C.

Jose is a mighty husky lad,
To look at him you'd vow
He'd be quite good at rowing shells,
Or better in a row.

Oh, Beard he is a captain bold,
Who fussing does not stint,
And when the crew displeases him,
His language we'll not print.

Eric Hall has always ground,
While all the class has wondered;
Now at the head he graduates;
Get up and play "Old Hundred."

Reardon is a wise young boy,
Who does his Greek at sight,
And always has a happy grin
If he happens to hit it right.

In football or in rough-housing,
A mighty lad is "Liz";
Wherever there is any row,
There Bobby surely is.

Hilda was an actress fair;
She's now a worthy part,
Riding in an auto car,
Hot in pursuit of a Hart.

Frank Deady is a question mark
Whom we can't quite define;
In Greek his anxious voice pipes up,
"Will you repeat that line?"

Patten is what they call an elf;
His mind so oft doth roam,
That if the teacher asks his name,
He'll up and answer "Gnome."

When we're feeling gloomy, we
Must not forget Miss Coyle;
To hard exams., a murderess;
To troubled waters, oil.

At eating quarts of ice-cream,
At managing baseball,
The honors all are certain,
L. C. will catch 'em all.

At ten o'clock in Latin class,
When Whitmore has the floor,
A weary voice is heard, "Have you
Been over this before?"

Here, on a Kansas cyclone,
Miss Plympton blew one day,
With suit-case filled with English marks,
And not one less than A.

'Tis getting late, the clock strikes two,
I hear somebody humming;
'Tis Channing Lawrence marching home
To the tune, "The Campbells Are Coming."

In 28 Fitzgerald
And Mulrey spend recess,
But which one threw the chalk about,
Neither can ever guess.

To every one in Latin class
Miss Chandler is a joy;
She prompts us all when she is not
Too busy prompting a boy.

"French is so hard—it has no sense;
I don't like Latin much;"
But Miss Blood's very favorite theme
Is, "How I *do* hate Dutch."

The English papers that they give
Kill us with just one look;
But when we get our marks we see
They're passed by hook or Crook.

When Letty Davis isn't pleased,
She doesn't sulk or pout,
But stands up in the Latin class
And speaks her mind right out.

"How did you do your Greek so fast?"
And we girls make no bones
Of saying, "Oh, it wasn't hard;
I did it with Miss Jones."

Miss Moller's gleams of intellect
Shine forth in Latin best;
A book within a book she holds,
But you can guess the rest.

The Don Juan of our senior class,
A noted fusser is;
It's hard to beat Cliff Mason there;
The field is wholly his.

The length of the long corridor,
Before the final bell,
Miss Shepherd whispers secrets deep,
On promise not to tell.

"Oh, hurry, hurry, Gladys, do,"
A plaintive voice I heard;
I don't know, but I'd stake my all,
Miss Hildreth never stirred.

Miss Woodworth thinks that sentiment
Should not be rhymed about,
And so we're very sorry, but
We'll have to leave her out.

Next Stephen Royce, for chess renowned,
The Exchange Editor;
Of witty sayings all his own,
Who has a greater store?

Miss Margaret Smith is not a grind,
And she gets top marks, too;
Her charming smile includes us all,
Not just a favored few.

Miss Ketchum charms where'er she goes,
No matter if she be
In Lowell or in old New York,
On land or out at sea.

Latin, English, French, Geom.,
Miss Attner toes the mark;
No matter what the study is,
She surely is a shark.

We haven't got much left to say
About Miss Alice Yeager,
The things we've said of other girls
Are quite enough to plague her.

And lo! Miss Fawcett's well-known face
Comes peeping through the door;
At twelve o'clock she takes her seat,
To stay an hour—no more.

For cutting to rehearse last year,
They took Miss Reed to task;
But what the translation means,
She's prompter still to ask.

Marvin plays on the football team,
Captains the second crew;
Marvin plays on the basket-ball,
And rides on horseback, too.

In Greek class Cahill gets good marks,
Because—O botheration—
He works till twelve o'clock at night,
And learns each derivation.

Our Greek class is a noble troop,
  By brave commanders led;
We certainly may trot behind
  When Cahill trots ahead.

"The lesson didn't go so far."
  "Is that correct, Miss Ware?"
He never knows who's fibbing
  When Pamela isn't there.

There is one thing of Evelyn's
  That makes us all rejoice;
Whatever else she hasn't got,
  She surely has a voice.

Our orchestra is pretty fine;
  But still we think it's fair,
To say it would not be so good
  If Gaskill were not there.

Mac started out with nineteen seven,
  But soon it came to pass,
He saw the error of his ways,
  And joined our famous class.

Miss Detlefsen is apt to sigh,
  Her Latin makes her sad,
Because, at least so some one says,
  Her writing is so bad.

We're glad there's some one in our class
  Who studies faithfully;
Miss Isaacs does, and she gets marks
  Of very high degree.

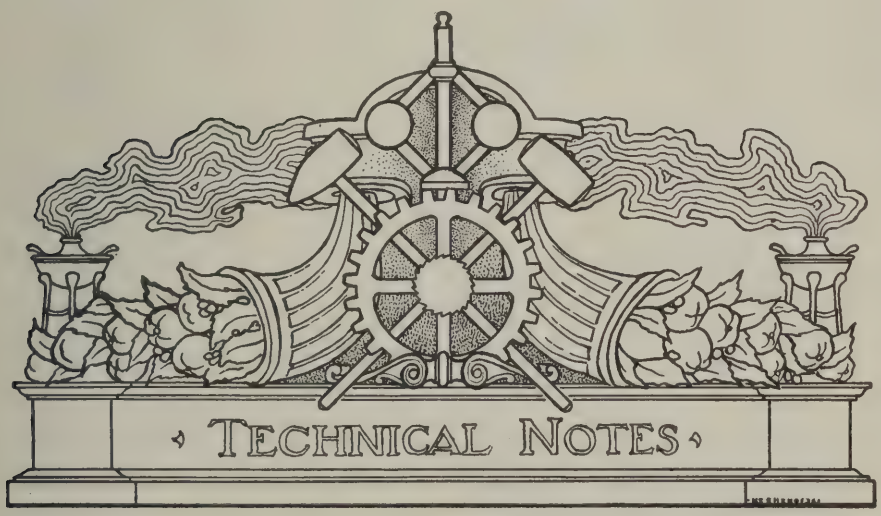
Young Glynn is never scared to tell;
  That's all the reason why
He couldn't get that part, although
  He really didn't try.

O'Hara is an honest lad
  And gets his lessons well;
But oh, alas! for all his marks,
  The place he cannot tell.

Miss Turner gets her English done;
  In fact, so very well,
That when she's stuck for other words,
  She quotes it for a spell.

The last one of our famous class
  Lies deep beneath the soil;
At least, I judge so, for I hear
  Her called the late Miss Doyle.

M. C. W. W. B. D.
M. F. G. S. R.
G. G. H. T. L. S.



While nothing definite as yet has been decided for canal operation in the Panama district, there are three schemes proposed. First: To complete as early as possible a high level canal, and its subsequent widening and deepening after it has been opened to navigation. This is the proposal of the former chief engineer, Mr. Bunau Varilla of the French Company. Second: To form a large fresh water lake at each end of the canal and a central lake by means of a dam at Bohio; the surface of this lake to constitute the summit level, which would be cut through the Culebra divide at an elevation of sixty feet, the level of the two terminal lakes being held at about thirty feet. This is the scheme of Mr. Lindon W. Bates, a leading hydraulic engineer. Third: To construct a sea-level canal immediately. This is the agreement of the

international advisory board of engineers and as it seems very plausible, it will be in all probability adopted, although it is also perhaps the most costly.

The largest turbine steamer in the world, the Carmania, recently made her first trip across the ocean, and as planned, she showed almost a total absence of vibration. The passage was made during stormy weather, and was the best of tests for this new departure. The future work of this and similar boats to be built will be watched with great interest, for upon their success, and it seems ultimate, depends the future of the marine engine.

The highest bridge in North America is situated in Texas, and spans the Pecos River at a height of 321 feet above the river. Besides being so high, it is 2,180 feet in length. There are but two higher viaducts in the world; one over the Zambesi River at Victoria Falls, South Africa, being 420 feet high, and the other at Loa, South America, which is 336 feet high.

Motorite, one of the many inventions of Mr. Hiram Maxim, is the latest fuel invented, and one which if its cost could ever be minimized would according to all accounts revolutionize the speed of Uncle Sam's sea warriors.

It is a secret composition of gun-cotton and nitro-glycerine which, instead of having the instantaneous combustion which make its component parts high explosives, burns much slower and is safe to handle. Its great value is claimed to lie in its steam making qualities, for it will produce three pounds of steam for every pound used, thus making it the greatest motive power yet found.

If this can be developed, the speed at which our torpedo boats could travel would render them highly satisfactory, and if motorite-propelled torpedoes were used the speed of the action of a torpedo boat would be nearly doubled.

A protected third rail has been recently invented by Mr. E. W. Farnham which promises to overcome all the difficulties now existing with the use of the third rail — such as electrocution by accidental contact with this live rail, and the tie-up of an electric system by such weather influences as ice, sleet and snow.

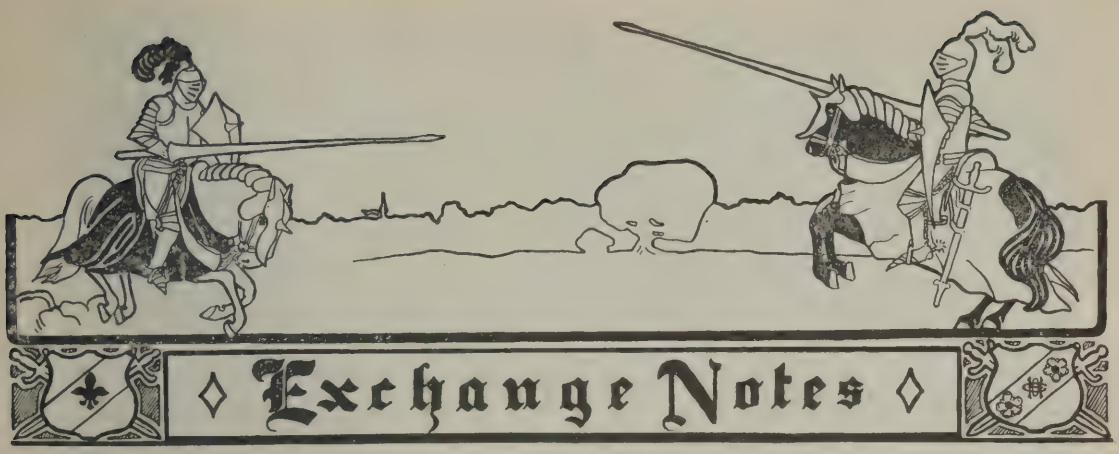
Iron brackets, securely fastened to the ground, support a sort of hanger in which the third rail is slipped, its flanges fitting corresponding grooves in the hanger. There the contract with the energized rail is made from beneath by a lever attachment, which is so constructed with springs as to allow considerable play up and down which might be caused by the jolting of the train.

The third rail being U shaped allows the carrying of a bare copper wire on the inside, thus facilitating the reinforcement of the rail and consequently its carrying capacity.

The hanger is very efficiently insulated, and the boards used on the top of the rail as weather protectors are dipped in insulating and fire proof solution, thus increasing the safety of this system.

The success of this third rail seems assured, and it will probably be but a short time before trolley lines will be a thing of the past, since the comparative safety of this system overcomes the greatest objection to its use in former years.

People generally think of wire as being round or nearly so, but it is a fact that wire is made in nearly every shape imaginable. The kinds are too numerous to mention, the most common shapes, perhaps, being flat, half round, and diamond shaped. The coming of the automatic machine for turning out all kinds of small pieces has led to this development of wire drawing. The machine to be most successful must be fed with a wire as nearly as possible like the finished product, hence the variation of shape.



The end of the year has come in due course, and the editor is at last compelled to abandon his task. We fear that we resign it with more regret than will be felt by our exchanges. If there was ever anybody who ought to find his past deeds an unpleasant topic for reflection, the cynical exchange editor should certainly avoid reminiscences. As we look back on our deeds of literary violence, we see on all sides, staring us in the face, the ghosts of all the papers we have cruelly murdered. Yet, as we gaze upon the exchange table we still see the familiar names and realize that our railings have been of little avail.

The principal doubt that assails us is, have we done any good to school papers in general by taking up a page or so every month in our own publication? Have we accomplished anything good by exposing ourselves to the charges of lying, of hypocrisy, of plagiarism, and in fact of all other vices of which an unfortunate exchange editor can be guilty? Our only answer to this can be that we hope so. Some exchanges have told us in so many words that our criticisms are not wanted. In other cases, if we may take silence to mean consent, we shall certainly feel that we have done some good.

We now append the results of our last visé of the exchanges, hoping that they will be well received.

The *Voice* is guilty of the rather minor fault of publishing stale jokes. The style of its stories is immature, though their plans are often excellent. A little more care on the part of the writers would have an excellent effect. Why not try offering a prize for stories?

The *Orderly* is better than usual. The "Amateur Detective" is an excellent story, and teaches one the beauties of minding one's own business.

The exchange column of the *Penn Charter Magazine* is excellently written.

"A Tale of the Wide Pacific," in the *Orange and Blue* is an excellent story. Its author has a most fertile imagination.

The *High School Bulletin* contains excellent cuts.

The *Distaff* throughout the year has contained excellent editorials.

The stories in the *Pingry Record* are too short. They give a very broken up character to the magazine.

We conclude by publishing the names of a few of the exchanges which seem to us to be particularly worthy of honorable mention for the year: *Cricket, Penn Charter Magazine, Southern Workman, Distaff, Minor.*

CLASS OF 1906, RINDGE MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL.

TRAINING SCHOOL HITS, 1906.

There's Bourne, the chap with solemn face,
In grinding he'd give all a race.
Here's Casey, too, of feminine fame,
Who's always in the loving game.

For Coghlan and that Clucas boy,
'Tis studying that's their greatest joy,
To everybody it does seem
That they don't help the baseball team.

Why yes! we have a man of brawn,
For Kelley toils 'till early dawn.
There's also our musician fake,—
It's Glidden, chemist and muck-rake.

This space we give to Jefferson;
We wish it known, his wit and fun
Has made our class-room something more
Than just a solemn, weary bore.

We now see Murdock, wise and sage,
Who knows his lessons, every page;
And though the smartest of our set,
Long hours he sits by his gas jet.

McArdle played at second base;
He'd still be holding down that place,
But he's left school, the fellows say,
To feed his hens and watch them lay.

Mister Murphy's one of the best,
Always there with fun and jest;
The only worry of his life
Is the constant fear of his big wife.

Bill'rica sends Pierce to join our crowd,
Right down from the farm, with his stockings so loud;
And when he's not with us in school,
He drives round town with dad's old mule.

A husky youth, a football hero,
Could make that Som. guard look like 0;
But as it was, he played like a doll,
For Sib. was courting the hand of Miss Hall.

Behold! it's Fraser, agéd seven;
He'd have recess at quarter past 'leven.
McCormick's the man who talks of fight;
Though when it comes, he's out of sight.

Hussey's the boy with sunset hair;
With girls he thinks he's quite a snare.
Then comes a man whose name is Earl,
Who shone in hockey like a pearl.

Here's Catterall, the man of work,
And brother Jim, the drug-store clerk;
And Gould, the lad who's wont to fly,
Most every day a brand new tie.

And now, to make our lay complete,
Of three more fellows we must treat,
Who by the wayside fell, a shame!
Wiley, Muldoon and Bennie Kaine.

Scowling Hodges, you're a queer one,
You're a hard one to describe,
Though your face is always beaming
With the knowledge you imbibe.

Hurrah for "baby" Elliott,
Whose name begins with E;
His cradle in the Infants' Home
Is No. 23.

Oh here's that brazen voice of old,
So like a thunderstorm;
And now the head butts into view—
Behold! it is Malstrom.

Phelan, gentle Phelan,
Now what do you suppose?
When Fraülein asks a question,
He blushes like a rose.

Look, here comes Lynes across the hall,
I'm sure he's just been cramming;
No, no, sweet child, you are quite wrong,
He's invented a new way of flamming.

Our bellboy's name is Shinn;
He seems to quite forget
To ring the bells on Thursday
At the hour that is set.

This man that they call Bohlin
Is really quite a lad,
Though the engine he's been making
Has gone all to the bad.

And free, light-hearted Leavitt
Is often "sehr" despotic,
And some of his bright sayings
Are purely idiotic.

Why Kinsman dislikes trig.
Is really quite a sermon;
But he flies off on a tangent
When he translates his German.

Pessimistic "Richard,"
Ah! will you ever dare
To turn on the relief valve
And exhaust all your hot air?

Egan came from Latin School,
He's really very queer;
"I can't do that example,"
Is all that we can hear.

Poor Dudley is despondent,
He is looking very blue;
His endless string of questions
Has brought to him "Skidoo."

Peter is his Christian name,
His heathen one is Haynes;
His power to study varies
Inversely with his brains.

See the proud, commanding air
And the face that never smiles,
A steady tread is on the stair;
Salute!!! Its General Miles.

But look, here comes that Gibson,
Not the artist, with his books;
This one has a turned-up nose
That spoils his goodly looks.

Webb is undeniably
Nothing but a kid;
But even this does not explain
The foolish things he did.

Lindberg is a hayseed,
He always needs a shave;
With English as a study,
He's one foot in the grave.

Of all the grinds in our class,
And all of those who've past,
Claflin is the biggest,
But usually the last.

"Sawah" came from High School
With a half-developed mind;
But at our seat of learning,
He's an everlasting grind.

Who is this student coming hither,
With footsteps very soft?
Its Ernest Hadley Stevenson,
With the "smile that won't come off."

Grant has been a shining light
In this, our Senior year;
Those marches that he plays for us,
We ever will hold dear.

But when it comes to lessons,
He's not so very florid,
And often gets stung hard
Reciting trig. and solid.

"Park, what answer did you get?"
And Kenny looks askance;
To tell he didn't do it,
Doesn't take a teacher's glance.

But now you're going to leave us,
We bid you a kind farewell,
And of your great athletic feats
We all are proud to tell.

"Reggie" used to ring the bells;
He did it for a lark;
But as he rings them now,
He calls, "Subway to Park."

Our Cyrus is a chauffeur great,
And a shark is he at lessons;
That he came into Division B,
Is one of our greatest blessings.

The chap that they call Griffin
Chose football for his heaven;
His books he tackled not enough,
And now he's nineteen seven.

There's one of our class who comes from the Port,
Who ought to have been a chauffeur;
He always will ride and never will walk—
Tabb's the man to whom we refer.

Jim Donovan's a fellow whose voice is soft and low,
And this past month has proven that in trig. he is a shark;
Although he doesn't look it, please do not be misled,
You'll always find him handy whenever there's a lark.

Dayton was a happy boy,
His spirits never sank,
He left us two months early
For a good job in a bank.

Herr Sharkey is a quiet grind,
He never says a word;
But when it comes to pitching,
They say that he's a bird.

X is for Kramer,
The unknown man;
He may be a "camer,"
But he's certainly a flam.

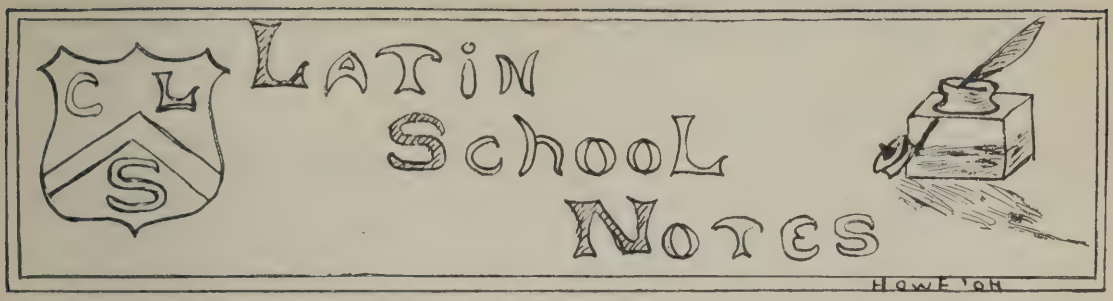
Who is the father of his class?
Don't think this is a knocker;
It's our unanimous opinion,
That man is Allen Crocker.

They say that hot air will expand,
And also keep afloat;
We know the Gloucester crew is safe,
For Welsch is in the boat.

Next on our list is Herbert Fiske,
So very young and fair;
Wherever there are ladies round,
You're sure to find him there.

O'Hara, Beunke and Burns
Are all we can remember,
The latter two have left for good,
The first until September.

T. L. F. D. M.
P. H. L. H. O. W.
J. W. J. J. J. D.



1906.

μνηστὴρ = fusser.

People stayed in spunging houses until they were bailed out!

Teacher: "Twenty-three, Miss F.! Quickly, please!"

Teacher: "Where might the tombs of many famous Romans be found?"
Voice from rear: "In the cemetery."

Suit + her = suitor.

How can we bear to leave the school?
Many of us can't.

πόσις = drink or husband.
Usually found in combination.

"Pleni sunt omnes libri" = All free men are full.
That must have been on a Saturday night.

What is so rare as the 16th of June?

Have you yet been told that you "can sit on the platform with the rest"?

There was a young fellow of Six,
Who got in a terrible fix;
They "regretted to state
That you can't graduate."
Tough luck for that fellow of Six.

Orator = a beggar.

Teacher: "Don't know the place? Twenty-three, then, quickly!"

"All guests are beggars."

'06 has succeeded in beating the Freshmen in basket-ball by the score of 23-3. Very appropriate. "That's true '06 spirit!"

1907.

We offer our sincere congratulations to the class of 1906 as they are about to leave us. May they make as good alumni as they have undergraduates.

1907, just think! As Juniors, we are almost obsolete. In a very short time we shall have reached the top round, Seniors at last!

Some one got slightly twisted when he said a "whirm fig" instead of a "firm whig."

"Hermann sass und rollt' in den Torweg," Herman sat down and rolled under the gate!

"Adgnosco veteris vestigia flammæ," I recognize the footsteps of my old flame!

"Und väterlich ernst sie bedrohte," And he threatened them in a fatherly way.
Voice from the rear: "Slipper!"

Question: "Did Macbeth's assassins come to the castle after their pay?"
Bright boy's answer: "No, they came before they got it."

Good luck to every one in the exams.!

"Quo adfatu audeat ambire reginam furentem?" With what kind of an address should he accost the queen?

Translation given: In what kind of a dress should he approach the queen?

The victims of the "extemporaneous speech-making" were numerous. How gracefully they made their little bows! How reluctant they were to leave the platform! The hook was much in evidence.

Farewell, ye much-worn pages
Of our well-studied book;
As we lay thee to rest, again
We send thee a loving look.
So here's to you, my poor pages,
That guided us on our way,
We lay thee to rest, perhaps
You'll trot us another day.

Dane says: "I shall never forget Eliza!"
We admire his loyalty.

We are very sorry to learn of Miss Techa's illness. We wish her a complete and speedy recovery.

Miss W-l-s-n decidedly objects to "him" when "he" appears too many times in one theme.

Several weeks ago some members of the two upper classes formed a "corner on coppers."

"Addison was addicted to excessive wine drinking!" How sad!

"They are so loud I can't study."
"What are?"
"Why, the socks on that youth who sits next me."

1908.

The class dance at Riverbank Court was a great success, and all present had a very enjoyable time.

Ask H-r-s what a "doorpost" is.

H-k-ns' translations are very amusing to the class.

We were all shocked at the news of Miss Ferry's death. The class held a meeting and drew up resolutions.

French + geometry.
Main = hand.
Tenant = holding.
Maintenant = holding hands.
Maintenant = now.
∴ Maintenant = holding hands now.

Only three months before we shall be Juniors!

Miss H-b-'s estimate of Samuel Johnson's character: "He was rather foolish, and was opposed to the Romantic movement."

Mr. D——: "Who was the father of the Atridæ?"
Pupil (hastily glancing over the context): "Pyrrhus."

Scott wrote his first novels *unanimously.*

Some new translations:
"Blessure" = joy.
"Cochons" = wretches.
"Venti rupto turbine" = winds bursting in a whirlpool.
"Dolopes" = sons of Dolops.

We are very sorry to lose Miss Campbell from the class.

"Ares" = the goddess of the hearth.
"Priam" = Hecuba's father-in-law.

"The gorgon was the thing with the head that Pallas wore."

"Une redingote bien serré à la taille" = an overcoat well pressed by the tailor.

A new comparison of "plurimus," heard in Division IV: "multus,-a,-um, maior, bonus,-a,-um."

Miss B-s likes to make "petits chapeaux," or are they "bateaux" in French class?

Miss D.: "Tell about Trajan's wife."
Miss H-d: "Well, she was a great help to him."

Teacher: "If Hecuba had only fifty sons, how did she happen to have a hundred daughters-in-law?"
B——: "Each one married twice."

"Up! Up! my friend, and clear your books,
Why all this care and trouble?"
That is certainly an excellent quotation, La-n.

What could S-p-n have been doing with a book of quotations in Latin class?

Why can't we remember that the word "to find" is "invenio," a compound of "venio"?

1909.

Good-by all!

Next year, upstairs.

1909 defeated 1910 in base-ball, 16-2.

B-rt--tt wishes every one to speak to him in French. He understands much better in that language than he does in English.

Frequently heard: "Please give me credit for just ordinary common sense."

A--e thinks that every one should look at him during the Latin hour.

Can't you remember which seat you are to take fourth hour, Miss S-y-e?

Why did every one laugh when "waning moon" was defined, "an old moon just before it gets full."

We all noticed the "spring mark-downs" on our cards.

Now, W-itt-m-re, we know you know it, so don't get excited.

Miss A-a-s, don't laugh again hard enough to break your chain.

1910.

Teacher: "Pater timet nequid mali filio accidat."
M-s-n: "Father feared that some one had fallen by an accident upon his bad son."

Teacher: "Who was Darnley?"
Miss Mo-r-: "Darnley was the wife of Mary."

Mrs. Mash 'em.

We have just had our history exam.; "Cheer up, the worst is yet to come!"

Sophomores next year!

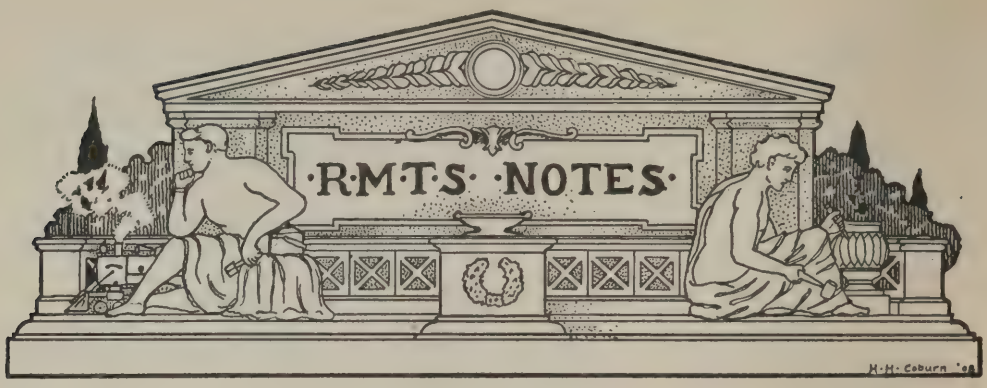
Next year we'll have somebody to look down upon—poor 1911.

Be sure not to hurt yourselves studying for the exams.!

Book Review.

"Principles of Political Economy." By Charles Gide. D. C. Heath & Co. Cloth. Price $2.00.

This book, by Charles Gide, the noted French scholar, has been admirably translated and adapted to American class-room use, by William A. Vedity, Ph.D. It is not merely a thoroughly modern treatment of the subject, but it is handled in a fashion which should make it popular with the general public. It is by no means dry or technical, but can be recommended as a very interesting book to the novice. It is very attractively gotten up, and should be popular.



1906.

When this issue of the REVIEW appears, the class of 1906 will have become honorary members of our alma mater; 1907 will then predominate. Gladly, yet with a certain sadness, do we wish our successors the best good-will of the class of 1906.

Some of our electrical experiments are absolutely shocking!

We have had a very good conductor in our class; namely, Reggy Henley.

Ask Coolidge the difference between "dumb" and "silent."

Hursh has at last discovered how to neutralize a couple by a single opposing force. Some one else has suggested a divorce.

Haynes and Hodges have got hold of a new solid geometry theorem: The sum of the angles of a spherical triangle is greater than 540° and less than 180°.

Go to Leavitt for German exclamations.

"Sarah's" voice should be seen and not heard.

Pupil (forgetting his German): "O fudge!"
Miss E-l-s: "L-t, please make that expression sound more like German."
Pupil: "O sauerkraut!"

Sweeney can blush to the roots of his hair.

Miles has established an excellent name for the school. May that name and his record be beaten by those who follow.

The class of 1906, echoed by the entire school, joins in wishing Miles a smooth and happy career at West Point.

1907.

When Madame Ellis hits a fellow with her little gavel, it gives a "hookish" feeling.

MacPherson has discovered perpetual motion! When he takes a car ride, the bars come down on both sides.

Strong kindly promises never to talk back to his wife; sweet, sweet home.

It is certain Harrington does not come from the country region. He says Silas carried some bricks to make a stone wall.

Wilson was recently honored by receiving ex. 23.

Yes, Houston, the terms go in pairs. You will be one of a pair yourself some day.

"H. Boyd, expand yourself."

We have used "sidelong glances" in our class, generally about 11.45.

Div. II, Col. A, spread out during a drawing exam. and covered the whole room.

Our new French recitation table is four feet across. Whose feet measured such a large table?

We're off for the exams. Let us all pray for the survival of the fittest.

We can but do our best. Our best shall be the best.

Griffin: "What do we die for, anyway, to give other people a chance?"

Miss E. (to Park): "If you should find a young lady weeping and wanted her to stop, what would you say?"
Park: "Er-er, weep not!"

Linnehan was defeated by Hursh in the royal game of tennis at Jarvis Field, May 30, 1906. We congratulate Linnehan.

Lynes: "Oh-er, that word wasn't in the vocabulary."

The college examinations are getting too close for comfort, especially in the hot weather of June.

"There she goes, Claf!"

Division A wishes to thank Mr. Brown for the kind, heart-to-heart talk which he gave us some two weeks ago. We will all remember it and profit by it.

Kinsman is going to Tufts to finish the course in "teething" which he has already begun.

Have you ever heard H-s-h try to whisper? It sounds like a locomotive trying to start on a slippery track.

The under classes will do us justice if, when they think of the class of 1906, they will think also of Longfellow's line in the "Psalm of Life": "Lives of great men all remind us."

"Good-by all!"

1908.

Well, fellows, the last month is here, so let us do our best and show that our class is the coming one. We may not be excelled by any class if we enter in these last days as heartily as in former times.

Oh! those finals; the worst is yet to come.

Allen, the flower garden.

The latest thing in the shops; get an oil shine before leaving.

There has been a rumor that Bolton and Bwig would soon appear on the stage in their latest production, "Only a Grind." We hope not, with all due respect to them, for we think their audiences would not be very appreciative ones.

Arey has a new hobby, salted cucumbers.

Christman in drawing from life: "That paper is not big enough for his feet."
Mr. Rich (pointing to Christman's): "Look at those."
Christman: "Oh! those are only camel boats."

"Vingt-trois," meaning "skidoo."

Francis says we could not get along without a cemetery in politics, for that is where princes and paupers, porters and presidents, are finally on the dead level.

Instructor: "What is that cape?"
Pupil: "A neck in the sea."

Arey has a position for the summer as caddie. They say he is employed at a liberal stipend to lose balls for others and find them for himself.

Houston, the heathen hobo, who never works, but gets along on other people.

The latest definition of incandescent lights: From Latin "incendo," to burn, and English "cent," meaning money.
An invention for burning money.

The spirits are still moving in Mr. Brown's first-hour English class, as Dunning has left Edgerton and retired to a rear seat.

In one of Mr. Ely's divisions in history, the constitution is changed from time to time to suit the likings of the fellows. Very handy, indeed; but Mr. Ely has the constitution on the desk if not in his head.

We are told by one of our scholarly students that when he was a disturber of peace he was slightly smaller than his present size.

Mark: In Germany, twenty-three cents; in the United States, only Twain.

Wishing every one a pleasant summer, we say, "So long," for another term. Don't catch any crabs.

1909.

Ford, the secretary of IV C, has made his daily reports very interesting. We hope he will have another term.

Division IV C has several expert sculptors (in chalk).

A dandelion carnival,
Held by Division C,
Came off the 10th of May,
And was a sight to see.

'Twas held in M one noontime,
With all the fellows gay,
And all were decorated
In the good old-fashioned way.

The latest pronunciations of Chingachgook are: Chicken-coop, Shin-th'-hook and Skin-th'-cook.

F-r-w-l has an umbrella which ought to be in some sideshow of freaks.

Our Freshman year is nearly over, and we give it as our opinion that Training School is all right.

Wonderland.

Wonderland, the new million-dollar park at Revere, surpasses the most sanguine expectations of its managers. Its opening, on Memorial Day, was extraordinarily successful and soon after noon the place was black with a delighted throng of admirers. The lofty Shoot-the-chutes, the Descent to Hell Gate, the Scenic Railway, Fighting the Flames and numberless other attractions charm the pleasure-seeker and satisfy him in every way. In the day time, the light, shining on the roofs and parti-colored walls, and on beautiful Japan, with its snow-crested mountain, dazzles the eye. At night the scene is indescribable; over 150,000 electric lights transform beauty into something too grand to be put into words; chains of pearls form the diadem of the beach. It has been pronounced by one who has seen the world the "best park around." Indeed, for pure, unadulterated pleasure one would have to look far and wide for a better place to find it than at "Wonderland, the Matchless."

1906.

Congratulations to Miss Grace Ivers, who was elected captain of our basket-ball team.

It seems that the Senior-Freshman game was not wholly without accidents; how is your knee, Margaret?

We sincerely hope that 1907 will enjoy its last year as we have ours.

A very pleasant social was held on Friday evening, May 18, at the home of Miss Fortin, who made a very charming hostess. We were favored with "une petite chauson française" during the evening.

Miss Mu-p-y is going to take a post-graduate course!

Peggie's favorite song is "The Wearin' of the Green." We wonder why.

Miss Field nicely translated "qu'il aille à tous les diables" as "let him do as he wants."

Come over and sit beside me, Miss W--la-d.

We were very sorry that Miss L. Wilson and Miss Furfey were not able to play in the remaining basket-ball games.

Here's to 1907, our successors.

Is green ribbon a hoodoo? A few of us think so.

Only ten boys in a class of eighty; and they are all little boys.

Look out, "Teddy," mocking is contagious.

Red roses are very useful, are they not, Miss Cox?

We were pleased to welcome Miss Sleeper to the "Gym." again, and are only sorry that she hasn't taken it up all the year.

We, the Seniors, hope that we may welcome the next Freshman class, 1910.

Our brilliant French translations are at an end, and we trust Miss Watson is very sorry (?).

Green ribbons beget black eyes and broken knees, especially when worn on the ankle.

Miss Cox is a well-known artist. She makes ears, eyes and noses from dough.

1907.

Farewell to the Seniors!

1906 has contributed several boys to 1907.

We are all glad to see Rowley, '08, back, after his recent illness.

Keep away from Mabel if you wish to avoid pins.

We will be Seniors in three months. We have worked for it for three years. Let us all come back and enjoy the last year!

Can a fagot be anything but a fagot, Mina?

A very pleasant social was held at the home of Miss Grebenstein. Every one had a good time.

The base-ball team has done admirably this year. Congratulations, boys!

Three cheers for 1906.

Miss S—— recommends the dictionary to "people without sense."

We wonder who took Miss Qu-nn to the Boston College Prom.?

Miss Sh--k-y certainly does enjoy the R. M. T. S. games.

Who belongs to the "Whispering Set" in Room 15?

Ask Miss Ward how she likes being the "janitor" of her club.

Strange that Miss Watson should object to flowers being worn in the hair, isn't it, Skilton?

Ask Rourke what attraction there is at the Brookline Street Transfer Station about 5.30 P.M.

Miss P-ll-k, why will you ask so many questions?

A pleasant vacation to all.

We shall be sorry to say farewell to Miss Dickson.

1908.

Here's to our graduating girl,
She's better far than some;
For when she talks, she speaks no slang,
Nor chews no chewing gum.

We extend a sad farewell to the Seniors. What shall we do without them?

Just think! We shall be Juniors next year (if we pass our exams.).

Miss Collins has been elected captain of our basket-ball team. Congratulations!

Some of our little (?) girls have not enough energy to carry all those books into book-keeping. Why not hire an express wagon?

The "smile that won't come off" is still conspicuous in Room 3 the fourth hour.

Some of us will have bouquets, even if we have to use dandelions.

Ask Miss Dickson where the "Pets' Row" in her room is.

A certain duster in Room 4 seems to be in great demand before school every day.

Poor Miss Harris! She has never seen a "two-legged animal."

Ask Mr. Coolidge how some people "amalgamate" their faces.

What made the "Rogues' Gallery" in Room 3 laugh when the hand-organ played "Bedelia?" Miss Martin knows.

Heard in French: "La foule," the foolish woman.

We extend our sympathy to those in 1906 who were injured in the strenuous game with 1909.

(*Continued on page 34.*)

A Southern Bandit.

F. A. HUBBARD.

Much has been written about the Western "bad man." Some of it, no doubt, is true, but much more is due solely to Eastern imagination. It is also true that other parts of the country have produced their villains of a similar stamp. A striking, though little known, example of this is the type of man developed in the Southern States during the seventies, when the question of the negro's voting or not was practically settled and the popular topic was, "On which side shall he vote?"

A young Northerner, Jackson by name, went South in 1873 to teach in a small town in Alabama. Here he fell in with several young men, all stanch Democrats, and finally became identified with the work of that party. Through these friends, his ideas about the negro's freedom as a voter received rather a severe shock.

One evening, as he was taking supper with one of his new friends, a young man knocked at the door, and informed them that "Joe French and his gang were going to see Uncle Bill to-night." Jackson knew Uncle Bill, an old negro of some influence, who had helped them very much at the recent election; but Joe French was a stranger to him. His friend evidently understood, however, for he seized his rifle, and handed Jackson a revolver. Then as they went out into the darkness, he explained that Joe French, a bloodthirsty Republican from the next town, had threatened that, if Uncle Bill made any move for the Democrats, or even voted their ticket, he would come over and "burn him out."

Presently the two friends reached a little cabin on a hill, and, entering, found their old friend talking to a dozen young men, most of them friends of Jackson's. The negro wanted to leave the town, but his friends succeeded in convincing him that they would protect him. Then, as there was no time to lose, they all took their guns and stationed themselves in various hiding-places in the vicinity of the house.

Before long, a sound of loud voices and the trampling of feet were heard down the road, and there appeared half a dozen well armed men. All but one were rather the worse for drink, and that one, who carried a lighted lantern and who seemed to be the leader, glanced around repeatedly, as if fearing an ambush, and twice cautioned his followers to keep still.

Thus they came near the place where Jackson was hidden. Just then the leader caught sight of the Northerner's face; dashing out his own light, he fired into the darkness. The only effect, however, was to bring upon himself a volley from the watchers. Totally unprepared for such a cordial reception, he and his men beat a hasty retreat, not returning to the village, but going directly home.

A few days later, a man whom Jackson knew, met him in town and warned him to look out for himself, for Joe French had promised to kill him on sight. It appeared that, in that momentary glimpse before the lantern went out, the desperado had recognized Jackson, whom he had seen before, and had determined to inflict the whole weight of his vengeance on him. Profiting by this advice, the intended victim never went out unarmed.

Two weeks later, one of his pupils came into school greatly excited, and told him that Joe French was in town. Without allowing this news to disturb him in the least, the teacher completed the morning session, and returned to the centre of the town for his lunch, as usual. Near the main square he met one of his friends, who told him that French was sitting at the

door of a saloon around the corner. On hearing this, he slipped his revolver into his sleeve, to be ready for instant use, and stepped into the square, upon which opened the aforesaid saloon.

Sure enough, there was French. When he saw Jackson, he rose and walked over in his direction. The young man took a firm grip on the handle of the weapon in his sleeve, but French gave no sign of recognition. When he had passed, however, Jackson turned on him, in time to see him jerk his hand quickly out of his pocket and shake it threateningly at a negro close behind, with an angry question regarding cotton-picking.

French left town that afternoon before Jackson returned from school, for he seemed to doubt whether his reputation was good enough to allow him to prolong his stay. The next week, however, the baseball team of which Jackson was manager, was to play a game in French's town. He consulted his team as to whether he should accompany them. They promised that, if Joe tried to make a disturbance, they would "show him a thing or two," so Jackson, who had great faith in his team's resources, both of mind and body, decided to go.

The team's means for preventing trouble soon became apparent. When the men were spread out in their positions, each took out two big revolvers and laid them on the ground beside him. French, who had not believed that Jackson would come, was much astonished at these preparations. Could it be that all these men were willing to risk themselves for this comparative stranger, whom he had picked out as his victim because he thought he had few friends? He determined to test them; so presently, as Jackson was discussing a point with the umpire, he started towards them. Instantly all the players seized their weapons and came running in from the field. Disturbed by this frank showing of intention, French beat a hasty retreat from the ball field, and soon left that part of the country, which was rapidly becoming too hot for him.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

(Continued from page 32.)

We wonder why Miss Winslow refused to wear purple during the basket-ball games.

Miss O'Rei--y is a fine story-teller; at least her teachers think so.

Division II enjoy reciting their geometry lesson after school.

We are all glad to welcome Mr. Rowley back again.

Heard in French class:

"Miss Sullivan, what have you got behind your desk?"

Prompt answer: "Nothing."

Teacher: "Put it away."

1909.

Miss Haley, when do you leave for "Europe"?

Héard in French:

"Trois enfants en bas âge jouaient," The three children were playing in their stocking feet.

"Le médicine lui," The medicine told them.

What girls like the back seats, fifth hour, Thursday?

Miss Foster, how long have you liked algebra?

Who is that little boy, Miss Snow, whom we see you with Wednesdays, at recess?

Ask Miss McC. where she got her hatband.

What excellent French marks!

Ask Miss H-t-h how she likes being a "Figure of Force."

Miss McC-thy, why do you get so very excited at all the R. M. T. S. games?

A REVIEW OF TRAINING SCHOOL ATHLETICS.

Another year of successful athletics has passed. I say successful, for although we have not been victors in every contest we have shown that Training School athletes are good losers as well as good winners. This spirit of good, clean and hard playing in all sports has been more predominant this year then in former years and let us hope that it may continue in all future athletics in the school.

Practice for the foot-ball team commenced September 19, on Divinity Field and was carried on under the direction of coach Dunham. Later on in the year Tony Harris, who three years previous turned out a championship team, returned and coached the men in the line, while Yeager coached the backs. The team improved from that time on until the final great game with Somerville.

The first game of the season resulted in a defeat by Pomfret, but the second game resulted in the defeat of the B. C. Preps. Then followed a defeat at the hands of the Worcester High eleven, a tie game with Medford and again defeat by the strong Groton aggregation and then in a game reputable for its clean, hard playing, Rindge scored a victory over the Lawrence High team. Following this came a lesson for Rindge when in the last 5 minutes of play she lost to St. Marks by her old humbug—fumbling. In the last practice game Rindge won from Everett in a one sided contest.

In the opening game of the interscholastic League, English High was downed after a hard determined battle, when Griffin was pushed over for a touchdown in the second half. Although Dorchester forfeited their game with Rindge it was played with the result that they were defeated by a large score. Then followed an easy victory over Malden. On Thanksgiving Day was played the game which was to decide the championship of the league and although Somerville expected an easy victory, they were disappointed, as it proved to be a tie game, neither side scoring in the 50 minutes of play.

For the first time Rindge was defeated by C. L. S., the game coming before the winning combination was hit upon, while Latin School, which had been working towards this game, was in prime condition.

The regular team was as follows:

Beunke, '06, left end.
Girard, '07, left tackle.
Sibley, '06, left guard.
Hamilton, '07, center.
Keays, '09, right guard.
Claflin, '06, right tackle.
Lindberg, '06, right end.
Sweeney, P. G., quarter back.
Park, '06, right half back (Capt.)
Thompson, '07, left half back.
Griffin, '06, full back.
McKenzie, '08, sub., end.
Linehan, '06, sub., tackle.
Burns, '06, sub., half back.

Rindge 0, Pomfret 6.
" 11, B. C. Prep. 0.
" 0, Worcester 5.
" 6, Medford 6.
" 0, Groton 11.
" 10, Lawrence 0.
" 0, St. Marks 5.
" 24, Everett 0.

INTERSCHOLASTIC LEAGUE.

Rindge 6, Boston E. H. S. 0.
" 24, Dorchester 0.
" 28, Malden 0.
" 0, Somerville 0.

TRIANGULAR LEAGUE.

Rindge 0, C. L. S. 12.
High School forfeited.

On account of the poor catering of the weather clerk, the Hockey team only played part of its schedule, and this mostly under difficulties. Earl, the captain, was ill the greater part of the season, Sweeney acting as captain in his absence.

Scores:

Rindge 0, Brookline 0.
" 2, Newton 2.
" 0, Wakefield 0.
" 2, Medford 0.
" 0, Arlington 3.
" 4, Winchester 0.

Lineup:

Lynch, f.....f., Stone
Sweeney, f.....f., Webb
Elliot, f.....f., Earl
Hursh, c. p.....c. p., Leavitt
Hussey, p.....p., Cunningham
Skilton, g.

The basket-ball team, under the leadership of Capt. Beunke, had a very successful season, winning most of the games played.

Scores:

Rindge 9, Melrose 16.
" 46, Chauncey 5.
" 21, Malden 20.
" 29, Medford 15.
" 40, Melrose 6.

Lineup:

Beunke, forward (Capt.)
Park, forward.
Clucas, forward.
Kaine, back.
Coughlan, back.
Thompson, center.

The reports of the base-ball games will be found under the R. M. T. S. athletics notes.

A REVIEW OF LATIN SCHOOL ATHLETICS.

With a list of candidates which seemed rather light, the foot-ball team turned out a good season. Of last year's players we had seven regulars and three substitutes with us.

Owing to the fact that the material was not all that could be desired in the line of weight, the men were forced to put in good, hard work to make up the difference in speed.

The team started off with a victory over St. Mark's, on September 30. Their game with Medford resulted in a defeat. On October 10, Boston English High was beaten and then Somerville served up a defeat which got the team down to steady and consistent work.

The next game they won and great was the rejoicing. Just as pleasing as it was to Cambridge, it was a bitter pill for Waltham. They had played without a defeat for three years; it was the first time they had been scored on at home since 1901. The victory for Cambridge was entirely unexpected in Waltham but the game had not progressed very far when they realized that they were up against the real proposition. It was a big surprise for Waltham and for a long time they couldn't quite make out why they were beaten.

On November 3, Latin School worked another surprise by defeating Training School in a game of interestingly contested foot-ball. Latin School scored in each half, and Stiles kicked both goals. At the end of the game the score stood C. L. S. 12, R. M. T. S. 0.

It was the first time a purely Latin School team had ever defeated a team from Training School, and consequently the excitement ran high. It was evident from the start that Latin School had the superior team, and the score tells of a clean, well-earned victory.

On November 9, Cambridge Latin won the first game of the Preparatory League by defeating Brookline High by the score of 15 to 6. Latin School was especially strong in the backfield, with Pearson, Grant, Kelliher and, later Marvin. The game showed that the backs could follow interference as well as any on the interscholastic teams.

In the next game, the final one, should it prove a victory for Latin School, was won by them over Newton High by the score of 6 to 0. For the second time the team from Latin School had won the championship.

Each team put up the best game it knew how, and it was a good contest. Cambridge Latin played well together, and showed results of good training, and hard work.

Crowley, Graustein, Stiles and Marvin, excelled for Cambridge.

In an exhibition game, on Thanksgiving Day, Latin School easily defeated Newton again, by the score of 12 to 0. The team, under the able leadership of Captain Crowley, played a successful season, and it deserves, together with the coaches, all the praise due to hard work and a fighting spirit.

The prospects for the basket-ball team were, at the beginning of the season, most encouraging, but, through lack of a gymnasium in which to practice, the team failed to make as good a record as was promised. Yet it is safe to say that Latin School was represented by a game and clever quintet, fighting hard in spite of the lack of support and encouragement from the school. The team entered no league this year, but played several games with strong, independent teams, winning a majority of them.

Capt. Kelliher, Crowley and Grant, played a strong game throughout the season.

The team:

Marvin (Patten) l. f.
Ponce (Pearson) r. f.
Grant (Gray) centre.
Capt. Kelliher, l. b.
Crowley, r. b.

About 25 men reported for the first practice in the gymnasium and until the first games were played, over 20 men reported regularly, so that two teams could be arranged.

Fully one-half of the games scheduled were cancelled on account of the unusually poor weather. The rink, kindly afforded by the city, stood unused throughout the season.

The men all showed splendid spirit in practice and the team which played against Brookline in the first league game, although several positions were filled with inexperienced men, was fast and aggressive. The puck was shot in the second half by a Brookline forward, striking the goal post and glancing off into the side of the rink. The goal umpire called it a goal, and although the referee and a majority of spectators urged him to change his decision, he refused. This was the only goal of the game, the score being 1 to 0. A lesson was learned from this decision. Both goal umpires, as well as the referee, should be chosen from non-members of the contesting schools.

The Newton game was hotly contested throughout. Cambridge scored twice in the first half and Newton once in the second. As Brookline defeated Newton, Cambridge Latin finished in second place in the league.

The team received poor support from the school at its league games. In spite of the fact that both these games were played outside of Cambridge it does seem that a little larger body of supporters should have attended. Of those few who did go to the games, the team appreciated their constant and enthusiastic cheering.

The base-ball team started out on Saturday morning, February 17, 1906, with thirty candidates. But three of these men had any experience on school teams.

In spite of this lack of experienced players, a good, fast team was developed, but only by hard and conscientious work.

Practice was carried on at the Cambridge Skating Ring, which, after having dried up sufficiently, made a good diamond. The mem-

bers worked faithfully and have shown not only the ability to play ball, but the spirit of sticking to the game, even in face of defeat.

An unusually attractive schedule was arranged and the team won the majority of its games.

The team lost its first league game to Newton, on May 22, by the score of 10 to 3. After that game it met with a serious loss in the disqualifying of Chase at first base and Captain Stiles on second. But in spite of this the team went out to Newton and played Brookline High in the second league game. The game was well played and great credit is due Boyer, the only veteran on the team, for keeping Brookline down to three hits. The game was lost in the ninth inning, by the score of 2 to 1.

Soon after this game Chapin at third base, was unable to finish out the season and with three regular men out of the game, the team felt rather discouraged and crippled. Unwilling to give up the game, the fellows showed good spirit, and resolved to fight it out. Consequently, with the exception of Babson at short stop, the entire infield was composed of new men. With but two more league games to finish the season, the team, although unable to win the championship, will stick together and go into each game under the captaincy of Boyer, with the intention of winning.

It is to be regretted that the team has received such poor support and encouragement from the school. Especially in base-ball a team depends a great deal on cheering. But few cared, after the first Newton game, to show their interest in the welfare of the team. Those few who have loyally stuck by the team at games should feel satisfied that they have done good. For next year's team we wish a better support than was given this year.

At the Latin School, the crew, this year, has been very successful. A great deal of attention and encouragement has been given this branch of athletics, and one of the best attended mass-meetings in the school's athletics, was held just before the preliminary races. It promises well for the growth and increase of that feeling so necessary for successful teams, —school-spirit.

The crew won its first race in the trial heats on May 29. The time was rather slow, but the fellows had no cause to exert themselves and won an easy race against the wind. On Thursday, the second crew won its heat.

Friday, June 1, the second crew was defeated by half a length, by Volkmann second. At 6.15, four crews, Roxbury Latin, Noble and Greenough, Latin School and Brookline High, lined up, ready to receive the signal to start the final race for first crews.

Each crew got away well and worked together as far as the Bridge, when Cambridge Latin shot ahead. This lead was maintained and frequently increased all the way down the course. Great enthusiasm was shown and loud cheering was heard from the loyal rooters of the crew, lined up on the bank.

The race was plainly Latin School's, when just within twenty yards of the finish, Brookline began to spurt. With long, sweeping strokes, they had been creeping up on Latin School, and now they forged ahead. But the splendid fighting spirit and endurance of the Latin School crew made up the space, and shot the bow over the finish on a line with Brookline.

It was an exciting race and the crowd was long kept in suspense as to which crew had won. Some said a foot's difference won the race for Cambridge, others, that Brookline had won by two feet. Finally, it was officially announced that the race was a dead heat and would have to be rowed over again.

The crew deserves great credit for its success this season. But one man, Captain Beard, had rowed in the first boat and one man had never rowed before in a school race. Therefore it was with small material that the crew started out to practice. Added to this dilemma was the loss of the use of the gymnasium for preliminary practice. With the consent, which the Training School kindly gave, to use their hall, the crew held practice there, until the river opened for rowing.

LATIN SCHOOL CREW.

In the preliminary trials on May 28, Latin School was matched against Noble and Greenough, and Browne and Nichols. Although they got a poor start, Latin School had secured the lead at the bridge, and maintained it to the finish, winning by three lengths in the slow time of 6:17. The crew was never pushed, and rowed in beautiful form. All the fellows were fresh at the finish, and not at all done up by their exertions. The winners of the other heats were Brookline High and Roxbury Latin, the latter crew just beating out the crack DeMerritte four, last year's champions.

On Friday, these three crews, together with Noble, winner of the semi-finals, lined up for the championship race. Latin School got the start, and kept the lead until a few yards from the finish. Then Brookline spurted and for a moment were ahead, but Gray hit up the stroke, and the two crews crossed the line on as near even terms as two crews could be. It was decided to row the race over on Saturday, June 9, and when the REVIEW went to press, the race was still undecided. It was as pretty a contest as was ever seen on the Charles, and both crews rowed themselves out.

The Latin School Second crew also won their preliminary heat, but in the finals a close third was the best they could do.

The support given the schools was excellent, Latin School having a larger and more enthusiastic crowd than any of the other schools. This was especially commendable on Friday, when the races were rowed between six and seven o'clock.

BASE-BALL.

Latin School 7. High School 5.

On May 15, Latin School defeated High School in an interesting game on the Common. High School scored in only one inning, but in that inning they scored five runs. Murray had a little the better of the pitching argument, allowing but seven hits to Latin School, while Boyer gave eleven. Latin School started the scoring in the first inning, making three runs on an error, a base on balls, and hits by Babson and Crowley. In the second, Boyer went on a balloon ascension and before he came back to earth, High School had scored five runs. Beeching led off with a hit, but was forced at second on Igo's grounder. Skilton and Monahan hit safely, and Boyer forced the first run with a base on balls. Erickson got a clean two-bagger, scoring Skilton and Monahan; Erickson scored on Crowley's error; Reeves caught Mullens trying to steal third, and Feeney struck out. In their half of the second, Latin School added two more on a base on balls, two errors, and a hit by G. Chase. There was no more scoring until the seventh, when Latin School made two runs on hits by Stiles and A. Chase and an error by Williams. Three fast double plays and heavy hitting by both teams held the interest of the unusually large crowd until the very end of the game.

The score:

LATIN SCHOOL.

	a.b.	b.h.	p.o.	a.	e.
G. Chase, c. f.	3	1	0	0	0
Chapin, 3b.	3	1	2	5	0

Stiles, 2b.	4	1	6	1	1
A. Chase, 1b.	3	1	7	1	1
Babson, s. s.	3	1	1	2	1
Crowley, c. f.	4	1	2	2	2
Vickery, r. f.	3	0	0	0	0
Reeves, c.	3	0	9	3	0
Boyer, p.	3	1	0	2	0
Totals	29	7	27	16	5

HIGH SCHOOL.

	a.b.	b.h.	p.o.	a.	e.
Monahan, c.	5	3	7	2	0
Murray, p.	4	1	3	2	3
Erickson, 1b.	4	3	5	1	0
Mullins, 3b.	4	0	2	1	1
Feeney, c. f.	2	0	2	1	0
Williams, s. s.	4	0	1	2	1
Beeching, 2b.	3	1	4	1	0
Igo, l. f.	4	1	0	0	0
Skilton, r. f.	4	2	0	0	1
Totals	34	11	24	10	6

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Latin School,	3	2	0	0	0	0	2	0	x—7
High School,	0	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—5

Runs—G. Chase, Chapin, Stiles, A. Chase, 2; Babson, Crowley, Reeves, Monahan, Murray, Erickson, Igo, Skilton. Two base hits—Erickson, Skilton. Stolen bases—Stiles, A. Chase, 3; Babson, Crowley, Reeves, Murray. Sacrifice hits—G. Chase, Babson, Beeching. First base on balls—Off Boyer, 3; off Murray, 4. Struck out—By Boyer, 5; by Murray, 6. Umpires—Yeager and McLaughlin.

Newton High 10. Latin School 3.

On May 22, Latin School was defeated by Newton in the first game of the Preparatory League. Latin School was outplayed, but put up a good fight throughout. It was anybody's game up to the ninth inning, when Newton made a grand batting rally, which, coupled with two errors, netted five runs and clinched the game. Bradford had the better of the pitching argument, striking out nine men, and allowing but seven hits.

Latin School had a fine chance to score in the first inning. G. Chase led off with a hit, Chapin sacrificed and was safe on Eaton's error, and Stiles advanced both men on a grounder to the pitcher. The signal was given for a squeeze, but A. Chase bunted a foul fly to the catcher and G. Chase was doubled at third. In the fourth, Latin School scored their first run on an error, a stolen base, and a single by Babson. The other two came in the next inning, when Vickery was safe on Ely's error, went to second on Crowley's sacrifice, and scored on a beautiful home run by Boyer. Boyer met the ball fair and square, and sent it to the far corner of the field, easily beating out the relay to the plate.

Newton scored two runs in the first on two hits and an error, another in the second on a hit, a sacrifice, and an error, and another in the fourth on two hits and a stolen base. In the ninth, five clean hits netted as many runs, and put the game on ice.

The score:

NEWTON HIGH.

	a.b.	r.	b.	1b.	p.o.	a.	e.
Eaton, 3b.	5	3	2	2	0	1	1
Ely, s. s.	5	1	2	2	1	0	3
Hobart, 2b.	3	1	0	0	2	3	1
Sullivan, 1b.	5	2	2	5	10	0	0
Bothfeld, r. f.	4	1	1	1	1	0	0
Richards, c. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Porter, c.	5	1	3	4	11	1	1
Donahue, l. f.	3	1	1	1	1	0	0
Bradford, p.	4	0	0	0	0	2	0
Kelly, c. f.	1	0	1	1	1	0	0
Ryan, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	38	10	12	16	27	7	6

CAMBRIDGE LATIN SCHOOL BASE-BALL TEAM.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN.

	a.b.	r.	b.	1b.	p.o.	a.	e.
G. Chase, c. f.	5	0	1	1	1	0	1
Chapin, 3b.	5	0	1	1	2	1	0
Stiles, 2b.	5	1	0	0	2	3	1
A. Chase. 1b.	5	0	0	0	9	0	2
Babson, s. s.	5	0	2	2	1	1	3
Reeves, c.	2	0	0	0	11	1	1
Vickery, r. f	4	1	0	0	0	0	0
Crowley, l. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Boyer, p.	4	1	1	4	1	5	0
Totals	38	3	5	8	27	11	8

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Newton High,	2	1	0	0	0	1	1	0	5	—10
Cambridge Latin,	0	0	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	— 3

Home runs—Sullivan, Boyer. Two base hit—Porter. Sacrifice hits—Crowley, Hobart, Donahue. Stolen bases—Stiles, Sullivan, Bothfeld. First base on balls—Off Bradford, 1; off Boyer, 1. Hit by pitched ball—By Bradford, 1. Passed balls—Porter, Reeves. Struck out—By Bradford, 9; by Boyer, 9. Double play—Porter and Ely. Umpire—Curran. Time—1h. 50m. Attendance—500.

Brookline High 2. Latin School 1.

On May 25, Latin School played Brookline High, without the services of Stiles and A. Chase, and was defeated 2 to 1. The game was a pitchers' battle throughout, with the honors very evenly divided. Each team made three hits. Boyer struck out nine men to Brown's eight, and each pitcher gave three bases. In every inning but one Latin School had men on the bases, but the hit necessary to bring them in was always lacking. With Brookline, on the other hand, it was one, two, three, in six innings out of the nine, and never were there more than four men up in one inning. Latin School's only semblance of an error was a very excusable one, which did not result in a run.

Brookline scored in the fifth on a pass, a sacrifice, and a two base hit by Cline. In the eighth, G. Chase led off with a hit, stole second, took third on Chapin's grounder, and scored on a passed ball. The score remained a tie until the last of the ninth, when Aechtler drew a base, took third on Kimball's hit, and scored on a long fly to right.

Latin School outplayed Brookline in every department of the game, and, had the luck broken anywhere near even, would have won. As it was they had to be satisfied with the knowledge that they put up an excellent game under conditions that were anything but favorable. Chapin played a fine game at third, accepting seven chances without an error. Chase made two of Latin School's three hits.

The score:

BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL.

	b.h.	p.o.	a.	e.
Aechtler, c. f.	0	3	1	0
Kimball, s. s.	1	2	0	2
Marshall, 3b.	0	0	2	0
Jones, 1b.	0	10	0	1
Gaffey, 2b.	0	1	5	0
O'Hearn, c.	1	10	0	0
Hann, r. f.	0	1	0	0
Brown, p.	0	0	5	1
Cline, l. f.	1	0	0	0
Totals	3	27	13	4

CAMBRIDGE LATIN SCHOOL.

	b.h.	p.o.	a.	e.
Chase, c. f.	2	1	0	0
Chapin, 3b.	0	3	4	0
Reeves, c.	0	9	2	0
Babson, s. s.	0	1	2	0
Foster, 2b.	0	1	3	1
Vickery, r. f.	0	2	0	0
Crowley, l. f.	0	1	0	0
Boyer, p.	1	1	1	0
Eccles, 3b.	0	6	0	0
Totals	3	25*	12	1

*Winning run made with one out.

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Brookline H. S.,	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	—2
Cambridge L. S.,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	—1

Runs made by Jones, Aechtler, Chase. Two base hit—Cline. Stolen bases—Aechtler, Kimball, Cline, O'Hearn, Babson, Foster, Chase. Base on balls—Off Brown, 3; off Boyer, 3. Struck out—By Brown, 8; by Boyer, 9. Sacrifice hit—Gaffey. Double play—Aechtler to Jones. Passed balls—O'Hearn, 2. Umpires—McLaughlin and Kelliher. Time—1h. 50m.

Concord High 1. Latin School 0.

On June 2, Latin School was defeated by Concord in a listless and uninteresting game. The only run of the game was scored in the fifth, on a hit and an error.

Newton High 8. Latin School 5.

With four of the regular men unable to play, Latin School went to Newton on June 5, and surprised the natives by making a strong bid for the game. Newton was out-batted more than two to one, and again it was a case of the luck breaking poorly for Latin School. Boyer pitched a beautiful game, and scored two runs in the eighth inning with a timely single. Latin School had men on bases in every one of the nine innings, but the loss of some of the best hitters on the team was keenly felt, and time after time the inning ended with men left on the bases. Chase, Vickery, Reeves, Grant, and Eccles, made two hits apiece for Latin School, while Ely was the only Newton man to connect safely more than once. Chase had several difficult chances in center field which he accepted without an error.

After Newton had scored in their half of the first, on a hit and a wild throw, Latin School took the lead, scoring two runs on hits by Chase and Reeves, and an error by the short stop. This lead they kept until the sixth, when Newton scored twice on a hit, an error, and a fielder's choice. Newton added three more in the next inning on two hits, a base on balls, and a wild throw, and two in the ninth on a base on balls and two hits. Latin School scored three runs in the eighth on four clean hits and an error.

The score:

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL.

	a.b.	r.	1b.	t.b.	p.o.	a.	e.
Eaton, 3b.	5	2	2	2	2	2	1
Ely, s. s.	5	3	3	3	2	0	0
Hobart, 2b.	3	1	1	3	1	2	1
Sullivan, 1b.	4	0	1	1	10	0	0
Bothfeld, r. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Kelley, c. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Porter, c.	4	0	0	0	10	0	2
Donahue, l. f.	3	1	2	3	1	0	0
Bradford, p.	3	1	0	0	0	2	1
Richards, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Pierce, c. f.	0	0	0	0	1	0	1
Totals	34	8	9	12	27	6	6

CAMBRIDGE LATIN.

	a.b.	r.	1b.	t.b.	p.o.	a.	e.
Chase, c. f.	5	1	1	1	4	1	0
Vickery, l. f.	5	1	3	3	4	0	0
Reeves, c.	5	0	2	3	8	0	1
Babson, s. s.	4	0	0	0	1	0	1
Foster, 3b.	5	0	1	1	2	1	1
Grant, 2b.	5	1	2	2	0	2	2
Eccles, 1b.	5	1	2	2	6	0	2
Olive, r. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0	1
Boyer, p.	3	1	1	1	2	4	0
Totals	40	5	12	13	27	8	8

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Newton High School,	1	0	0	0	0	2	3	0	2	—8
Cambridge Latin,	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	—5

Three base hit—Hobart. Two base hits—Donahue, Reeves. Sacrifice hits—Hobart, Bothfeld, Donahue, Babson, Eaton, Ely, Sulli-

van, 2; Donahue, 2; Bradford, Grant. First base on balls—Bradford, 1; Boyer, 2. Passed balls—Porter, Reeves. Struck out—Bradford, 10; Boyer, 6. Umpire—Curran. Time—1h. 40m. Attendance—300.

By defeating Brookline High in the two games played, Newton High wins the championship of the Preparatory League with a clean record of four victories and no defeats.

TENNIS TEAM.

On Saturday, May 19, the C. L. S. Tennis Team played its first match, defeating Chelsea High School, on Jarvis Field by a score of 5—0, taking all the matches in singles and the one in doubles.

The Cambridge Latin team was as follows:

Singles.

1. Beard.
2. Ellis.
3. Hall.

Doubles.

Beard and Hall.

On the following Saturday the team lost to Boston English High School, 2—3, being beaten in the third match in singles and the doubles.

Singles.

1. Beard. (Won.)
2. Ellis. (Won.)
3. Hall. (Lost.)

Doubles.

Beard and Ellis. (Lost.)

TRAINING SCHOOL.

We regret very much that we are unable to publish pictures of the Training and High School teams. The pictures were not taken in time to have the cuts made.

R. M. T. S. 3. B. E. H. S. 2.

May 2, 1906, Rindge defeated Boston English High School, by the score 3—2. It was a fine game, being a pitchers' battle between Thompson and Bidwell. Both were in fine form. The features of the game were the hitting at the right moments and the good base running of Rindge, while McNulty and T. McLaughlin did the best hitting for B. E. H. S.

The score:

R. M. T. S.

	a.b.	r.	1b.	p.o.	a.	e.
Coghlan, l. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
McKenzie, 2b.	4	1	1	2	4	0
Clucas, 3b.	4	0	1	1	2	0
Easley, s. s.	3	0	0	0	3	0
Sweeney, c. f.	3	1	1	2	0	0
James, 1b.	2	1	0	11	0	0
Raymond, r. f.	2	0	0	0	0	0
Davis, c.	3	0	1	10	2	0
Thompson, p.	3	0	1	0	2	0
Totals	28	3	5	27	13	0

B. E. H. S.

	a.b.	r.	1b.	p.o.	a.	e.
McNulty, 3b.	3	1	2	0	0	0
Norton 2b.	4	0	1	1	3	1
McLau'lin, r. f.; c.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Parle, s. s.	2	0	0	2	0	0
Kendrick, c. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
McLaughlin, 1b.	4	0	2	5	0	0
Bidwell, p.	4	0	0	0	2	0
Brophy, c.	4	0	0	15	1	0
Siney, l. f.	2	1	0	0	1	0
Totals	31	2	5	27	7	1

Runs made by McKenzie, James, Sweeney, McNulty, Siney. Two base hits—Clucas, Davis, Norton. Struck out by Thompson, 10; Bidwell, 14. Base on balls—Thompson, 3; Bidwell, 1. Umpire—Charles Ganzell.

R. M. T. S. 3. D. H. S. 2.

On May 9, Rindge defeated Dorchester, in a close and exciting game. Clay pitched a very good game, while Thompson was in his usual fine form.

The summary:

R. M. T. S.

	a.b.	r.	1b.	p.o.	a.	e.
Sweeney, c. f.	4	1	1	0	0	0
McKenzie, 2b.	2	0	0	3	3	1
Coghlan, l. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Easley, s. s.	3	0	1	1	1	0
James, 1b.	4	0	1	11	0	1
Clucas, 3b.	4	1	1	1	3	0
Davis, c.	3	0	0	9	1	0
Raymond, r. f.	2	1	0	1	0	0
Thompson, p.	4	0	1	0	2	0
Totals	30	3	5	27	10	2

D. H. S.

	a.b.	r.	1b.	p.o.	a.	e.
Clark, s. s.	4	1	2	0	1	0
Hoernle, c.	4	0	0	21	1	0
Hibbard, c. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Riley, l. f.	4	1	0	0	0	0
Regnier, 2b.	3	0	1	1	1	0
Nullingar, 3b.	3	0	0	0	0	1
Colton, r. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Delaney, 1b.	3	0	0	5	0	1
Clay, p.	3	0	0	0	2	1
Totals	30	2	3	27	5	3

Runs made by Sweeney, Clucas, Raymond, Clark, Riley. Two base hits—Regnier. Struck out—Clay, 21; Thompson, 8. Base on balls—Off Thompson, 1; Clay, 2. Umpire—Ganzell.

R. M. T. S. 10. Groton School 8.

On May 12, Rindge defeated Groton, by the score 10—8, at Groton.

There was some fine hitting done by Easley, James, and Davis, while MacVeagh and Sturgis did well for Groton. The game was well played on both sides. Linehan and Davis, for Training School, Rogers and Sturgis for Groton, were the batteries.

R. M. T. S. 21. Wakefield High 2.

On May 19, 1906, Rindge defeated Wakefield, by the score 21—2.

The game was too one sided to be interesting.

Batteries—Sharkey and Park, for Training School; Keady and Buxton for Wakefield.

R. M. T. S. 15. Waltham High 10.

On May 21, 1906, Training School defeated Waltham in a 13 inning game, by the score of 15 to 10.

Batteries—Linehan and Thompson, Davis and Park, for Training School; Maloney and Riley for Waltham.

R. M. T. S. 7. C. H. S. 1.

On June 1, 1906, Training School defeated Cambridge High School baseball team by the score of 7—1. The game was too one sided to be interesting. Errors were made when they meant runs.

The score:

R. M. T. S.

	a.b.	r.	1b.	p.o.	a.	e.
Sweeney, c. f.	3	3	1	4	0	0
McKenzie, 2b.	2	3	1	2	1	0
Clucas, 3b.	4	0	0	0	3	1
James, 1b.	4	0	2	6	0	1
Linehan, r. f.	3	0	0	2	0	0
Thompson, l. f.	4	0	1	3	0	0
Coghlan, s. s.	4	0	2	1	0	1
Davis, c.	3	0	0	9	0	0
Sharkey, p.	3	1	1	0	1	0
Totals	30	7	8	27	5	3

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C. H. S.

	a.b.	r.	1b.	p.o.	a.	e.
Monahan, c	4	0	1	7	3	1
Williams, s. s.	4	0	0	2	1	0
Feeney, r. f.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Skilton, c. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Beeching, 2b.	4	0	1	0	4	0
Erickson, 1b.	4	0	0	10	0	0
Murray, p.	2	0	0	0	3	0
Mullen, 3b.	4	0	0	2	1	1
Igo, l. f.	4	1	0	1	0	1
Totals	33	1	3	24	12	3

Runs made by Sweeney, 3; McKenzie, 3; Sharkey. Two base hits—Sweeney, Thompson, Monahan. Struck out by Sharkey, 8; Murray, 5. Base on balls—Off Sharkey, 3; off Murray, 4. Umpire—Sliney.

R. M. T. S. C. L. S.

On May 17, Training School defeated Latin School. There was an immense crowd present, and the game was close and interesting throughout. We regret that the detailed score has been lost.

High School 6. Keene High School 5.

On Saturday, May 12, High School went to Keene, N. H., and there defeated the High School in a close and interesting game by the score of 6—5. The game was fast and clean and not until the 9th inning was High School sure of victory.

For High School Erickson played a fine game at first while Dubois and Wood played best for Keene;

The summary:

CAMBRIDGE HIGH.

	a.b.	r.	b.	1b.	p.o.	a.	e.
Rourke, 3b.	4	1	2	2	3	5	0
Monahan, c.	4	1	2	3	8	0	0
Murray, l. f.	4	1	1	1	1	0	1
Skilton, c. f.	4	1	0	0	0	0	0
Igo, p.	3	0	0	0	1	5	0
Erickson, 1b.	3	1	1	1	12	0	1
Mullins, r. f.	3	1	1	1	0	0	1
Beeching, 2b.	4	0	2	2	1	2	0
Williams, s. s.	3	0	0	0	1	2	2
Totals	32	6	9	10	27		5

KEENE HIGH SCHOOL.

	a.b.	r.	b.	1b.	p.o.	a.	e.
Keyes, 3b.	4	0	0	0	2	0	1
O'Neil, l. f.	4	0	1	1	1	0	0
Dubois, c.	4	1	0	0	9	1	0
Guillow, r. f.	4	1	3	4	1	1	0
Sweeney, c. f.	4	2	3	3	1	0	0
Leach, p.	4	1	1	1	2	2	0
Bartlett, s. s.	3	0	1	1	1	3	1
Wood, 1b.	3	0	0	0	9	0	1
Bissell, 2b.	3	0	0	0	1	3	1
Totals	33	5	9	10	27	10	4

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
High School,	1	1	2	0	0	1	1	0	0	—6
Keene High,	0	2	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	—5

Two base hits—Guillow and Monahan. Stolen bases—Rourke, 2; Erickson, Mullens, Guillow, Sweeney. First base on balls—Off Igo, 3; off Leach, 2. Struck out—By Igo, 6; Leach 8. Double plays—Guillow to Woods; Igo to Rourke. Time—1 h. 20 min. Umpire—Black.

Norwood High 8. High School 5.

On May 2, High School was defeated in a close and interesting game, by Norwood High School, at Norwood, by the score of 8 to 5. From the second to the seventh inning the score was tie, 2—2; when both teams made errors and Norwood scored 4 and High School 2. In the eighth Norwood scored 2 and High

School 1. In the ninth, High School failed to score. Good playing was done by Monahan and Murray.

The score:

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
Norwood H. S.,	1	1	0	0	0	0	4	2	0	8	6	5
High School,	1	1	0	0	0	0	2	1	0	5	9	4

Battery—Monahan and Murray.

Lynn High 4. High School 3.

High School was defeated by Lynn English High, at Lynn, on May 5. In the first of the 8th High School secured the lead by timely hitting. In Lynn's half, on errors made by Williams and Erickson, they made 2 runs. High School could not score in the ninth. The final score was 4—3.

The summary:

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
Lynn High,	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	2	0	4	6	3
High School,	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	3	5	4

High School 13. West Roxbury High 4.

High School defeated W. Roxbury High at Pearce Field, on May 9, by the score of 13—4. Owing to the lateness in getting to Roslindale, the game only went 6 innings. In the sixth, the West Roxbury team went to pieces and High School scored 11 runs.

The score:

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	R.
High School,	1	0	1	0	0	11	13
West Roxbury High,	0	1	0	0	0	3	4

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The genius who has thus enriched the museum of Harvard with this unique collection is a Russian named Rudolph Blatschka, now living in Dresden, who received the secret of glass-flower construction from his father some twenty years ago.

In order to provide the artist with models for reproduction, a couple of botanists are employed travelling throughout the world collecting flowers and plants, which are preserved in brine or ice and then forwarded to Dresden, where Blatschka makes these wonderful specimens of the glass-blower's art.

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Three French boys were studying Shakespeare in their own tongue, — their task being to render it into English. They came to Hamlet's soliloquy, "To be or not to be," and here are the three renderings: —

"To was or not to am."

"To were or is to not."

"To should or not to will."

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"Sh — no, its next Tuesday."

Teacher — "Give the feminine form for one who washes clothes."

Small Boy — "Laundress."

Teacher — "And the masculine."

Small Boy — "Chinaman."

Mer-i-l (after recitation by M - - - ns): "You're foolish."

Mu - - - ns: "He said I was foolish."

McLa-g-l-n (continuing the recitation): "Well, he is right, isn't he?"

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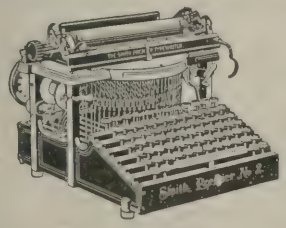

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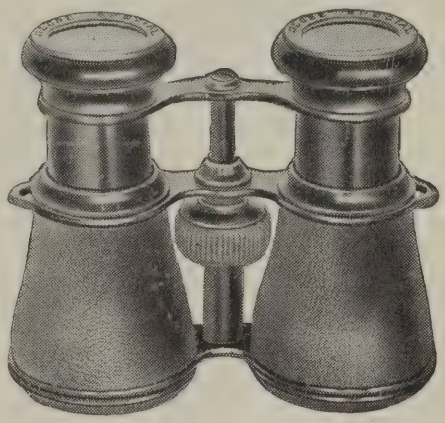

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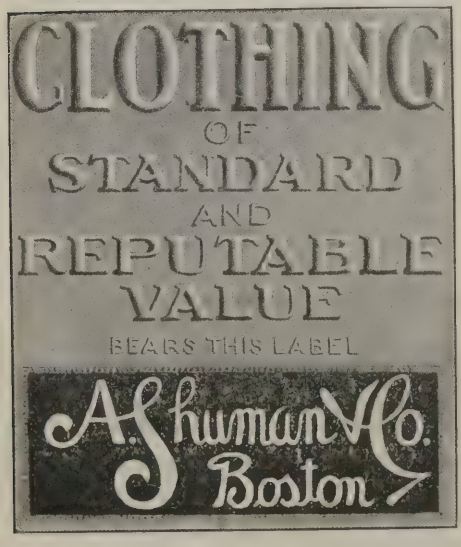

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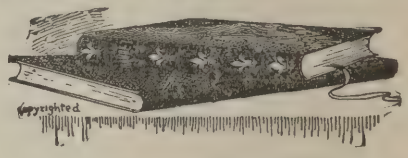

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